

A SELECTION
FROM THE
WRITINGS OF VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.
VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

SELECTION
FROM THE
WRITINGS OF VISCOUNT STRANGFORD
ON
Political, Geographical, and Social Subjects.

EDITED BY THE
VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1869.

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

AT the close of the Cretan Insurrection in the course of last autumn, Lord Strangford determined to collect the various articles and notes he had written upon the war, and to reprint them together with a chapter in the 'Eastern Shores of the Adriatic,' entitled 'Chaos.' It was his intention to have woven these articles into a combined narrative and commentary upon the events of the day, and to have dovetailed them on to some of his earlier writings upon Eastern Europe. But, although the attack of illness which foreshadowed the end had passed off, and he was apparently gaining ground steadily and materially, he was at this time forbidden to write at all. It was, however, impossible to keep him idle, and he still continued to study with eager application, although he yielded to the earnest solicitations of others, and delayed to commence a work which he foresaw might possibly result in something much more extended. We looked forward with happy confidence, as his

* * It was thought advisable to bring out these volumes while the subjects contained in them were still fresh in the public mind, and of undiminished political interest; but it is hoped at a later period to republish Lord Strangford's Notes and private letters on philological and other subjects, some reviews of books, and, perhaps, a brief memoir.

CHAOS.

WRITTEN IN 1863.

Sed si nec laudis nec honesti pulchritudo animos torpentes inflammavit; certe utilitas, cujus hodie⁴ prima ratio ducitur, movere potuit, ut loca tam præclara, tantisque commoditatibus et opportunitatibus plena, barbaris erepta, *a nobis potius, quam ab aliis vellemus possideri.*—*Busbequius*, 1560.

C'est un terrible privilège de s'appeler chrétien quand on veut s'agrandir.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1860.

Most of my readers, in these days of universal travel, will have been in the Austrian empire at some time of their lives. They will perhaps remember, that on their first entrance even the smooth but inexorable routine of the ordeal by passports yielded in importance to the necessity of having to procure and understand a new currency. At all the frontiers—Bodenbach or Orsova, Salzburg or Trieste, everywhere except Peschiera, against which the very currency cries out as an unfit frontier—the traveller bound for the interior of the Kaiser's broad lands has to exchange his good metal for unmanageable bundles of frail, and not often clean, bank-notes. These are for amounts varying from a pound down to two pence; so that all the small circulation of the country, the work of our shillings and sixpences, is done by twopenny bank-notes. The Englishman who has to invest his money in great sheets of these, arranged like sheets of postage stamps, or still more resembling in shape and

arrangement the slab-like compartments or stamped gingerbread which formed his childhood's delight, indulges his humour, and falls into a vein of joking both obvious and inevitable. Yet there is more in a ten-kreuzer note than the suggestion of finance in difficulties, or the chaff of having a bank-note for twopence. On taking it up, you may see it traversed in all directions by groups of extraordinary words, which at first seem as though the people at the Vienna Mint had been trying to spell the words *crackjaw* in as many different ways as they could, and had perfectly succeeded. It then comes home as a living reality to the mind how thoroughly the Austrian empire is a composite body, formed of twenty nations and more, each having to be addressed in one of twenty languages, and all standing towards one another in every conceivable variety of mutual attraction and repulsion, accord or discord. There are enough of them to allow even a certain amount of philological art and tastefulness of grouping, a couple of Romanic forms on one side, and a couple of Slavonic on the other; while in the central place of honour the old-fashioned letters of the German ruler stand solitary and dominant over all.

Every one of these words, uncouth and strange as they seem to English eyes, is the symbol of an idea living and working in the hearts of millions of men. The political struggles of ages, the victories and defeats of their past history, the absorption or obliteration of old races and the development of new ones, the fusion or separation of varied nationalities, the hopes and the fears, the aspirations and the designs of a score of half-cemented fragments of the great human

unity, are all here traced in clear and distinct characters to the eyes of those capable of perceiving and understanding them. Is there any one among us who is capable of so understanding them, and who can reduce into an orderly whole the mutual bearings of the entire conflicting mass? I cannot undertake to answer this question. Some separate parts of it are clear enough, and lie patent on the surface. We want no one to tell us what the words 'dieci soldi' mean on an Austrian bank-note: we know how they got there, and all true Englishmen are anxious to know how they can be most easily struck out without a European convulsion: those who have resided in Venice can hardly refrain from saying even with one. We have not much trouble in guessing that the words 'Zece cruceri' suggest a speech and a nation which would be Italian if it could. We regret that it cannot, and we naturally lament the hundreds of miles which separate the people of the lower Danube from their nearest kinsmen over the head of the Adriatic. Then, perhaps, by its very solitude and utter want of connection with any of its neighbours, we can determine where to assign the group, 'Tiz ezüst kraiczár;' the utterance of a great people, perhaps the noblest race of eastern Europe, standing apart, defiant and determined. But who on earth is to stretch a guiding hand and help the plain Englishman through the dreadful labyrinth of 'Deset krajcarjew,' and 'Deset krajcarŭ,' and 'Deset kraicari,' and 'Deset krajcarah,' and so on, ringing the changes on the genitive plural through a score of Slavonic dialects, each representing its own sectional ideas and its own party statement? Why, of character alone there are four varieties.

There is modern Roman type, and there is old Gothic type; there is a modern Cyrillic writing, and there is a weird mysterious group of letters, which are to modern Cyrillic what old Gothic black letter is to Roman, and which probably is a financial way of letting everybody know that the Ruthenian peasant, in the eye of the Austrian Government, must not have the same written language as his Polish lord. Perhaps one form may be recognised out of all these by the sheer unsightliness of its spelling—‘Dziesię kraicarów’—with its strange hook, denoting the archaic nasal sound now lost in all the other dialects, and so precious in the eyes of the comparative philologist. Let us turn quickly away from this: it is no more possible to look a Polish word than a Polish man in the face: nothing but disquiet and anxiety can come out of thinking on a nation of patriots so gallant and so doubly deluded and abandoned.

No; I doubt greatly whether we have anybody who can see his way clearly through the whole of this complication of Slavonic words and Slavonic ideas, assigning each word at sight to its rightful owner, and accurately estimating the amount of truth and falsehood, of value or worthlessness, contained in the account each section endeavours to render of itself and of its neighbours. The Gordian knot must not be cut—it must be fairly untied; and if we cannot do so, we must prepare or create somebody who can. Trying to cut it by the repetition of a mere formula, such as a generality about Panslavonic brotherhood, Panslavism, the love or fear of Russia, Slavonic Piedmonts, or the like, is either a parrot repeating a learnt lesson by rote, a dupe, or a tool. The

English reporter has long begun his work in Slavonic countries : it is time for the English critic and judge to follow in his footsteps.

As regards the north-eastern Slavonians, it is our great good fortune that we have at our command a store of full and exact knowledge, organised by the most singularly perfect and impartial criticism. It is with them that the storm of controversy is at its height, and it is something astounding to listen to the hubbub of assertion and counter-assertion, of lying and giving the lie, of doctored ethnology, doctored history, doctored politics and geography, and universal, one-sided uproar, raging for some time past among Poles, and Lithuanians, and Russians of all colours and all shades of honesty. Each province, claiming to ground its own case on some fact in history or ethnology, views it by the coloured light of its interests and passions, and almost in spite of itself is always manufacturing the facts to suit its views. The English traveller, unsustained by any elementary knowledge, brings back and repeats one-sided opinions, and the facts on which they are made to rest, according to his predilections or the accidents of his social intercourse. Readers at home, unsuspecting or off their guard, are apt to receive these as the result of genuine enquiry, or else to be wholly puzzled and bewildered by the conflicting statements.

Such a traveller is not safe from betraying himself, and may 'draw a dogskin over his face' as the Persians say. It is not long ago that one of them, half unconsciously becoming the mouthpiece of a Russo-Scandinavian theory of history, talked with

an odd air of spontaneous contempt of 'that mushroom nation the Lithuanians.' This is like talking of 'those parvenu families the Courtenays and the Derings;' and it is a singularly unfortunate hit, because every other word of the Lithuanian's speech happens to be a genuine and remarkable voucher of the very hoariest Aryan antiquity, sometimes pre-Homeric, and even pre-Vedic. One is almost tempted to wish the writer up to his neck in a Lithuanian swamp, banished to the Lithuanian backwoods to keep company with the last living verb in —mi, the last old-world bison, and perhaps the last patriot. Yet on this ground all we have to do is to turn to the masterly writings of Mr. Sutherland Edwards: he can lay his finger at once and with precision on the exact falsification, exaggeration, or suppression made use of by each party in its history and ethnology. He can explain with certainty all the surface talk, and lay bare the secret motives, the rights and wrongs of all these Poles, and White Russians, and Red Russians, and Black Russians, and the rest of them, so as to put each in its proper pigeon-hole with perfect trustworthiness. Mr. Edwards has given us the great boon of a practical check on the talk of echoes, parrots, and mouthpieces, and I wish to take him as the text of the long sermon which I am now preaching.

Now what I want to ask is, whom have we got to be as Mr. Edwards to us in Southern Sclavonia, in the border-lands and the interior of European Turkey? There the complication is at least as great and as manifold as in the North-East; yet, with the exception of Mr. Paton, we have nobody

upon whom to rely for accurate accounts and sound judgment, if even for elementary criticism; and then Mr. Paton is far from covering all the ground, or coming up to the present time. It is possible that our Government has fully, or at least adequately, mastered the whole state of political opinion, and its historical and ethnological groundwork, in Dalmatia, and Bosnia, and Servia, and the Principalities, and the whole heaving Austro-Turkish frontier. But it is impossible to read the comments and enquiries of those outside the Government, which occur from time to time, without perceiving that, even if the Government be only one-eyed, its critics are absolutely blind. They seem to have nothing better to do, when wanting to express their uneasiness and dissatisfaction with things as they are, than to declaim generalities, which are not always so safe as they appear, to indulge in the luxury of wild indignation against infamous Austria and Turkey, or to utter vague wild hopes about the future of noble and suffering nationalities. The hopes and indignation are all well enough; but when any attempt is made to sustain them by facts, it is these latter which too often vanish into thin air. Even the treatment of current events is untrustworthy; for in practice they become always adjusted to some comprehensive 'platform,' or general set of opinions on one side or the other, either upholding the preservation, or preaching the destruction, of Austria or Turkey. Such generalities will almost always be found to rest on some prodigious blunder in the elements of geography or ethnology; and thus the whole statement is no stronger, and too often

no honester, than its weakest and most dishonest point. All this is pre-eminently the case in Turkey; in Austria, what with the Vienna statesmen, the Hungarian constitutionalists, and Mr. Paton's useful works, so far as they go, much can be made out in the way of check and counter-check. But in Turkey, after all the enormous mass of talk and writing, we know upon these points just as little, as when we began; and, what is worse, we do not seem to possess the art how to know, how and where to learn, to unlearn, and to relearn.

Up to a very recent period this mattered very little, for we were all pretty well united in our principles or watchwords: we either had perfect confidence in our Government, or controlled it by an orderly and organised cross-examination, or opposition. We saw, moreover, that they knew well enough all that it then concerned them to know. The modern political history of Turkey, the nature of its administration and dominant institutions, the produce and resources of the soil, its foreign commerce and internal trade, its military and naval capabilities, and all the details of its diplomatic relations, have been given to the public in countless blue and other coloured books, and are all more or less sufficiently known and remembered. This would seem to include everything, but it is very far from doing so. To take the smallest but most obvious point first, the geography of the country, for one thing, is very little known, as regards much of European Turkey. The thick darkness which hangs over most of that land affords a striking contrast to the bright light, by the help of which we are gradually knowing everything about parts further

east, such as Syria, which are less accessible, and much more lawless. The best example of this may be found in the great work of the historian of ancient Greece. Probably Mr. Grote, before he came to examine the subject, was as unaware as his neighbours how little we really knew of European Turkey; but having to work out the early northern campaigns of Alexander, and to investigate the geography of Macedonia in detail, he found himself absolutely without materials to help him in his task. He records in a footnote, that mount Rhodope, and the upper valleys of the Strymon and Nestus, remained an unknown land, until the recent visit of M. Viquesnel, a traveller sent for the special purpose of geographical discovery by the French Government. Geography, however, is an abstract matter, which can well be left to take care of itself now-a-days, thanks to Sir Roderick and his men. The various, and, as yet, ill-defined ideas expressed by the word *nationality* are of far greater and more immediate importance. The possession of a common nationality—by whatever rule that may be determined—is now held to have a distinct value of its own in politics; nationality is taking its place as a new power among us, with an organic vital growth, which may hold the same moral force as a treaty engagement, and may supersede it when they come into collision. We have already recognised publicly the right of a people to choose its own rulers, and many among us consider that when they have once said the words ‘suffering nationality,’ or turned a rhetorical phrase about ‘groans of anguish,’ or ‘tears and blood,’ they have settled the question, and have no need further to

look for details. But it becomes necessary to look gift nationalities in the mouth, after all; if the principle be fairly established, an imperfect knowledge, or distorted comprehension of the various elements in detail, which go to make up the aggregate of a nationality, may surely become a pressing evil. Everything is not a nationality which calls itself one. Every community, which groans does not necessarily suffer; very much that is said in the name of a nationality may be only the cry of an ambitious clique, which is foreign to it; and it may be completely at variance not only with its true interests, but even with its actual wishes.

Perhaps we shall end by having to appoint ethnological attachés and secretaries at Vienna and Constantinople some of these days, like the naval and military, the Oriental, or the Chinese ones, and to send *colporteurs* with bundles of Dr. Latham's books for distribution among all our political Consulates. At any rate, it is important that we at home should have the means and the wish of examining and sifting details, before grounding any conclusive opinion upon them. Yet this is just what we seem unable to do, even if willing; and so we go on shutting our eyes and opening our mouth to receive everything which may be dropped into it from South-Eastern Europe. A statement of this kind must not be made without being supported by a sufficient number of examples; and, though it may be thought invidious and carping to bring them forward, it would not be right to shrink from censure, when censure is felt to be a duty, merely for fear of being deemed censorious.

Who of my readers is not familiar with the wearisome enumeration of the various peoples under the Sultan's rule? Yet what speaker or writer has ever given their statistics without uttering many fallacies and errors, without displaying his own ignorance of the subject, or without insinuating, or being made to insinuate, the small end of a wedge of deceit? The predetermined friend of the Turks (using the word *Turk* in a comprehensive sense, as equivalent to *Musulman*) greatly swells the amount of the true Turks in Europe. The Christian advocate, who has made up his mind to wage war to the knife against the Turk, inveighing against the sin, absurdity, and 'anachronism,' of a Turkish minority directly ruling over I don't know how many millions of Christian subjects, exaggerates the disproportion, and enforces his rhetoric, by adding to them the indirectly ruled and semi-detached provinces; even those where, as in Roumania, Turks are by treaty forbidden to reside. What between the facts given by the advocates of the different denominations, and those given by the 'friends' of the different races, of the Greeks, the Slavs, and the rest of them, you can get the cards shuffled into any variety of statistical combination; you can find facts to justify any opinion to the benefit or detriment of any class or community, and there is nobody of English blood to say nay, or to drive his criticism, like O'Connell's coach-and-six, through the entanglement of fallacy and error. My conviction is, that in these matters we cannot do better than rub off the tablet of our minds everything thereon inscribed regarding nationalities in Turkey, start fair, and begin to learn all over again correctly. Have we

quite unlearnt the fallacy of our old friends, the twelve millions of Greeks, who used* to be an article of faith before the Russian war? I am not sure to what extent it has been driven out by the impression now establishing itself, that they are twelve millions of Slavs, after all. I read lately in a first-class periodical, of a something called *Yugoslavië*, or South Slavonia, purporting to be a real national entity, composed of some such number of millions. The word has such a fine varnish of local colour, that it ought to have some meaning, and denote some corresponding reality, and not turn out a delusion and a snare. It claims to be the name of a genuine aggregate body, made up of various communities, connected with one another in the same way, and differing from one another in the same way; all speaking the same language, and all, *exceptis excipiendis*, animated by the same desire, and invested with the same right, of political union, in virtue of the principle that nations have a right to choose their own rulers. What is it which constitutes such a body? The bond of union is not formed by common subjection to Turkey, for South-Slavonia includes the Dalmatians, the Croatians, and the Rascians or Hungarian Serbs, all subjects of Austria. Common religion is not the bond of union, for the term includes the Catholic, the orthodox Eastern, and, prospectively, the Mussulman as one. Common language is not, unless we consider the common possession by all Christians of the old dead ecclesiastical Slavonic, as the language of their rituals, to be a sufficient bond, for the term is stated as including the Bulgarians; and this last point happens to be the keystone of the

arch, the pivot upon which the whole question turns. In two words, the real meaning of the term is simply this: The Servians, or certain parties in Servia, believe, and wish us to believe, that they have both the power and the moral right to annex to their own rule some, if not all, of the country inhabited by Bulgarians; they are sparing no effort to work on the Bulgarians, and induce them to see the fitness of things in the way they do themselves; it is possible, nor is it undesirable, that with time and trouble they may succeed in so assimilating them; but, in the meanwhile, they seek to represent the relationship of the Bulgarians with themselves as a ready-made kinship already existing, and amounting to virtual identity. The Bulgarian is not akin to the various fragments of the Illyrian, Servian, or true South-Slavonic family, in the same degree that they are connected with one another. In origin and descent he is different from them: though on this no stress need be laid, so long as the ethnologists know nothing of his first forefathers, and, even if they did, are all conjecture and no fact as regards the precise nature and value of hereditary transmitted aptitudes. In condition, habits, and character, he is widely different; and he is hardly less so in language. He speaks a Slavonic dialect, it is true, which, according to modern German criticism, is one of the two sole living descendants of the old Cyrillian tongue.

But it is not the Servian's Slavonic dialect; it stands apart from it; it has lost its declensions; it has a different phonetic character, partly by corruption, partly by archaic retention; it uses a definite article, and postfixes it to its noun; and its structure

is more analytic than the synthetic structure which made Niebuhr call the Servian the 'honestest language in all Europe.' In fact, his language differs from the Servian in nature as well as in analogy—though hardly so much in amount—exactly as the Danish differs from German. As Denmark and Germany are within the pale of our knowledge and common sense, we have been spared from having a rignmarole about their original Teutonism thrust into the history of their differences. The ethnological case is as though we were to have the Fleming, and the Hollander, and the Frisian, and the Sleswicker, all joined together under some such name as Netherdutchland, or Nordo-Germania, with the Dane or Swede kneaded up with the mass; the whole being then paraded before the acquiescent eyes of some remote part of Europe, as a real *bonâ fide* nationality, for the purpose of producing a certain effect on the opinion of that country.

The union of the true members of the South-Sclavonic family is another matter. This may come to pass some day in spite of the conflict of religious denominations and of interests, and it will be a natural union when it does so. Yet, for reasons which I have no space here to give at length, I am induced to think that they will most probably and most advantageously grow into two main divisions, under the respective influences of Italian and of German or Austro-Hungarian civilisation—the western and maritime, the eastern and inland. Montenegro has a natural, though limited, line of probable annexation on her north-western frontier, in the border Christian districts of the Herzegovina, towards

Niksich and Trebinje : she is not in the least likely to surrender her independence to any Power, whether foreign or of her own race ; she can stand alone, and I exclude her from the above speculation. United with Servia—an impossible contingency for some time to come—the Montenegrins would float on the Servians like oil on water, and would probably end by becoming a dominant military caste of Palikars, passionately attached to their own ruling family, and the reverse of subservient to any local interest or ambition. Servia has been called a Slavonic Piedmont ; and the adroit comparison, true enough if limited to her aggressive disposition, is not thrown away if it has led people to believe that she is also the most civilised, free, and progressive of South-Slavic communities. I believe the *mot* to be no more true than that she is the South-Slavic Sicily or Calabria. Dalmatia is incomparably the most civilised and the worthiest of these communities ; she is their Tuscany as well as the nearest approach to their Piedmont ; and she owes this to Italy and to the sea. From her all their true civilisation and progress must arise which is to be home-grown and born out of order—not out of chaos.

The entire mass of the rural and non-Mussulman population of Turkey in Europe, with the exception of Bosnia, Thessaly, Albania, the Chalcidic peninsula, and a very narrow belt of seaboard, consists, not of Greeks and Slavs, but of Bulgarians. • They are not true Slavs, nor do they as yet think of themselves as such, whatever they may end by doing under strong influences ; but we are never safe from having them passed off upon us as an identical part and

parcel of the South-Slavonians. The fallacy may recur anywhere and at any moment when wanted. During the Montenegrin war, at the time when, as we now know, secret preparations were being made for Garibaldi's descent on the Albanian coast, the correspondent of a morning paper, who knew perfectly well what he was saying, and why he was saying it, told us that 'all the inhabitants of Servia, Bosnia, Montenegro, the Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, speak dialects of the same language.' This is equivalent to saying that all the people of Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, Massachusetts, and the Tyrol, speak dialects of the same language. So they do; but it is one thing to be cousins descended from a common grand parent, and another to be sisters born from a common parent.

'Once for all,' I recently read it somewhat dogmatically stated in the same flesh-tinted magazine to which I have before referred—an able and thoughtful one, which usually looks before it leaps—'the Christian subject will not tolerate a Mussulman Rajah.' Now, I cannot waste time in making game of the confusion caused in the writer's mind by the German spelling of 'Rajah,' which has apparently suggested and jumbled the ideas of a Hindoo prince and of eastern tyranny; though it is certainly very queer. What is necessary to be known is, firstly, whether the alleged fact be true; and, secondly, whether it and similar facts come to our knowledge in a legitimate way. We should clearly understand what and where is the point of contact, or the link of connection, between the Rajah speaker and the English reporter. Putting aside the vocife-

rous minority of Greeks, whose words, womanlike, do not always accurately express that which their inner selves wish or expect to be believed and acted upon, the vast and homogeneous majority of the Christian population in European Turkey, as I have said, consists of Bulgarians; neither Greek, nor even Servian, has any right or authority to set himself up and be trusted as their spokesman; and they themselves have said nothing whatever upon the subject. It needs no inference from analogy, nor even the little direct evidence we possess, to tell us that they are discontented with the details of the Turkish administration under which they live. But that they are disaffected and ripe for rebellion, or that they have yet risen to the conception of liberty at all, is not only unproved, but it is exceedingly unlikely; and the direct contrary is stated by Mr. Paton, who can at least talk to them for himself in Turkish. This writer very acutely and truly says, in his recent history of modern Egypt, that all attempts at internal combination against Turkey in past times have failed, because the Bulgarians, that is, the mass of the Christians, have never stirred. Their active disaffection is unlikely, because they conceive themselves to have been deceived and abandoned, not only by the Russian invaders whose part they took during the war of 1829, but also by those who instigated the local risings of 1841 and 1850; they were put down in these last cases, with ease and with much cruelty of retribution, and, under ordinary circumstances, they are not likely to listen to the voice of the tempter henceforward. But what they feel and think is unknown to us in its real nature, its breadth and

depth, because actually no Englishman exists who is possessed of the only qualifications which can fit him to pronounce an authoritative opinion; who combines experience with long personal intercourse, and a knowledge of their language. Turkish is sufficient only up to a certain point, yet not more than a very few real Englishmen even know that. Bulgarian itself is known to none. A very slight grammatical sketch of a dozen pages in a pink wrapper, and an Anglo-Bulgarian dictionary, form the only recognition in English of the Bulgarian language; and these are not the work of Englishmen, but of American missionaries, a class of men who have more active sympathy and more enterprise than we of the mother country.

Yet the incipient literary cultivation and educational use of this Bulgarian language, and the roused consciousness of distinctive nationality among the Bulgarian people, simply form the most important events in the modern history of Turkey; events at least as important as the series of decrees and guarantees and treaties written on water or on waste paper. To the eye of the Turk and the conservative diplomatist, who stand on antique ways, to the tourist and the trader, the Bulgarian is merely a Greek Christian like another, only with a vernacular *patois* of his own; he is one of the '*Rum Milleti*' or 'Greek nation' spiritually and intra-nationally administered by the Patriarchate, and nothing more. Yet it is antipathy to that Greek spiritual administration which has called his sense of nationality into existence, and which is as the very breath of its life. He insists on having bishops and clergy of his own

race and speech ; he will not tolerate an alien priesthood, who are too often both the originators and the instruments of oppression and tyranny ; he seeks to obtain the established use of his language as an instrument of prayer and education ; and, rather than be deprived of this, he will go over to the Church of Rome. He has his own newspaper, the *Tsarigradski Vestnik*, at Constantinople, advocating his own views ; and both the capital and the great towns south of the Balkans, such as Adrianople and Philippopoli, where the Christian population is partly Greek, partly Bulgarian, have been set in ferment by a war of pamphlets and leading articles waging between him and the Greeks. Information about him coming from the Fanar is worth as much as information from a Pole about Russia, or from a Russian about Poland. The Christians inhabiting the villages near the capital, though of Bulgarian origin, have become assimilated to Greeks, and do not now differ from other Greeks ; but the process of assimilation is stopped in our time by roused national consciousness on the Bulgarian's part. The internal empire within the Turkish empire which the Greek used to wield is thus being reduced to its barest spiritual elements ; and the cherished dream of independent empire and revived dominion in the imperial city, which is the all-devouring master-passion of his life, can now never be more than a baseless fabric, even if the Turks were to be plunged to-morrow neck and crop into the Lake Balkash. The Turks are some way off the Lake Balkash yet, however : the Bulgarian's anti-Greek feeling, if they are not too dull and routine-

loving to turn it to account, or too dexterously blinded by intrigue, may be made to tell for them in future just as his apathy told for them in past times. Russia once sought to annex from without by force of arms; she now seeks to dislocate from within by force of sentiment. Greece has no love for Russia; but Russia can afford to do without it, so long as Greece turns to, as she may do any day, and resumes the work of dislocation in the name of freedom and nationality, though in the real hope of clutching at an empire which she, as yet, is very unfit to wield. But Bulgaria—by which I mean a great deal more than the mapmaker's misleading conventionality of the country north of the Balkan so called—though she very properly makes use of the cognate Russian language as a means and a standard whereby to cultivate her own, refrains from Russian political work, and dances but sluggishly to the piping of Panslavists and Yugo-slavists and Danubianists—the last new thing in politico-ethnological *nouveautés* turned out this spring from the *atelier de confection* in which they are made up, wherever that may be.

The irony of treating nationality as a fixed and defined principle never was better shown than in a recent double re-migration. A large Bulgarian colony, transplanted and settled in Russia, of its own free-will, goes back again and puts its neck under the yoke of the hateful Turk; while the first instalment of Nogai Tartars, brothers in speech and religion with the Osmanli, who had rushed violently across the Black Sea in the frenzy of a semi-religious stampede, repent at leisure, and go quietly back

again with Russian passports in their pockets. As for the Bulgarians, whether they remain yet awhile under Turkish rule, or free themselves from it in our own time, as they must ultimately do sooner or later, it is in them alone that one can see any really hopeful prospect, on taking a broad general view of the probable future of these countries. This is afforded by their numerical preponderance; their utter primitiveness, which has learnt nothing, and has nothing to unlearn; their industry and thrift, their obstinacy, and their sobriety of character. It is a conviction of their paramount importance, in all consideration of the European portion of that wonderful complex of smaller questions called by us collectively the Eastern Question, as well as a regret for our past blindness or neglect, hitherto content to range them either as rogues or martyrs, like any or all of other Christians in Turkey, which lead me to speak at greater length and with more discursiveness on this subject than I had at first intended.

Here is my last and crowning quotation of confusion worse confounded, which I give, not for its importance, but because it comes from a book out of which all people help themselves when they wish to write about Montenegro and Bosnia.* ‘Whose freedom (i.e. the Montenegrins) in their mountains, under a Christian ruler, appears insufferable to the Osmanlis. How often have these brave peasants had to fight with Ali Pasha of Janina? The elder Scodra Pasha, father of Mustapha, fell in battle with him. No sooner was Jelaluddin become the ruler of Bosnia

* History of Servia, p. 348. Bohn.

than he attacked them.' I defy anybody to untie this knot. This is not the place specially to go cruising after great leviathans, wallowing and floating many a rood on the ocean of their reputation as Eastern authorities ; else it might not be undesirable to send a harpoon into one or two, lash him alongside, cut him up, and scoop out of his brain-case gallonsful of this sort of thing—pure oil of bosh, with which to nourish the flame of criticism. But I think the *time has come when it would be useful, if not most necessary, to write the history of public opinion in England respecting Turkey, as displayed in our fluctuations of sentiment towards the dominant race and the most prominent and typical of its subject-peoples.* I can do no more than suggest the subject, and run rapidly over its main heads. At the first outset of the war of independence, up went the Greek, perched at his end of our mental see-saw, into the seventh heaven of idealisation, and down went the Turk into the abyss of loathing and contempt. The shock given to our supposed interests by the glorious and untoward victory of Navarino roused us up to the discovery that the Greek was no hero, but a villain ; one who would not pay his way, insolvent and repudiant ; or, at best, a worthless imp, chattering in attendance on the great Northern grandfather of all devils ; so down sank the Greek, and up rose the Turk. Admiration for the attitude of Mahmud standing alone at bay against Russia and all her forces, reforming with one hand and fighting with the other ; a vague feeling of enmity to Russia, and a sense of great interests being at stake in Turkey ; able works of travel of a new stamp, marked by

knowledge, many-sided sympathy, and judgment, like those of Lieutenant Slade; the perfervid ingenuity and Highland second sight, only just short of prophetic, of the remarkable Gael who invented Circassia; all these things combined not only to lift up the Turk, but to keep him aloft at a high pressure. This was not impaired by the succeeding period of dilettantism; of light touristic books of travel in the East, then newly opened and newly made safe to Europeans; of kindly Western poets trying to catch a spark of divine fire from the Eastern imagination; even of idealising peculiar institutions like polygamy and the hareem, as we used to call it, under the impression that what was right for Egypt would be right for Turkey too. Then came the climax of glorification, when the Turks were seen by all Europe not only to have shown sagacity, self-respect, and self-control worthy of her best statesmen in the Cabinet, but actually single-handed to have out-generalled and out-fought their mighty antagonist in the field during the whole winter campaign of 1853. Slowly but surely they dilated into heroic dimensions before our astonished eyes.

But the contest lingered. An exasperated public clamoured for a real Russian war on a grand scale, waged everywhere, and with all weapons. Instead of this, the exigencies of our alliance, and the necessities of diplomacy, forced it to put up with a Crimean siege, and all other objects were made subordinate to this one. We, as one Power among others, had to prosecute a joint war, in order to punish so great an outrage on international usage as the occupation of a province, in material

guarantee of the execution of a treaty by its owner; and the relief of Turkey from military pressure, or other forms of aggression, was not meant to be the primary object so much as an incidental consequence of this war. The opinions and wants of Turks went for nothing in its prosecution, and were set aside, or not deemed worthy of being consulted, in the face of the major necessity. We grumbled at the peace, but we were fain to accept it, rather than carry on an exclusively English war, no man exactly knew how, and drift into an unknown sea, in pursuit of undefined English or Anglo-Turkish objects; so, in our dissatisfaction, we naturally vented much of our ill-humour upon those Turks whom the touch of an hour's actual contact had made to shrink and collapse into nothing, from the absurd stature of ideal heroes and patriots to which our imaginations had elevated them. The whole administration of Turkey, especially the military branches, which came chiefly before our eyes, was teeming with venality and corruption. Their army had disgraced itself in Asia, in 1854. It had failed to satisfy military etiquette by going through the form of holding an untenable redoubt in the Crimea, and mighty was the tempest of wrath which then howled against it. Its greatest achievement, the memorable repulse of the Russian assault on Kars, came to be seen here as an English, not as a Turkish triumph, for the Turkish rank and file were without a sacred bard. The people were disdainful, apathetic, and thoroughly vicious; they repelled sympathy, and resented patronage; nor did any common medium of speech exist by which to overthrow the

barriers of exclusiveness which separated them from ourselves. The officers of the Turkish contingent, mostly men of Indian training and experience, were disbanded at the peace, before they had time to take root in the country, to learn its language, or bring their unprejudiced judgment to bear in full on its manifold thoughts and ways.

So that when the peace came—and with it came back the original devil, bringing with him seven devils worse than himself, into a house by no means swept and garnished—we were, and have since been, in a constantly increasing measure, quite predisposed and ready to believe that every form of sin and wickedness which comes to light in Turkey is the result of a distinctive Turkish nature of evil. Any foreign Power, actuated towards Turkey by low motives of aggressive selfishness, such as even prevail among Christian Cabinets, is now armed with an instrument by which the precepts and morality of the Ten Commandments have been invested in spirit, if not actually in letter, with the force of a treaty engagement binding the Turk fully to observe them and carry them out. Every untouched iniquity of his former exclusive system and class-legislation, all the evil which arises from the rule of any dominant race, and all that which is inseparable from the institutions of Islam, all the myriad sins and crimes which Turks commit, and which all men commit, have thus come to be indiscriminately treated in an official way, as breaches of a pledge morally given to all Europe. Such leverage as this is not likely to be thrown away by those who wish ill to Turkey, and who, by giving the dog a bad name, betray their

Chaos.

anxiety to hang him. The idea of his being now and from the beginning, reprobate, outcast, and incurable, is therefore sedulously fostered by his old adversary, who has even thought it worth while specially to establish a newspaper for that purpose in the West, and who probably does not allow that newspaper to suffer when prosecuted and cast in damages for uttering malicious libels against Turkish pashas, as it has been before now. The dynastic ambition and the desire of territorial annexation which influence the present or the expelled rulers of most of the tributary provinces or adjoining kingdoms, as well as the natural aspiration of some of these last towards union with provinces which still form a part of Turkey, as in the case of Greece and Thessaly; and the natural fidget and restlessness alleged to be felt by others under a false position, as in that of the Servians towards the Turkish garrisons; all tend to the encouragement of this idea in order to effect special purposes. The agents of these parties know well enough how to represent and to misrepresent their various cases, and how to turn to their own account the ambition and the vanity, the credulity and the vindictiveness, of those whom they consider the fittest instruments for their work. To them any dry stick will do for a lever, whether it be an honest fanatic, or a dashing cavalier who likes to appear as the *Pobratim* or adopted brother of the fairy Vila. This idea has also fallen into the hands of the Ultra-Liberal 'party of action,' who have no spite against Turkey for herself, but who simply wish to pull her down, in the hope of pulling down Austria in the general crash. This

they will do; even at the risk of only doing Russian work in the process, and surrounding that empire with a ring fence or outwork of petty masked despotisms of the Qthonic type, yielding her moral allegiance. If such action comes with a bad grace from those who ate Turkish bread at Kutaya, and were sheltered by Turkey from the united vengeance of Austria and Russia in 1849, it is not from ingratitude, but from the consuming fire of patriotism, which burns up and withers any tenderer sentiment. In this way the rising wave of public sentiment, fed from unseen and unfelt sources, is dashing itself in foam over the rock of Downing Street, or saturating and undermining the shifting sands of unsettled national purpose, on which that rock is presumed to be fixed. The Government sits calmly by, and makes no effort to regulate or control the rising tide; it rests and is thankful, or it murmurs: 'After us, the Deluge.'

It would be wrong to omit recent books of travel from a summary of the elements which are causing the present deflection or change of public opinion towards Turkey. Most of these are records of journeys in Syria, the most utterly confused and disorganised of all Turkish provinces. The undoubted complicity of some Turkish subordinates, and the participation of Turkish soldiers in the horrible massacres which occurred there, have been by far the most just and natural cause of our indignation and discontent. But Syria has a special character, and must be treated specially. The most undiluvian of our wars passed over Turkey in general, without leaving in the country a single English student of

native languages and character; hardly a single traveller; and we have had no books of travel during and since that period other than the slightest and most trifling. The impartial or slightly biassed works of Thornton and Slade, full of sound information, and the more strongly biassed work of Macfarlane, have not been followed up by other works of corresponding, or in any way of approaching, value. Mr. Senior's compilation, conscientious, and to him who knows how to understand it, valuable as it is, forms no exception. It consists of a mass of evidence relating to Turkey, good, bad, and indifferent, often utterly contradictory in matters of fact, set before the public in the form of a diary, without being accompanied with any test or means of criticism and discrimination. There is more that is valuable, and more that is worthless, in this book than in any I know of the same size and method: but previous knowledge, and the power of cross-examining the persons who are placed in the witness-box, can alone determine which is which. The evidence against Turkish slander and calumny may be given by a man on the brink of dismissal from his country's service, for calumniously traducing a functionary of his country, with the slander hot in his mouth: the evidence against Turkish roguery and corruption may be given by a future convicted felon: the precious concentrated thoughts of the ablest public servant in the East may be commented on and pawed over by illiterate Levantines, no more able to understand them than a kitten to understand chess; what we hear may be the invective of Clodius against lady-killers, and of Catiline against Cethegus; and all

this is passed off upon the public as of equal value with the evidence of scholars, historians, and statesmen; of Slade and Alison, of Wyse and Finlay. The book is like a bagful of jewellery turned out in a heap before our eyes; it contains precious diamonds, glass, and paste; but to distinguish one from the other is impossible, except for those who happen to be jewellers already.

I have only space for indicating, by one final instance, the method adopted in discrediting and damaging the Turks in our opinion, for an interested purpose. At the time of the Montenegrin war of 1862, a correspondent of the 'Times' wrote as follows from Scutari, in Albania, under date of August 29:—'During the whole war the Turks have not taken a single prisoner; and it is only quite lately that some Albanian Irregulars have been preserved from the usual fate which attended them if they fell into the hands of the Turks, namely, mutilation of the most horrible kind and death.' Now, it is quite possible that the word 'Turks,' in the second clause, may have been misprinted or miswritten for the word 'Montenegrins,' the hereditary enemies of Albanian Irregulars; and the apparent intention of antithesis between the two clauses may help to bear out this view. Nor, on the other hand, should I feel justified in venturing on so sweeping and absolutely negative a statement as that no Albanians had been bullied or bribed, or cajoled into deserting the Turks and making common cause with the Montenegrins, seeing that no efforts, spiritual or temporal, had been spared for the purpose of making them do so. All I can say is that I never heard of any Albanians

actually so co-operating; and I have been told, in answer to a special enquiry, by a gentleman of the highest possible authority on these subjects, thoroughly acquainted with the Servian language, and for many years resident in Bosnia and North Albania, that no such co-operation ever occurred. This counter-statement I do not give as absolutely true, but only to be taken for what it is worth against the statement of one who has not resided in these provinces, and who does not know their language. But, as the sentence stands, and so long as no explanation is given of the appearance of the Albanians on the other side, the Turks are represented as having intended to massacre their own side. Anyhow, whether the tangle in the sentence be an artificial snare, or a natural entanglement as regards the one point, it is our concern to look and see who are the great rams, the bell-wethers, and the weaklings of our literary flock who have been caught in the thicket, and who have ardently embraced the doctrine sought to be established, at all events by insinuation, that the Turk showed himself different in kind from the Montenegrin; that, being irredeemably vile and bad, he has placed himself out of the pale of humanity, and is only to be treated as a wild beast. Three writers at least have taken this sentence as the ground-work of their conclusion to that effect: Mr. Goldwin Smith, a writer in the 'Saturday Review,' and a writer in the 'Illustrated Times.'

Two of these do not require a special comment. The third is one of the most brilliant public writers, and, what is a better thing, the most independent thinkers of the day, not to say one of the hardest

hitters. I fear I may come in for some of the hard hitting, but I cannot help regretting that he should not have enquired into the truth of his premisses before deducing his conclusion, and enforcing it with all the fervour and glow of rhetoric. Putting on one side the queer hitch about the Albanians, which, if truly stated, is at least a striking historical novelty, it might have been enquired whether the Montenegrin, of whose practices nothing is even hinted in this letter, was not as bad as the Turk. As for the latter, the Pasha of Scodra himself declared that the Irregulars, and even the Turkish Regulars, were exasperated and reckless, and did not spare their prisoners. He said nothing about torture, nor do I know anything about it. The above is the only direct evidence I know on the subject, and it suffices to bring the charge of cruelty home to the Turks. Now for the Montenegrins. We have the direct evidence of Englishmen who saw Turkish soldiers on board ship at Corfu, on their way round to Constantinople; men who had passed through the hands of the Montenegrins with noses and ears cut off, and otherwise ill-treated and mutilated. The lowest estimate of their number which I heard was from an avowed 'Philo-Montenegrin,' and it put them at eight; but I only give this as a minimum; and the number at the actual seat of war must of course have been greater. Details on the matter were given in a letter inserted in the 'Morning Post' of that time, bearing, I think, internal evidence of having been written by the Corfu harbour-master. There is no doubt that Sir Henry Storks's despatches have told the same tale. These men were fortunate

to have escaped with their lives. It has always been the practice of the fierce mountaineers to put their prisoners to death, and themselves to die fighting rather than fall into the enemies' hands alive. This alone would account for few or no prisoners being taken from them. The story is well-known and often repeated, though it is perhaps mythic, of their having offered to cut off the head of a wounded Russian officer, their comrade during their joint campaign against the French, to save him from being taken captive. It is not as a reproach that I seem to throw this in the teeth of the Montenegrins, for I am convinced that they have repented of the practice, and are most unlikely to repeat it; but there is no alternative so long as their past cruelty is suppressed for the purpose of deliberately blackening the Turks. It is not interest, nor fear of Russia, nor depravity of sentiment, nor even, as it is now said, senility which breeds our fits of reaction in favour of the Turks—it is the foul play and virulence of those who write them down.

As for what is said about the Turks' 'usual practice of horrible mutilation,' it must be either true or false. If true—and it is stated as unreservedly true, true now and at all times, without improvement or palliation—it is utterly disgraceful that any English officer should hold, or have ever held, a Turkish commission, or wear a Turkish order; and I have no doubt Sir Adolphus Slade will at once break his sword across his knees when satisfied of its truth. If false, it must be the result of ignorance or of calumny; and the context may determine whether these are or are not malignant as well. The state-

ment is given broadly and without limitation; and it is no more use to justify it by appealing to all the horrors of Scio and Damascus, than in recriminating with the horrors of Tripolitza and Athens and the sickening tale of Cerigo. It is not for us to cast the first stone at the retaliatory vindictiveness or the cruelty of proud or patriotic races. Nor is it for us to unlearn the lesson so lately taught us, that detailed narratives of horrors are, as often as not, mainly fictitious, the outburst of myth-creating power and of credulity on the part of a heated and panic-stricken imagination.

It is instructive to contrast the wise moderation and the precision, born of special knowledge, with which we habitually discuss practical Turkish matters connected with trade, finance, or other current business, such as railway and telegraph projects, or the Suez canal scheme, with the hazy sentimentality, masking ignorance of detail, and the credulous acceptance of unsifted statements, usually brought to bear on purely political or 'nationalistic' questions. The less such questions are insulated and treated on their own merits, the more they can be stretched or cut down to fit a Procrustean bed of prejudiced generalisation, the better and more practical do we seem to think our work. Dissipate the haze, unmask the ignorance, and trace the generalisations down to particulars; you will get nothing but a jumble of contradictions, and a bewildering dazzle of cross-lights, or a mere pile of 'sensation' metaphors, original and traditional, of old and new *mots* from the last clever traveller, and of sayings 'combining moral truth with phrases such as strikes.' The Turk is, as we all

know, a sick man : he will always be called so ; and Nicholas never achieved a greater triumph than when Sir Hamilton failed to cap the imperial *mot* with some ready rejoinder of his own. The Turk is encamped in Europe. The Turk boasts that no grass will grow under his horse's hoofs. The Turk not only has no business in Europe, but himself believes that he has none, and that he is doomed to go to Asia, which fully accounts for the cypress trees in the Scutari burial-ground ; also, according to the celebrated Dr. Cumming, for the *bazar caïques*, or water-omnibuses, taking passengers across the Bosphorus. The effrontery with which traveller after traveller goes on repeating this pure fiction, for all the world as though he had heard it himself and knew all about it, is something wonderful. The Turk is an irredeemable scoundrel, who has lost the 'grand but dangerous' virtues which he had before Lepanto. At best, like the Pickwickian green-grocer who waited at the Bath swarry, he is an 'inattentive reskel' and a 'low thief,' if not an 'unreclaimable blaygaird.' The Turk is naturally a reforming animal on the whole, prone to improvement, and one who has reformed during the past generation more than any other European state—as indeed he might do, and yet leave a pretty wide unreformed margin. The Turk is an 'Asiatic.' The country from which he came was considered by the ancient world, which gave us the term 'Asia,' and by the Asiatic world itself, to be thoroughly un-Asiatic and opposed to Asiatic, under the respective names of *Scythia* and *Turan*. The European Turk 'desolates the fairest regions of the earth.' The south of European

Turkey, under the name of Thrace, was once a by-word for inhospitable bleakness of climate and ready-made desolation; as Eothen may have remembered when he rode from Adrianople in the icy wind, and as those did not remember who sent the first detachment of troops to shiver in light summer clothes under a blinding snowstorm of four-and-twenty hours when the *Himalaya* first appeared in the Bosphorus in the middle of April 1854. The Turk is to be 'driven to his original seats in Asia.' It has not yet been ruled which are his original seats—whether Mecca and Medina, by right of his religion, or Mr. Atkinson's country in the parts beyond Balkash, or nothing more than Asia Minor, where he is to have it out of the Armenians in return for letting go of the Greeks. He has less brains than we have, and his forehead recedes at an acute angle; and I am very much afraid that the worthy man who said this of him had himself an intellect which receded at too acute an angle when he sharpened his wits against the consul of Sycopolis, and got dismissed for his pains. Six millions of Daco-Thracians, and six more millions of Thraco-Dacians, the noblest races of the world, groan under the yoke of a vile Asiatic horde of only 600,000. After reading this, or something like it, as I once did in a Greek newspaper of Trieste, one is apt to think what devils of fellows the horde must be, and to go off on the tack not intended by the writer. There is less crime in Turkey than anywhere. There is more crime in Turkey than anywhere. And so on without end.

The Greek is degenerate. He is regenerate. He is neither one nor the other, but the same as ever.

He is both at once, being utterly corrupt and degraded by Turkish rule, and at the same time as fit for self-government as a New Englander: this being the happy country where you can eat your cake and have it. He is so bad and shocking, because he has not a drop of ancient Greek blood in his veins. He is *'la même canaille qui existait aux jours de Thémistocle,'* and that is why he is so bad. These are also the reasons which make him so good, so full of promise and performance all at once, and so fit to 'carry the torch of liberty and Christian progress to enlighten the enslaved and benighted races of the East.' The Wallachian is the bravest warrior in the world, because he is descended from the Romans, to say nothing of the Dacians. So says Madame Dora d'Istria. The Wallachians and the Neapolitans are the two races in Europe who are so utterly unwarlike and spiritless, that you can make nothing of them as soldiers; they are hopeless, for it is not in them. So said an Austrian officer to Mr. Paget in Hungary. The Servian, who knows the value of sacred bards, and is uppermost over here just at present, is an eager fiery warrior of the Cross, athirst for civilisation, and anxious to help the Greek in carrying the torch of liberty, or, indeed, to snatch it from his hands if he does not move on fast enough. The Servian is an honest, sluggish, peaceful yeoman, wishing to live and to let live, who does not in the least want to follow to the field any warlike lord, but whose only care is to increase his store, and keep himself at home to feed pigs for the great three-decked floating stye-castles of the Danube. He is devoted to his Prince and his Prince's dynasty.

He does not care about him, if, indeed, he does not actively dislike him, because of over-taxation, espionage, and the fret caused by a petty bureaucracy; so that he has an inner domestic 'groan' over and above his 'groan' as a victim of barbarous Turkish suzerainty. The Turks got up the quarrel at Belgrade in order to kill off the Christians. The Servians got it up themselves. The Turks bombarded the town in a panic. They bombarded it because they had orders from Constantinople. They bombarded it because it's their nature to. The Mussulmans of Servian race in Bosnia, a million of men more or less, are the haughtiest and most fanatical of European Moslems. They are to be the soonest converted to Christianity; and this will be done off the reel by means and for the sake of the 'idea of nationality' so soon as the Turks are 'driven to Asia,' which, to be sure, will give you a very good kind of Christianity to begin with. The borderer of Servian race in another country, under the name and aspect of 'South Slavonian,' is the actual incarnation of every military and civic virtue; he is to cry for all he wants, and what he cries for he is to get. The same man, under the name of Croat, is a bravo, a bully, an Austrian Bashi-Bozuk, the hateful minion of a vile despot. All these countries, great and small, have in their time been 'bulwarks of Christianity against the infidel;' all of them are now, or are going to be, 'Piedmonts,' except, indeed, the Turkish part of Turkey itself, which is slow at analogies, and does not see what a case can be made by calling itself a Piedmont, with a mission towards Persia and Bokhara. When any of these races has

produced a Cavour, it will be time enough to call itself a Piedmont. As for the 'bulwark' view, which even Wallachia has taken to herself, the only real 'bulwarks' were the kingdoms of Hungary and Poland, and, infinitely more than all, the Republic of Venice: and much good it has done any of them with the rest of Christendom. Last of all comes our old forgotten flame, Circassia. The Circassian too, is a hopeless and foredoomed Asiatic reprobate; besides being a slave-dealing ruffian, which last is a capital stone for flinging at his head just now. But by way of funeral obsequies, and as a parting salvo over the grave of his 'nationality,' we have adopted the name of Caucasian into our science, in order to represent everything that is most purely and typically European, not to say Jewish at the same time: and he himself has gone off to destroy European patriots, and do all other behests of his new master assigned him as a task, on the principle of an honest man being set to catch an honest man.

A nice mess it is, certainly, and a fine muddle. What I have given as a sample is, after all, but a few bricks from the house, a few potsherds from the heap. I cannot undertake to sift the heap in this place. Much of it is mere error, wilful or unintentional; some of it is fair and natural divergence, which can be reconciled without difficulty; very little of it is the result of actual contact and direct intercourse between the Englishman and the stranger. The two main and seemingly divergent currents of such English opinion about Turkey as really springs from genuine intercourse with that country, appear more at variance with each other than they actually

are. The diplomatist resides entirely at the capital ; the provinces are to him a mere abstraction, except in recent and rare instances ; and in the ordinary exercise of his profession he sees nothing but Turkey as a victim ; Turkey bullied, encroached upon, and brow-beaten ; Turkey with short measure and false weights dealt out to her in the first moral principles of Christianity by those whose lips are always wet with the watchwords of Christianity. Interest apart, his feelings thus come naturally to be enlisted in favour of Turkey, and many travellers and writers are found to reflect his lights for the public at home. The Englishman who holds no office, the merchant, the railway or telegraph superintendent, the man set in authority over Turks, the lawyer, and many other classes, see nothing of the diplomatic encroachments and foul play themselves ; but they are face to face with venality and rascality every day of their lives ; in the provinces they see countless instances of unequal justice, and unfair, often contumelious or oppressive, treatment towards the subject races ; by profession, interest, or antipathy, they are often actively opposed to Turks, and their mind becomes tinged, at least on the surface, with the colour of vehement hostility. This, in Turkey, is rarely accompanied with any corresponding feelings of active sympathy towards the said subject races, whose qualities are not such as to endear them to Englishmen on the spot and away from home. The consuls, living wholly in the ill-governed provinces, are politicians one day, and merchants, advocates, or judges the next ; they come under both of these influences, and their fluctuations of opinion may easily be traced

in their reports. Yet no diplomatist would wish to support Turkish rule otherwise than as a provisional rule, and on any other condition than that of progressive reform of abuses, which, if Turks do not undertake it, must be enforced on them—without wounding their self-respect if possible—but still enforced. The gist of our diplomacy in Turkey is contained in the motto over Westminster School, which should be written over the Sublime Porte, and perhaps, indeed, over Government House at Calcutta, or the palaces of any dominant race: *Aut disce aut discede, manet sors tertia, cædi*; though in our case in India it is *Doce ut discedas*.* Nor, on the other hand, do I know of any non-official Englishman in Turkey, honest, and qualified by character and experience to form a opinion, whose hatred of Turkish abuses blinds his judgment to the fact that those abuses are diminishing, even though not so fast as he would wish, and that our imperial policy towards Turkey is both expedient for all parties and right in itself. He would like to stand with a lash over both the Turk and the ambassador at their work, to bring it down on their shoulders if they failed to ‘toe the mark,’ and to keep them up to the standard, so lofty in idea, yet so perfectly practical, laid down in the despatches of our great diplomatist. All Englishmen who have a real knowledge of Turkey, when thoroughly cross-examined, will be found to stand upon the ground of one common principle. Without such cross-examination, any opinion or any fact

* The last words may be of my application, but the idea is that of an illustrious statesman lately deceased—Mountstuart Elphinstone—*clarum et venerabile nomen*.

may be extracted from their words which anybody may wish to find. I pass over altogether the words of those who seem to be emptying the vials of honest wrath over the Turks, but are mere vitriol throwers after all.

The *mots* and metaphors about Turkey are out of all proportion in excess of real facts or of opinions founded on real facts. They are thus apt to become dangerous, besides being often in themselves worthless; for they serve to stay the stomach of enquiry, and make us content with a mere otiose habit of taking things for granted. The Turk, for instance, besides being a sick man, is a dying man. He is dying rapidly; or sometimes, in unmetaphorical phrase, the Turkish population is dying out rapidly. But this happens to be exactly the point on which we require statistics, and not similes. Having our imagination pleased and satisfied with the figure of speech which compares him to a dying man, we do not think it worth while to enquire whether his race is declining at the rate of one per cent. a year or of ninety per cent. a year; and there is not one man in England, or out of it, who is able to give a conclusive, or even an approximative, answer, to this all-important question. I am not talking of fools willing to rush in, nor of angels—who have nothing to do with Turkey—fearing to tread; I only say that no one, as yet, is competent to answer this question as a whole, or to do more than contribute a possible quota of detached local information. We pay very dearly for sensation metaphors, and have done so before now. How much did we once pay for the sensation metaphor of calling Herat the key of

Chaos.

India—the key of an open outer gateway, hundreds of miles wide, in which no gate had ever been built, let alone the lock on the gate? Perhaps we may pay equally dearly some day for the torch of liberty; or the Cross on St. Sophia, before we have decided which Cross; or the absurd romance of the Turks all going over to be buried in Asia. I must stop to say a word or two on this last point. At certain periods of their history, especially after great reverses, the Turks have undoubtedly had superstitious misgivings as to the impending downfall of their empire in general. I believe Prince Cantemir is the first to have noticed this, and he is a good, though not an unimpeachable, authority. Dr. Russell, the author of the work on Aleppo, a thoroughly trustworthy man, himself heard such a superstition from the mouth of a Turk of Konia. But all this has reference to their rule as an imperial race, as the successors and inheritors by conquest of the Cæsars of Rome and their dominions. This belief of an imperial inheritance, combined with devoted loyalty to his own ruling family, is deeply rooted in the breast of every Ottoman, and distinguishes him from all other Orientals. He knows nothing and cares nothing about this continent and that continent, and the European words which denote them; his whole heart is in the imperial city, which, however much the arch of conquest may be a tottering one, is still the keystone of the arch, and in which it is his care to bury the remains of his sovereigns and great men with something of superstitious persistence and veneration. I never myself met with any Turk who either entertained or reported this fancy about burying

in Scutari, nor do I know of anybody else who has; but I have met persons who know more about Turks and their ways, and who have lived more with them than have any Europeans, to my knowledge; and these utterly deny the existence of any idea of the kind. I shall believe it when I believe that the *nouveaux riches* of Belgravia send their dead bodies to be buried in Kensal Green cemetery, because they consider themselves only encamped in the favoured regions south of the Knightsbridge Road, and superstitiously look forward to a time when they will be driven to their original seats in the farther Tyburnia. The largest cemetery near a great city is generally the best place for burying its dead, and anybody wanting further information had better get it from the undertakers, and not from the poets.

I cannot leave this part of the subject without a word or two about the 'torch of liberty and progress' which the Greeks are predestined to carry, as being the most 'advanced and intelligent' race in these countries. This is a view which appeals most strongly to the imagination, and I believe it has much weight and influence among the ablest of our statesmen and our public writers. It has, of course, the voice of every Greek in its favour, but that will not go for much with the class—still a numerous one—which looks on a Greek as moved by the same impulses and prépossessions as any other human being. But the limits of the Greek race—however they might have extended themselves thirty years ago—are now defined and fixed by that uprising of the Bulgarian nationality in an anti-Greek sense, which I have already mentioned in some detail. Time may

prevail over any opposition offered by this; the Greek cannot do so at present, for he cannot overcome the Bulgarian, nor lead him, nor incorporate him. He is of a less numerous and not of a superior race; his mind is more keen but less solid; roughly speaking, he is to the Bulgarian as the clever Calcutta Baboo to the raw material of the English non-commissioned officer; his admixture with the Bulgarian would give each race a share of qualities now wanting to it; but such admixture on a large scale would only swamp the less numerous race. Far more powerful than this as evidence to disprove the correctness of the above view must be considered the actual Greek character itself. One of its mainsprings, perhaps its most important one, is the strength of its antipathy. This is the result of his own Imperial dominion, of his degradation under the Turks, and of his imperial sway within the Turkish rule, as a slave and a despot at once. He has lost the faculty of sympathy, and has paid this price for the preservation of his national life. His bitter spirit of antipathy has preserved to him an indestructible and iron-bound nationality, which may be diluted by commixture, but can never be crushed by force. He is no more foredoomed to one character and reprobate from the beginning than the Turk: the rigidity of his antipathy must gradually relax and be thawed into sympathy with his neighbours who are different from himself; but time alone can effect this, and when this is effected, he will be other than what he is now. His forefathers had no sympathy with aliens, but they had a thirst for abstract knowledge and a strong spirit of enquiry; he himself has neither one

nor the other, except so far as conducive to his merest material interests and every-day business; and without these he cannot hope to influence or rise superior to Armenians, Bulgarians, or Turkish peasants. His church was and still chiefly is the symbol and the mainstay of his nationality; its ritual and doctrines cannot be transgressed or questioned for a moment without the utterance of treason against that nationality; and, if either living spirituality, or freedom of thought in religious matters, be better than dead ritualism, there actually seems more likelihood of their being found among the countrymen of Omar Effendi, preaching something like open Protestantism in the streets of Brusa, than among those who hound on the public against and prosecute Lascarato and Kaïri.

I have only treated of one or two out of the number of clever sayings and fallacies which form our current talk about Turkey, and even to do this has largely encroached on my space. These do not matter very much, after all, so long as we confine them to our own current literature, and consume our own smoke at home; but honour as well as interest urge us to keep contradictions, elementary ignorance in matters of fact, à priori views, or the evolution of noble Turks and noble Rayahs out of the mere operations of inner consciousness, as far as possible away from the debates of our great national assembly. A debate respecting Turkey, conducted without an object, without knowledge, and, by some at least, without any definite principles of attack or defence, took place last year in the House of Commons. I was in Turkey at the time it occurred; and I wish to

bear distinct testimony to the fact that the character of our country was not improved by that debate in the opinion of leading men in Turkey, whether Turkish or other than Turkish. ' This debate certainly did much good in one way, but I do not think that was in the way for which it was originated. Everybody was startled into a show of activity, if not the reality. The ambassador began to instruct the consuls, and the consuls began to reprove the pashas, and the pashas began to imprison the taxgatherers and the taxgatherers began to refund their squeezings to the peasants—just as the water began to quench the fire, and the fire began to burn the stick, and the stick began to beat the dog; and it needed a column full of gossip in the ' Illustrated News ' to 'poke fun at all the superhuman debaters before people found out that after all it did not matter so very much. In other respects it did greater harm. Not so much—though that was something—by the exceeding animosity and bad blood shown on the subject, most demoralising to the weaker heads of those classes whose presumed causes were advocated; nor yet by the amateur and debating-society tone of the whole proceeding, only paralleled by the way in which we make such friends of the Italians every year by holding public disputation on the non-execution of their Hatti-Humayun and on the wrongs of those oppressed Christians the Bourbons: but by the open display to friend and foe of the sad nonsense which some of us greedily swallow, and others of us allowed to pass current uncontradicted and unchallenged. One man tells you he knows that there are six millions of Greeks, and hurls his fact as a triumphant rejoinder at the head of a pre-

vious speaker who had talked of three millions— itself probably an over statement, though a very slight one, and with Finlay's great authority on its side. Another dilates with much dogmatism on the most incredible muddle in the way of statistics I ever read, given on the authority of 'two clever men'—one clever man, indeed, could hardly have invented them—and he winds up with the convincing statement that there are 'only ten thousand Turks in Samos.' Ten thousand, indeed; why, there are not ten score! But the whole world may see, and profit by the sight, that nobody knew or cared to say that Samos has been for thirty years past a semi-detached province in the same category as Moldavia and Wallachia, with its own prince and its own constitutional assembly; that, during the period between 1851 and 1858, after attention had been called to it by a revolt consequent on the delinquencies of a Fanariote absentee prince, it was wisely and excellently governed by a Wallachian—must I say the one Wallachian?—of integrity and patriotism, M. John Ghika; and that under this gentleman's rule it rose to a height of prosperity which, for aught I know to the contrary, it may have retained since his return, at the higher call of patriotism, to his own country when united with Moldavia: having been, in fact, a model of what these tributary principalities can be and ought to be under good management, and let alone by foreign intrigue. And so on throughout the debate. All this stuff being thrust into a legitimate discussion of a question which may fairly be considered an open one, how far the Turkish governor's conduct at Belgrade in 1862 was or was not censurable, and whether

the continued Turkish occupation of that and other forts in Serbia is expedient, if morally right. What do speakers of this kind imagine that native Christians who have seen the world think and say of their advocacy? What is thought of a country when its Government is likely to be moved by this sort of thing? We could afford the discussion on the English country-house at Therapia which followed it—that was good fun enough in its way. What with the man who had been there and thought it was three miles from Pera, and the wary veteran, tongue in cheek, rejoining that it was six, with or without knowledge that it was twelve, and the man who said that the town-house at Pera had a view of the entrance of the Black Sea, twenty-five miles off, the English residents in Turkey got as much fun for their money as if they had gone home to see Lord Dundreary. But in higher and political matters we cannot afford to talk on what we do not understand.

The stress of unfavourable opinion against the Turks, however unjust and wrong in many of the details by which it is sustained, has a wholesome bracing effect and even a welcome rigour with Turkish statesmen of the reforming school. But, as an odious insular egotist, I had almost rather no Turk should reform and no Greek grow to freedom than that we should lower our character and weaken our influence by talking nonsense. Here is the best part of the East, so far as I know it; the best Greek, the best Turk, the best Montenegrin—I do not venture to add the best Servian, because I have no knowledge to authorise my doing so—all joining in the cry of 'Save me from my friends.' Among

Turks, statesmen like Fuad and Ahmed Vefyk, though certainly not without a healthy human appetite for public praise, have had enough of flattery in Western papers about '*les intentions bienveillantes de notre auguste maître*;' and they gladly turn to their English newspaper for opinions and criticism which they know to be generally impartial, according to its lights. As for abuse, they have a fine humour, a thick skin, and a most creditable career; and they have therefore been able fully to enjoy being called 'infamous ruffians from the Haymarket.' It is the Greek and the Servian who are exposed to more risk of being relaxed by the enervating breath of feckless sympathy, or demoralised by finding that men who have the power of making and unmaking the government of a great country can become the ready instruments of their pettiest intrigues or their wildest dreams. Men like Ahmed Vefyk do not believe that everything is always going on for the best in the best of all possible Ottoman empires; nor are men who stand at the head of their nation, like the Rallis, unaware that what Greece wants is the naturalisation of a greater idea than the great idea of aggrandisement. There was a deeper feeling among the Greeks in the autumn of 1862 than exultant dexterity at the dodge of slamming King Otho's own door in his face. It was an active uprising of the nation's conscience in revolt against intrigue and corruption and dynastic ambition working under the cloak of a vague but ardent popular aspiration, and thus seething the Greek kid in its mother's milk. It was a most emphatic declaration in favour of the righteousness of our

policy towards the Greek race. It was not Philhellenic, nor rhapsodical, nor doctrinary England that touched their conscience and roused their enthusiasm. *It was cold, dry, unsympathising, diplomatic England; England believing that engagements imposed on her by treaty are equally binding, whether made with church-goers or mosque-goers: England not as a gay green young sapling, but a stiff-jointed old oak, indisposed to follow the first Greek that comes in the guise of Orpheus for the mere tuning of his lyre: England that preserves Turkish rule not for the sake of Turkish rule, but for the sake of sheltering the immature growth of future free nations against the destroying blight of despotisms far more dangerous, if not worse, than Turkey.* It is not for us to assign this reason officially and publicly as the cause of our support of Turkey, nor to refer to the philosophy of history as proving that all dominant races must either absorb, be absorbed, or perish; having only a life interest in the country which they hold from generation to generation. We cannot say this to Turks, nor take direct action upon it, any more than they can say it to us; but the ablest and most honest men among the tributary races are well aware of it, and, taken in conjunction with the utter absence of anything like territorial ambition or low forms of selfishness in us, it becomes the great and increasing source of our power with all classes, and of their most anxious desire to obtain the sympathy and countenance of our Government, as well as the intelligent appreciation, not the echoing platitudes, of our people. The Greek had rather be reproved in Greek by a man who understands him all through, than praised in

English by a man who has only worked his idea of him out of his inner consciousness. How far our position has been impaired by the premature cession of Corfu, and subsequent haggling, I do not know ; but then I do not know to what extent the making haste to cede and the repentance at leisure shown in the haggling may not themselves have been the result of a compromise *in excelsis* between our own Greeks fighting triumphantly for an idea and our Trojans fighting for terms. Be this as it may, our general policy in Turkey does meet with the distinct approbation of the better and honester class of natives of all persuasions ; and, when these are dissatisfied with that policy, it is because that is occasionally ill administered, untrue to itself, and carried out in a half-hearted way. Contrary opinions have often been given of late, to which I shall attach credence when I see that they come from Englishmen capable of holding intercourse in its own language with any Christian community in Turkey, understanding its real and its ideal life, and both able and willing to tell the truth and distinguish truth from falsehood—but not till then. We have lent our ears too long to opinions which are mere chaff and brass, or echoes of the wild frenzies of young Athens, young Bucharest, or young Belgrade. Those, indeed, are woefully mistaken who view the youth of these places by the light of their experience of our own young Liberal Oxford and Cambridge, or even of young France or young Italy. I do not despair of seeing a wholesome mistrust of unsupported facts about Turkey coming from these sources arise among ourselves ; even when such facts bear official attestations which

are worth as much as would be the official attestations of the Mayor of Gotham, Archbishop Hughes, and General Corcoran, upon details of Saxon misrule and tyranny if New York State were to find itself three thousand miles nearer to Ireland. Nor do I despair of young Athens actually studying ancient Greek history some of these days, instead of merely telling Europe that it does so; and of its showing to the world that a Demosthenes and a Chares may yet be found keen-sighted and patriotic enough to perceive that the true danger to Greece cannot come from the Great King, but from the European despot.

I am not going at length into the particulars of this policy, nor does it want more to justify it than the unanimous voice of the Greek nation, such as I have above referred to, or than the forcible remarks of Continental Liberals such as M. Forcade, which anybody who cares may find in one of the autumn numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1862. Whether those whose official routine and duty it is to defend and inculcate that policy understand fully what constant vigilance and exertion it requires, and with what anxiety the foremost men among Christian communities in Turkey look to its efficient maintenance in all points, and to the independence and integrity of English opinion, I know not. But I know that when that policy does not succeed, or seems to break down in detail, it is because it does not work at full power under a full head of steam; because the vessel is often ill-equipped, ill-manned, or half-manned. The diplomatic aggressions and the revolutions of tributary provinces by which Turkey has

been assailed in the last fifteen years always occurred at these periods of impaired efficiency with us. Thus the Leiningen mission of 1852, when Austria was made to render homage and service to Russia in exchange for the reconquest of Hungary, the famous Menshikoff* mission which followed it, and the Belgrade revolution of 1858, were all timed to coincide with a Conservative Ministry in Downing Street and a Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople — the Conservative ministry not being inefficient because Conservative, but because weak and known to exist on sufferance. In the former instances it was no wonder that the assault was so timed, for our great diplomatist had just bidden a solemn farewell to the East before an assemblage of fellow-countrymen, his hosts; he had shaken off the dust of his shoes on a country of which he despaired, and turned his face away for ever from a stiff-necked and unrepenting generation that would not amend their ways. Which things may help to convince people that politics in Turkey are an active game of attack and defence, and are not to be decided off hand by hopes, generous sentiments, and phrases about the growth of Wallachia. So far as the cry for the reversal of our Eastern policy is more than mere baying at the moon, it means much the same thing as the policy itself has

Will Mr. Kinglake allow me to correct his spelling? The Prince's name is written Menchikoff, according to his own signature, after the French sounds of Roman letters; Menschikoff in the German way; Menshikoff in our way. The three-pronged Russian letter of the original is our sh. Any of these three will do; but not Mentchikoff, nor Ment-schikoff, which give the palatal sound of our ch, and are as bad as the 'Times's' way of always spelling Reshid Pasha Redschid Pasha—which should, for very consistency, have been Padscha too.

always meant, only laying exclusive stress on that part of it which consists in compelling Turks to reform all their abuses, render absolutely equal justice everywhere, and make all vice and crime to disappear from their portion of the earth. The seed of Turkish reform has been already cast into the ground. It must grow up into a tree, perfect and without blemish ; and grow up, too, in one night, like Jack's bean-stalk. If not, Europe has been outraged, and the Hatti-Humayun violated. Europe, armed and indignant, will offer Turkey at the sword's point a choice between the Code Napoléon, which will be called Christianity to save appearances, helotry, or the Lake Balkash ; and the Russians, whose business it will be to transport them to their original seats, will probably be glad to give them return tickets. These words may sound like irony, and are certainly not written without irony ; yet for all that they are almost literally true. The Turk has got to reform three steps for his Christian subjects' one step. The chances are against him in so doing, because he has to reform against the grain of his religion, and does so with difficulty ; while they, if not reforming by reason of the ritual and dogmas of their religion, imperfectly connected as these are in their minds with the morality which is its essence, are at least thereby placed in direct unison with the progress and civilisation of Western Europe. The danger with us is lest, in over-zeal for the name of Christianity, we play fast and loose with the morality of Christianity, and view a treaty with a Turk as less binding, or otherwise binding, than one with a Christian. We must not be always shouting '*Ecrasez l'infame*' in

the Sultan's face, or flying off at a tangent about the cross on St. Sophia; we must learn to think straight on these subjects, and examine for ourselves how far our highest obligations as Christians affect our dealings with unbelievers: if not from duty, at least from interest. Those who are fond of working the Italian analogy in favour of Turkish Christians often compare the Sultan's power, as Caliph, to that of the Pope: though the Sultan has not fallen to the Pope's temporal weakness, he has got much of his spiritual power; and a sovereign who can release a silk merchant at Bokhara on the one hand, and arbitrate among thousands of our Mussulman fellow-subjects at Cape Town on the other, cannot be outraged with impunity because his religious persuasion is not ours. At any rate, whether we exchange our old lamps for new lights; whether we follow mere will o' the wisps, as many of us are doing; whether we are to be always going on seeing how far we can stretch the Ottoman 'formula' to fit the new European 'fact,' or do something desperate for doing's sake, and plunge bodily into chaos and black night, it behoves us now and at all times to see whom we have got to do our nation's work for us. *Laissez-faire* or 'chaos,' we want the most efficient of action and the best of information. We want our country to be served in Turkey, as everywhere else, by the most perfect and highest type of English manhood; but we want it there far more than anywhere else, for our work is of a very special nature. * We require the best ambassadors, the best attachés, the best interpreters, the best consuls, the best railway and telegraph men, or 'Anglo-Saxon' pioneers, such as those who have

transferred the bustle and enterprise of an American back settlement to the dreary wastes by the Black Sea, untrodden by European foot since Ovid. But we have not got these uniformly, and we are very lucky when we can be said to have them generally. The most remarkable fact in Turkey, as I have said before, is the awakening of subject nationalities, the rising cultivation of their languages, and the utter untrustworthiness of their talk about themselves when not properly controlled. But we have no Englishman who knows anything whatever about Servian, about Bulgarian, or, beyond a moderate point, about Wallachian; very few who know Turkish; fewer still who know modern Greek comprehensively, under all its various aspects: yet the language of each nationality—Turkish hardly excepted—is its life-blood. I say nothing of the Arabian countries, and have all along kept them separate from Turkey. In Arabic we are very much better off. We have one Englishman in the Constantinople embassy, born and bred in England, who is versed in both Turkish and Greek, to whom the wickedness of the Eastern world is as print—and but one alone. Though we have among our public servants men of experience, common sense, and extended intercourse with some of these peoples; men possessed of the rare gift, granted to so few, yet so indispensable in the mendacious East, the instinct of separating false from true in a nation's statement; yet we have not got that knowledge of their languages which gives us sympathy with their ideal aspirations, as well as insight into their real condition, and which alone leads to the highest and most fruitful kind of

action. Those who revile our policy and our public servants have usually neither the one nor the other. The consuls, the main supply of information to the nation itself, through their reports presented to Parliament, are, upon the whole, a meritorious body of men; but this arises, not from uniformity of merit, but from the average struck between great merits and great defects. The merits are more conspicuous in European Turkey than elsewhere, because the consulates there are more political and less trading in their nature, and are therefore more generally filled by Englishmen of a higher stamp than the once common run of bankrupt merchants. Moreover, by far the greater part of them have only been established within a very few years, in consequence of the pressure of political events: only it is greatly to be regretted that their creation has always followed, instead of preceding, such events, and that the stable-door should never have been shut until after the steed had been stolen. But among the whole body we find comparatively few Englishmen of full English blood and rearing; and even among those born and reared in the Levant there are very few who have a true fundamental knowledge of its leading languages, and next to none of its subordinate ones. Those who have such knowledge deserve the greatest credit, for they have acquired it under great difficulties. It is a great, though a common fallacy, to suppose that those who have only a mere colloquial knowledge are thereby fitted for high employment in the public service. They are, on the contrary, unfitted for it; for they speak with an accent and idiom identifying them, in the minds

of the ruling or educated classes, with the illiterate or despised part of the community. Frenchmen who study our literature are esteemed among us, even though they discuss Hallam and Macaulay with a strong foreign accent; but we should not think much of one brought up in the Minorities, for all his fluent converse with us on its local topics in its local accent and idiom. We want, throughout Turkey, the multiplication of direct points of contact between the Englishman of the best type and the native leaders of the peoples and races—such an Englishman as Colonel Leake, when on his promotion at Ioannina, may best be held to represent: such as our country is always able to produce without stint when roused to the necessity of work. There is no fear of Levantines ceasing to find employment of some kind so long as a means of easy transition and communication is required between the higher morality of England and the lower morality of Turkey. We ourselves are obliged to find some such means in India, where the standard of morality, so far as I may speak on what I do not know personally, seems far lower than in Turkey. Such a connecting link between the two moralities, for our outer public, may sometimes be found among those who are loudest in vilifying Turkey.

How are we to get our Colonel Leake on his promotion? A year ago, I should have pointed to the Corfu garrison as a sufficient answer. If that island had been in the hands of France, or of the much-abused East India Company, it would at once have been considered as a moral *tête-du-pont* of Europe, thrown across the Adriatic; the study of the races

and languages of the adjacent parts of the mainland would have been officially and actively encouraged, without any necessary after-thought of future aggrandisement, but rather with a distinct view to the benefit of the public service; and their inhabitants would have been looked upon as actual human beings, with living and growing souls, instead of mere bipeds, born to beat cover for woodcock. This is not a sarcasm on the sportsmen, be it understood, but on the authorities, who let them live by sport alone. Could not the island have been spared to us at the eleventh hour, if only for one more hour in which to prepare an officer or two for useful public employment in Turkey? Even as it is, we have several who have acquired some knowledge of that country within the last year or two, by dint of walking tours in Albania, undertaken in parties of three or four, and carried out all over the country with as much safety as if it had been Switzerland. But that was for the sake of walking, and not for the sake of knowing Turkey. I wonder how they would have succeeded south of the Greek frontier, and it is quite fair to express such a wonder. But the English occupation of Corfu is now a thing of the past. The Embassy at Constantinople, and perhaps those at Vienna and St. Petersburg; the Legation at Athens, the Consulates-General at Bucharest and Belgrade, all seem likely, more or less, to afford favourable training ground for future public servants of the first class, in those countries where conflicts of languages and nationalities may be expected to arise. Some sort of experiment of this kind has already been tried at Constantinople, and it is not considered

by the highest authority in these matters to have been altogether, if at all, successful. But its object, that of replacing Levantine dragomans by Englishmen, for the purpose of official communication between the Embassy and the Porte, was not exactly the same as that which I am now advocating; the chief part of the original scheme, the encouragement of travel in Turkey, was neglected in some cases, and impossible in others; the rest of it was only carried out in a very careless and perfunctory way, and, as circumstances then stood, could not have been otherwise carried out without unpleasantness to all parties. The scheme, moreover, was deprived of its main hope and prop, by the premature death, in Persia, of a young gentleman of the greatest talent, and most unusual, nay, special linguistic capacity and acquirements, Mr. Almeric Wood. A man had rather work with an old kind of tool which he knows, than with new ones which he does not know; and all the more so when the new tools are imperfect, and he has to depend on the work itself to fashion and complete them. A thoroughly efficient dragoman could not be thrown away, perhaps in face of a political crisis, for an unformed attaché. But now and henceforward, communication with the Porte, where French is largely spoken, and where official notes are often written in French, is of minor importance; travel in Turkey, intercourse with the people, and comprehension of the rising nationalities, especially of the Bulgarians, are of paramount importance. It is on the necessities of these points, the last in particular, that I rest my present case. But the weight of a recognised authority is chiefly necessary

in this country, before a thing can be done, even for its benefit. Such authority, I am convinced, will not be wanting, if proof or guarantee be given by any one, who may bring forward or comment upon this subject, that his remarks will be absolutely devoid of retrospective censure or criticism; and I am equally sure that those gentlemen who were selected to carry out the first and only partially successful experiment will gladly take the blame on their own shoulders, and ascribe its want of success to their own deficiencies, provided they can secure that or any other authority, to advocate and insist on the commencement of a new and far more necessary work. It is not for me to presume to point out how to choose men to enter this service. Perhaps it cannot be done otherwise than by competitive examination; yet this may burden you with a short-sighted invalid, who can no more sit a horse than Coleridge when he enlisted in the dragoons, merely for being the best hand at answering questions like, 'What did Mr. Kemble mean, when he called English a dead language?' Not but that competitive examination is the best, or the least bad, system to apply to a vast branch of the public service like the Indian Civil Service, where you must have a system of some sort; but in Turkey you want no system, and are better without one. All I can do is, to call notice to the type of man who should be selected, and who is as often the product of the hunting-field as of the study. More than one such man is wanted, and in more than one place; for many different subjects have to be learnt, and checks must be established against possible one-sidedness, or enthusiasm. Time is

wanted; for every Englishman in Turkey who is worth anything, or is likely to become so, has to go through the stages of learning, unlearning, and finally relearning, with a consciousness of his own ignorance and a respect for the limits of his knowledge: he has to pass through the Philhellenic fever, or the Turkish fever, which is apt to become the chief of its *sequelæ*, or the Servian or Montenegrin fever, before his judgment becomes properly hardened, and inured to the work of digesting the information he receives. Money is wanted; only a very little, it is true; but it is not usual with us to apply even a very little in a new direction, and without any *immediate return*. Still, penny wise though we may be, I trust a penny or two may not be considered thrown away in this matter. We, at all events, are not pound foolish—not like those ridiculous and benighted Turks, who have actually bestowed an annual subsidy of a sum equal to seventy thousand English pounds on an inconvenient and impracticable port in Thessaly for the purpose of carrying the Greek and Thessalian mails between that province and Athens; the money is thrown into the Ægean, and all the Rayahs eagerly rush over to the shores of free Greece: yet the great despotic Ottoman organ, the *Asharru 'l Hanâbiğh* (the maker easy of things to the conscience), cynically justifies a measure it cannot prevent, because it serves to stop a Rayah cry.

Such a measure as that which I recommend may probably be passed over on the ground that we have already many young men belonging to the families of our Consuls in the Levant who 'know the languages.'

and upon whom such appointments would be most properly conferred. To this I altogether demur; for, on the one hand, they do not 'know the languages,' as they should be known, unless properly trained; and, on the other, they are not Englishmen, but Levantines; and it is only Englishmen that we want. Their parents, unless they have enriched themselves by trade or otherwise, are mostly men of small means, and often very inadequately paid; they are rarely able to send their sons home to England for education during the most precious years of boyhood, and are thus often compelled to see their children losing the English nature day by day, and visibly acquiring the uniform low Levantine moral type. *It is not for us to laugh at them for Levantines, or to bear too hard on their short-comings, their narrowness of mind, their follies, even their crimes. It is for us to reclaim them and to make Englishmen of them; and surely our Government is not so poor as to be unable to come to the assistance of its consuls in the Levant, and help them to some extent in obtaining an English education for their children. Considering all the circumstances, I think we are almost bound to do this. We must have Englishmen in our public service in Turkey: if we do not send out Englishmen, we must Anglicise our Levantines, and for my part I think we can afford to do both.*

Upon the whole question of the appointment of consuls, dragomans, and the like, I care not to enter just at present. But I am afraid one bad consul may do harm which two good ones can hardly remedy; and good consuls in Turkey do not as yet

stand to bad ones in the proportion of two to one. There is, perhaps, no use in advocating any system in this point: things have improved much of late, and may fairly be left alone as likely still further to improve. Administrative Reform Associations will not insure you against bad and worthless consuls, for you cannot insure the Associations holding together; and the reformed popular rake who comes out of them may often make the steadiest, not to say the most unprogressive and somnolent, husband for a public office. Competitive examination will not so insure you. Parliamentary committees will not; for the big fish break through the meshes of their net, and the middling and little fish are not worth having. The Roving Englishman, viewed as a permanent institution like the Lama of Tibet, might do a great deal of good; but then you must keep up a permanent succession of them; and as each attains Nirwâna and is absorbed into the essence of the Deity through his goodness and the practice of virtue, you must be sure to replace him, hot and hot, with another scourge of consular and diplomatic malefactors. District visiting, a judicious use of tracts, and appeals to conscience, among our great London job-masters and job-mistresses who have the right of selecting and rejecting, have as yet been untried, and perhaps may have some effect in keeping the garden of consular employment free of weeds. My words are nearer to earnest than to jest, for a consul in Turkey has powers which he does not possess elsewhere: and the light word or careless recommendations of a fine lady may 'desolate the fairest regions of the earth' as much as the tyranny

Chaos.

of a pasha. The weeds must be rooted out and cast into the fire when they spread and are noxious. The day may come when it will be felt as great a matter in London as in Asia Minor that horror and desolation should be spread over a whole province by a man wearing British uniform: we cannot afford to employ in Turkey the last new-converted Capuchin friar or the last new deposit of the Syrian Orontes in the Thames, merely to gratify the anile or the clerical habit of patronage: it must surely seem far better to Englishmen that the energy of parliamentary enquiry should find vent in this direction, even at the risk of disclosing details of the dismissal of consuls and the investigation of consular delinquencies, rather than in talking nonsense about Turks and Wallachians and illustrious Servians. There are other sick things in Turkey besides the sick man, though they are not half such good subjects for declamation. .

Liberavi animam meam. I have gradually worked my way round from ten-kreuzer notes and Yugoslavian wire-pulling to the state of our public establishments in Turkey, the necessity for improving or invigorating them, and the means which I venture to think are the best for that purpose. In so doing, I have addressed myself to readers whose first regard is the efficient state of their own country's service, and not to those whose care is devoted, in the first instance or exclusively, to redressing the real or imaginary wrongs of Rayahs. Our policy in that country, violently assailed, and now seldom adequately or clearly explained to the outside public, does not seem to satisfy our real wants, so far as we

believe ourselves to understand them, or to meet with a defence which is at all capable of withstanding the strength, the animosity, and the unity of purpose shown in the attack. That policy, though not likely to be reversed, is very likely to be held in check and neutralised, or to dwindle into apathy and feebleness, into *laissez-faire* without *laissez-savoir*. I sincerely hope I may never see such a result; for my own part I believe that policy might and ought to be quickened with a new life, knowing as I do that all classes in Turkey look forward with hopefulness to such a prospect, and with anxiety and dread to anything which may weaken or impair it. That policy is dual, for it is the expression of English dualism; it is Liberal in one sense and direction, Conservative in another: and its value lies in the honesty of purpose and practical nature which are seen to be at the root of this double tendency. As regards the mere work of counteracting Russian aggressive policy, that can be done cheaply and easily enough, by simply paying for the annual subscription of all the restless Voivodes and Hospodars and Princes to the *Kolokol*, which will teach them that there is a far different and grander Russia in the future than the old intriguing and annexing Russia, without an idea beyond the double spread-eagle of intrigue and territory. We can save our pence in this way. But we must also look to see that, after putting the sick man in his coffin when much breath is still in his body, we may have something better to take his place than a nursery full of fractious and rickety children. Seriously, one branch must keep pace in its growth with the other branch; if Turkish

dominion is to be upheld, the subject races of Turkey must be understood, and must receive intelligent and disciplined sympathy from us. If not, and the country falls to pieces, or is shattered to pieces, we must call persons into existence to explain to us the disorder and the chaos which will arise, for few or none such now exist. I speak for the public as well as for the Government; the public does not know which way to turn in Turkish matters even in quiet times, this way and that way dividing its not very swift mind, or drifting with the words of the latest clever man from the clubs and drawing-rooms, fresh from Siluria and Pisidia. But to whom is it to turn for guidance in the turmoil of a chaos, in the agony of a struggle for life among all the various races of Turkey, the destruction of the old and less favoured forms of national life, and the development of new ones under the process of natural selection? Whatever the issue may be, active work or passive observation, influence will be wanted in one case, knowledge in the other; and, under either contingency, real knowledge and influence can only be obtained by the increased employment of Englishmen. With a body of English gentlemen of the true kind in the public service, ambassadors and consuls dare not play juggling tricks in their despatches, or suppress truth to order, as they are rightly or wrongly alleged to do; nor, in the face of their official reports, would mere declamation for declamation's sake dare to sustain itself for an instant. Before men of this kind, we should have our theorists and doctrinaires more respectful of special knowledge and more cautious than they are now; and they would perhaps abstain

from seeking to tear open the Turkish chrysalis with their untrained hands in order to fledge the Christian butterflies. And from such men, whose insight will be directed to the ideal as well as to the material life of a nation, it is possible that the Greek and the Armenian and the Bulgarian may learn that there is a voice and a power in our nineteenth century England which all the City Articles and Mark Lane Expresses in the world cannot explain to him. He will learn that there is a greater idea in the world than imperial power, for power's sake ; and he will hear that even that power is only to be obtained by those qualities of self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control which he has not got. And it is from our precepts as well as our example that I trust all will rise equal to the great fortune which is in store for them with patience and opportunity, and that the future page of their history will be inscribed with no records but those of—

Freedom, broadening slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

OCCASIONAL NOTES ON TURKEY.(From the *PALL MALL GAZETTE*.)

March 10, 1866.

THE Turks, who were received in 1856 into the happy family of our European diplomacy, are in a fair way of qualifying themselves for reception into our social family likewise, it would seem. The commoner manifestations of this we all know, and we are getting accustomed to the yearly repetition of the story which sets forth the appearance of some great Ottoman lady unveiled at St. James's or the Tuileries, who turns out to have been a Greek or Armenian all the while. The alleged translation of the 'Newcomes' into Turkish by a Pasha's wife, which went the round of our literary journals some years ago, was certainly a great advance, if not in Ottoman civilisation, at least in Western records of the same. We will not call such a translation impossible, remembering as we do that a Cambridge man did once actually turn a page of the 'Post-office Directory' into Latin hexameters for an inducement; but we may say that it was improbable, and we do say that it was untrue. And now we hear of the second astrologer of the Palace committing suicide after a mixed Aryan and Turanian fashion—cutting his throat as the English do, and disembowelling himself as the Japanese do; the re-

spective priority of these events not being chronicled by the narrator. He found his life intolerable under the smart of various bitter and stinging articles, ridiculing and showing up his astrological science, which appeared in a Turkish newspaper. This sensitiveness is ancient Greek rather than modern European, reminding us of the story of Archilochus and Hipponax, and may doubtless be considered as inherent to the once classical soil of Turkey. But the Turkish newspaper is only Turkish in its outer dress, and skin-deep. The *Jerideh i Havadis*, a paper of respectable antiquity as things go in the East, is edited and in some measure written by Mr. Alfred Churchill. After all, it is a triumph for an Englishman, and a new and strange feather in the 'Anglo-Saxon' cap, to have driven a Mahometan astrologer to suicide by a leading article in Turkish. We wish Mr. Churchill would come over here and try his hand at one in Scotch; but prophets and vial-conjurors are not so sensitive as this north of the Tweed. If ridicule could kill, where would Dr. Cumming be by this time?

March 12, 1866

The Pasha of Bosnia—they call him Governor-General in the telegrams, which sounds more European, and less offensively Oriental—is said to have just received instructions empowering him to lay hands upon all foreign agitators, Panslavists, South-Slavists, head centres, B's, and the like, perhaps even including our new friends the Greco-Servian ritualists or Puseyites, and to march them off sternly under escort to Constantinople. There, being foreigners,

they will be claimed by their ambassadors, and will simply go back again, like the historical Scotchman. We, of course, sympathise with the native Christians of these provinces in the dissatisfaction which they feel under Turkish rule—not that we, or anybody else, know the exact extent and political value of that dissatisfaction. Equally, of course, we sympathise with the Turkish injunction to extirpate all attempts to tamper with that dissatisfaction made from abroad—attempts which it is simply a farce to consider as other than wholly selfish in motive, and merely destructive in tendency. They should have done this long ago, and enforced their right shortly and sharply by example. But they have always acted as poor creatures in such matters, and in a half-hearted way, as though conscious of a cause wrong at bottom, and only recognised on sufferance. They may be right thus to avoid forcing on questions. But they should show more pluck. Some ten years ago they caught a European red-handed, and charged with the most damning correspondence in the act of co-operating in a rebellion got up by a native Mahometan in Tripoli. He belonged to the Frank kingdom of Brentford, commemorated by Thackeray in a well-known allusion, which kingdom the Turks wanted to conciliate. So, instead of shooting him then and there, they only complained of him to the Brentford ambassador. His Excellency, being fond of the display of influence and of investing in a reputation for humanity as a paying capital, got his countryman clear off, with no less harm than a year of detention. The latter, on his return home, naturally turned his mishap to account, and wrote a damaging little book

in the Brentford language about his sufferings in prison as like Silvio Pellico as he could. We only write on the present matter as one which may ultimately concern certain boroughs and parishes here in England. It would surely be dreadful if anything were to happen to Mr. Darby Griffith, or if Mr. Denton were to be dragged by the minions of the infidel from the Græco-Servian church-door.' We hope no constituent or parishioner will ever think of letting these gentlemen travel again in this direction, supposing that they value them. And if any lady enthusiast should come to grief in this line—which we beg to say is not impossible—there will probably be some good sport in the House in the way of Layard-baiting; best of all should it be Mr. Layard's Tory successor, with a fine country-gentlemanlike knowledge of Bosnia.

May 26, 1866

Half the column of telegrams in yesterday's papers is simply taken up with the contradiction of a previous message, sent off indignantly from half the capitals in Europe. The message was to the effect, that both a Russian and a Turkish army of occupation had marched into Moldavia, acting in concert as policemen on behalf of the Paris Conference. This crew came by Vienna, but from what part of the Principalities it was sent in the first instance does not appear. We conjecture that it was from Jassy, firstly, from its tenure, which is Moldavian rather than Wallachian; and secondly, from the fact of that city having to answer for a monstrous figment which was telegraphed thence last week to all the papers,

and has been repeated over and over again. This set forth that a 'sanguinary conflict' had taken place between the Roumans and the Turks 'on the frontier.' That, if it meant anything, must have meant a naval action upon a couple of miles' breadth of Danube, for there is no other frontier. The joke of it was, that there appeared on the same days, and, indeed, next to it, a statement—probably an authentic one—that the Rouman Government had withdrawn their pickets from Giurgevo and other towns on the river, upon hearing of the Turkish occupation alleged to be about to take place. No one contradicted the story of the conflict, nor, indeed, was it worth while to contradict it. But in reading these telegrams, it is necessary always to bear in mind the relative distances and bearings of places, in order to form an estimate of their probability. Any collision, or any other event occurring in Wallachia would be reported from Bucharest, and not from Jassy. Jassy is good for its own business, such as that of the abortive conspiracy which was suppressed the other day, not for the business of its south-western neighbours. We say this in order to put unwary readers on their guard against uncriticised news from Jassy, where there seems to be an organised agency for the transmission of 'shaves.'

May 31, 1866.

The Montenegrin Senator, Perkovitch, if that be his right name, is said to have arrived at Florence, charged with the negotiation of an alliance between his country and Italy. When Mr. Reuter hoists Montenegro, it may be taken as a forecast in diplo-

matic meteorology that a storm is brewing in the south-east, just as Admiral Fitzroy's inverted cone portends a coming southerly gale. That is the diplomatic use of Montenegro; the forerunner or stormy petrel that skims over the unquiet and rising waters of the Eastern Question, and indicates the quarter whence the forthcoming convulsion may be expected to burst. Predatory Montenegro, leading its natural life of brigandage, and, as one may say, honest petty warfare with its Mussulman neighbours, is quite a different thing from the diplomatic Montenegro which is intended to be, and is, a mere tool in the hands of certain Powers for their own purposes, and which, as likely as not, will, among other things, set up its own *Alabamas* and *Shenandoahs* some of these days. The Italians, who are quite ready to strike Austria through Turkey if they cannot strike her any other way, have long been fond of writing up 'l'eroica Cernagora,' and they even go the length of writing up the Greek brigands, which, to be sure, are not very good company for the Montenegrins. We hope the new allies will get on well together, and will know their own minds about the ultimate disposal of their spoils. Italy does that much, at all events. But we should like to know how it will end and how long it will last.

September 21, 1866.

A man who received a sovereign each time that the Vienna correspondent of a leading daily contemporary committed himself to the prophecy of a 'general rising' in European Turkey on the part of that notoriously homogeneous body, the 'Greek Christians,' would by this time have become as rich as ~~Rothschild~~.

Should Austria be discomfited in the forthcoming war, we are now told that there will be a general rising among the Greek Christians of Turkey, who are ripe for mischief. This is said positively enough, and without a shadow of misgiving or hesitation on the subject; and as no conscientious newspaper correspondent would be so desperately cock-sure of his opinion without sufficient reason, we may fairly conclude that the author of the prediction now referred to has passed all his life in communion with Greek Christians, and knows every nook and corner of their minds as well as they do themselves—which, after all, is not saying much. There is certainly one ray of comfort for the Turks. They may console themselves with the prospect of this insurrection being contingent on the discomfiture of Austria, and in that case, our old friend, the Ottoman sluggard, may slumber again for a while, at all events. We have not the slightest belief in any immediate project of the kind. Discontent with the Turkish rule, as such, is generally and increasingly prevalent in European Turkey. It is prevalent in varying degrees of intensity, and, when not caused by direct foreign propagation, it is the natural and unavoidable result of the infiltration of European ideas among the Eastern Christians. But they have no common head, and too many bodies not in common. The progress of the European idea of nationality, joining in one part and disjoining in another, merely undoes the work of the old Eastern idea of religious identity; and they are as entirely destitute of adequate military preparations as they are of the spirit, or indeed the means, of themselves organising any effective combination,

even for aggressive purposes. The only thing which can make them move is the direct support of one of the greater Powers. If the Turks should be so utterly misguided as to commit the, incredible fatuity of crossing the Danube and playing their old adversary's game with their eyes open, nothing remains to be said except *Quem Deus vult perdere, dementat prius*, and we hope Lord Lyons will say as much in an official note. If they cross, it can only be the result of the direct interference of the Sovereign, whose proud headstrong nature would fire up at an encroachment upon his suzerain rights, even though practically beneficial to both parties, as much as at an actual invasion of territory. The recent change of Ministry at Constantinople certainly lends colour to this view. A useless and aimless occupation of the Principalities in support of a shadowy abstraction, leading to nothing except a Russian counter-occupation in the long run, would weaken the Ottoman army to such an extent as materially to increase the difficulty of facing any simultaneous rising among the races south of the Danube; and it would unquestionably precipitate a combination of this kind, the natural and the least inefficient head of which would be Servia. It is in this way alone that we conceive such a rising is likely to be brought about. The Turks need not fear the dogmatic vociferation of Rayahs, nor the open propagandism of Italian revolutionists eager to set Austria on fire anyhow. But if we have any interest in protecting them, we ought surely to do so against their own worst enemies — themselves.

September 21, 1866.

The Russians, or at all events some Russians, have discovered that the Christians at Larnaca in Cyprus are being shamefully persecuted, which may or may not be true, but at all events needs confirmation, and they consider that the best remedy for such a persecution would be an American squadron in the Levant, because the *Miantonomoh* could blow the whole of the Turkish fleet into the seventh hell, or at least the sixth, for the seventh is already engaged beforehand for the hypocrites, as they know well enough in the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, and dislike Mahomet's scheme accordingly. No doubt it could do so, considered as a matter of naval gunnery, and from a strictly dynamic point of view. But it is very hard to see why it is to do so as a matter of policy, setting all questions of morality or of authentication entirely on one side. And one is not accustomed to the spectacle of Russia in the Levant taking up the position of a wronged schoolboy, calling on a bigger brother for help. But it is hardest of all to see how the two events come to be connected. The general appeal to America is clear enough; the Russian press is now free, and if a Russian public writer has an intimate Russian alliance at heart, he speaks out from his heart and its fulness, just as an English public writer would do. But why on earth should they go to Cyprus to consummate their alliance? or, if to Cyprus, why to Larnaca instead of the more appropriate bowers of Paphos and the classic seats of young Love? We remember that some two months ago an obscure unnoticed paragraph appeared in an

out-of-the-way corner of one or two daily newspapers, taken from the 'Levant Herald,' giving an account of a rather serious difference between the American consular agent at Larnaca and the Turkish governor—the agent not being a true American, but a Levantine Frank, according to a most reprehensible system, quite abandoned by France, in process of abandonment by England, but adhered to by America—in far too many cases for so truly great and enlightened a nation. To the best of our recollection, the question at issue was the right either of conscription or taxation claimed by the governor over some Turkish subject in the consular employment—a right he was disposed to assert until the consular agent carried the matter through with a high hand, struck his flag, and forced the governor to extremity, extorting from him all he wanted. A difficulty once set up in modern Turkey, when not intended to be tided over or quietly settled, invariably acquires an accretion of persecuted Christians about it; and the more these are brought to the surface the more probable it is that mischief of some sort is intended by some European Power—a Power to be specified according to the special denomination of the native Christian material employed. It is certain that these persecuted Christians must, in the present instance, be taken in connection with agitation elsewhere as the premonitory symptoms of international disturbance. But one is tempted to inquire, why beat about the bush in Turkey? No one wants to keep it up otherwise than provisionally: we should certainly take no active measures to prevent its partition; our sickly Eastern policy is too far gone to reinvigorate, and those who would willingly

have advocated it in its vigour would surely now prefer actual partition by Europe to a chaotic scramble of semi-barbarians.

‘SPECTATOR’ AD HÆMUM.

September 29, 1866.

We trust that we shall not be misunderstood by our valued contemporary, the ‘Spectator,’ when we say that our desire to point out a series of incessant errors in detail upon one subject—errors of constant recurrence, and of the most provoking flagrancy—is strong in the ratio of our general respect both for its opinions and the ability with which it is conducted. The independence and integrity of the ‘Spectator’ is as much at the heart of every true Liberal—as opposed to a technical or platformistic Liberal—as the independence and integrity of that tiresome old Ottoman Empire was once at the heart of every Palmerstonian diplomatist. We are accordingly the more concerned in seeing it persist in showing that it knows absolutely nothing whatever about this very subject of the Ottoman Empire. We take no objection to its views upon the Eastern Question, though on this point we are glad to have the opportunity of observing, as the result of long and constant experience, that views and language on the Eastern Question are, invariably, and without exception, positive and peremptory in the inverse ratio of the knowledge possessed by their promulgator, fortunate in his unhesitating rashness. The more you come to look at the separate details, the more do the indispensable items seem to multiply under your sight, and the less you venture on an opinion upon the

aggregate combination. We direct no remonstrance, therefore, against our contemporary's views and opinions about the 'crisis in Turkey,' which may or may not turn out to be perfectly correct; yet, if they do so turn out, it will be by the gift of second sight, or by the operation of the divine principle of Fluke which directs a good half of mundane affairs. What we complain of is the singular ignorance which is shown in the details brought forward in support of such views, and the authoritative tone in which they are insisted upon. The 'Spectator' has never yet written an article upon Turkey, notably on its European heterogeneous portion, during the last four years, without saying things which can only be defined as analogous to the memorable blunder of making Prussia enter the Zollverein perpetrated elsewhere. If Prussia is made to enter the Zollverein in a quiet hesitating way, with some sign of diffidence on the writer's part, ridicule and indignation are alike out of place, comparatively speaking, for error in detail is the common lot of all. But to lead Prussia into the Zollverein triumphantly and defiantly, with colours flying, drums beating, and all the honours of rhetoric; to throw the whole weight of high literary ability into the announcement; to put it in the most striking antithetical way; all these are things very hard to be borne by those who know the real state of the case, and whose whole soul rises at the dogmatism and air of knowledge with which the blunder is announced, rather than at the blunder itself.

From time to time we have already given hints to our contemporary upon this subject, and some months ago we wrote a special article upon the strange

fatuity which then induced it to speak of the Wallachian people as Greek Slavs, apparently under the impression that it was true, and that it meant something. It was as true and meant as much as calling the Welsh Hibernian Angles: less true indeed, if that be possible, seeing that the whole point of a Wallachian is that he is anti-Greek and anti-Slav in an active sense. But the article which it devoted last week to the insurrection in Crete, which it calls the crisis in Turkey, swarms with errors of this kind from beginning to end—with errors of every conceivable sort and size. With its general view, that the first thing to be done in the ‘Eastern Question’ is to get rid of the Turks, we care not to meddle. Under most circumstances henceforward that will be a matter between France and Russia, and we leave their designs for the present to those who profess to see through them. Nor yet have we anything to do with the enquiry how the Cretan question comes to be identified with the entire Turkish question. On this point it will be enough to say that our contemporary believed in the Epirus telegram, dressed it up, and magnified it into a general rising. For one gain to common sense we are thankful—that the very positive ‘Piedmont’ of four years ago, whichever it was, has come at last to being ‘scarcely a Piedmont.’ We forget whether Servia or Greece was the Piedmont of that period. But there is something inconceivable in the fact that real wide-awake people, with their wits about them, their critical faculties bright and sharp, and their consciences telling them to respect their own ignorance, should ever actually have insisted upon it that Greece and Servia were Pied-

monts, for no better reason than because certain Greeks and Servians found an interest in calling themselves Piedmonts. To pass to the details immediately before us, we would ask what is the use in a writer, knowing that he himself knows nothing about the matter, asserting with a flourish that the Cretans are 'hardy highlanders every one,' when it is perfectly open to him to say the thing in an ambiguous way without utterly cutting himself off from the real truth of the case past all remedy? The very first and most elementary division of the Christian Cretans is that between the mountaineers and the Katomeritai, or men of the plains: such union as exists among the mountaineers is itself but of recent origin, directly produced by the propagandism of the small clan of Sfakiots under the superintendence of Hellenic agents from the mainland, established at a monastery in the south-west of the island as its head-quarters; and these men are, or were during Spratt's long experience, an object of aversion to the pacific Christians of the plain, whom the Turkish Government were unable or careless to protect against their exactions and their wire-pullings. The Hellenic object—idealism apart—is merely to get more places for the bureaucracy of Athens; the Sfakiot object is sheer wild uncontrolled lawlessness and dominance in the island; and the Christian Lowlander's object is to live quietly without the Turks, if possible. The whole demand of Cretan annexation to Athenian rule, as distinguished from a demand for independence, is not spontaneous, but purely factitious; nor is there any such a thing as Pan-Hellenism, except as an ideal. In the real world it means simply working on

that ideal for the benefit of the place-hunters and election-jobbers of the kingdom. King George's ordinary official title is apparently mistaken for a declaration of political intention on his part. In 1863 the royal title was changed from 'King of Greece' to 'King of the Greeks,' without the slightest umbrage, or even notice, being taken at the time, though it was unquestionably meant to be significant. There is nothing new in that. There is not the remotest authority for saying that the 'old feud has broken out in the Lebanon between the Druses and Maronites with all its former bitterness.' There was a fight in the other day's telegram between some Turkish troops and a body of Druses and Bedouins, but that was in the Hauran. Can our contemporary have thought that, because the Druses were mentioned, the Hauran might be somewhere in the Lebanon? About as much as the Lincolnshire wolds are in Dartmoor. Such fighting as there has been in the Lebanon, where Yusuf Karàm was wounded in a skirmish, is a mere incident coming at the close of an old rising on the part of that chief last spring. There is only a million, says our contemporary, of genuine Turks in Europe, but there are three or four millions of Turks who are Slavonic converts, and it 'remains to be seen' how far the bond of religion with these may not be replaced by the bond of race. In other words, the Bosniac Mahometans—for there are no others who are conscious of being Slavonians distinguished in race from their Mussulman neighbours—are made to outnumber these last by three or four to one. And that is the sort of thing which is

put into the hands of studious and thoughtful youth by way of matter of fact.

These European Turks are poor creatures, into the bargain, as well as being so few. 'The Turkish dominions to the east of the Bosphorus are as thoroughly Moslem as those to the west are Christian. The Asiatic Turks are the only subjects of the Porte that still preserve the fighting vigour of the soldiers of Amurath and Sulyman—that still possess a living faith in the teachings of the Koran.' No doubt, then, that the Turkish army which was destroyed under Zarif Mustapha Pasha in 1854 was recruited in Europe, and that the Kars garrison of 1855 was recruited in Asia; no doubt that the Asiatic prays five times a day, while the Rumeliote Turk shirks Friday mosque, robs a Greek to pay a substitute for the Mecca pilgrimage, and even neglects the rite called *Sunset*. The whole sentence is a tissue of flourishing nonsense from beginning to end, and what seems true in it is only a half truth. Asia Minor is not thoroughly, but mainly, Moslem. There is not one word of truth in the alleged religious distinction, nor in any other distinction, between the Turks divided by geographical separation alone; such distinction as exists is between urban Turks in either continent, typically those of the capital, and rural Turks everywhere; and the western seaboard of Asia Minor is as much Christian as Turkish—more so in the towns. Nor does this Christian population cease in the interior. Every town of consequence has a fair share of Christian population, but it is Armenian, and does not assert itself in politics; consequently it is overlooked. All that can be said is that the rural

population in Asia Minor is generally Moslem taken in the aggregate, and that in Europe it is mixed or goes by districts. Viewed as an aggregate, the finely written sentence which we have been considering can only be characterised by the sonorous monosyllable which our language has been fain to borrow from the Turkish. It is very fine writing, but as regards matter of fact it is *bosh*, or *empty*: a word which we take the liberty of saying is not rude and unpolite in Turkish as it is in English, at least to the same extent.

Our contemporary has been harping upon the Balkan ever since 1862. It seems to find such a fascination in the word as the devout old village lady found in that blessed word Mesopotamia; but its ideas on it are equally vague, to say the least. Without mentioning the name, we did our best to warn it off the Balkan until it had learnt the elements of knowledge on that subject a few months ago, when we compared its view of the Balkan, we hope not too disrespectfully, to the noisy and demonstrative anxiety of a town-bred little boy to see the Nore on his first voyage down the river. But it is very indocile, or perhaps it thought itself right and us wrong or impertinent. At all events, it has returned to the old story. It appears to have got a fixed idea into its head that the Balkan constitutes an ethnological frontier, dividing the Wallachians on the north from something or other to the south, and that it may make, or is to make, a political frontier as well, when Turkey comes to be remodelled, because it 'answers sufficiently well to the division of race and language.' In other words, different languages are

spoken north and south of the Balkan, and the same language is spoken north and south of the Danube ! We can neither laugh nor be angry : all we can say is, that we are sincerely sorry to see a paper like the 'Spectator' make such an exhibition of itself. It is like saying the Loire would make a capital frontier for England, because it answers so well to the division of race and language. But a blunder of this kind, so great and so obstinately persisted in, gives rise to a serious question—How comes it into the columns of one of the ablest and most critical of English newspapers ? Who originated it, and who is responsible for it ? Does any party exist who conceive it their interest, from motives of political aggrandisement, to mislead the influential and Liberal journals of Western Europe into the belief that the political union of Roumania and Bulgaria is necessitated or justified by identity of race and language between these two countries ? The question yields its solution readily enough to the *cui bono* test. Such a scheme is the acknowledged programme of the extreme or revolutionary party at Bucharest, who, unable to govern themselves, have the inconceivable fatuity to believe that they can govern aliens. They are in communion and co-operation with the various revolutionary bodies of other and more western countries, and *their scheme has been adopted as part and parcel of the general programme.* For the purposes of local intrigue and propagandism, a committee of Bulgarian refugees is established at Bucharest. Under the name of Danubianism, such a project has more than once been advocated or insinuated in the journals of the West. When it

appears in a London journal, we warn our readers distinctly against their mistaking it for anything else than the result of an underground communication between Bucharest, or some other nervous centre of European Republicanism, and London—probably unconscious here, but deliberately arranged there. The European revolutionists are just as anxious to establish a leverage upon Western journalism as are the European Emperors, and the higher they can establish it the better. We presume they canvass the accessibility of journals as a cavalry mess canvasses the accessibility of women, and that they do not accord their chiefest respect to their victims in proportion to their credulity and facility of beguilement. The evil is likely to be serious enough, as regards our current judgment, whenever anything does take place on a large scale upon the Lower Danube or in Slavonic Turkey, for it aims at vitiating and falsifying that knowledge of detail which is the root of all accurate judgment; and the amount of our ignorance is so great in all elementary matters concerning European Turkey that we are unable to check misstatements for want of authority, and are at the mercy of anyone who chooses to swear that black is white. Our only safety lies in the fact becoming at last realised abroad that we have renounced all national action in this part of the world, and that we are not worth beguiling in consequence.

Our readers may see in this article, of which we have only touched upon a few points, albeit the prominent ones, a perfect type and sample of what an article upon Turkey ought not to be—beginning with the prime error of writing generally upon Turkey in

consequence of an insurrection in one part of the empire alone. The one leading fact about Turkey is that it is built in compartments, one or other of which is always water-logged, yet never disables, much less sinks, the empire. The one leading fact about the Cretan rising is its insulation, and the entire abstinence of the Slavonian population from concert in a Greek movement which not even the Greeks are joining. We think that a Cretan article, not an article on Turkey, was wanted. In conclusion, we must beg our contemporary to bear in mind that in passing strictures upon the details of outrageous error it is impossible to use the smooth side of the tongue alone, and this must be our excuse for anything which may seem to savour of the nature of rough or pedantic criticism. Our provocation has, in reality, been great, and we have written with restraint under it rather than with undue censoriousness. But we do want to have it understood, once for all, that Turkish politics, like all other politics, require knowledge for their treatment. They are not Scotch theology, that they are to be settled by grace alone without gifts.

THE 'SPECTATOR' AND THE EAST.

October 8, 1866.

The 'Spectator' seems a little nettled at our exposure of its long array of errors in dealing with the Eastern Question, and in the bitterness of its heart it has taken to call us hard names, to pelt us with *manqué*s illustrations from Dickens, to impute motives to us after the Levantine fashion, to analyse such motives after the Scotch fashion, and otherwise

to honour us with the retort discourteous both according to the direct and the ironical method. We should not consider the subject worth any further notice if it were not for our contemporary having taking to disingenuous ways, and showing itself unfair as well as angry. We have a pro-Turkish animus, it seems; we are irritated at the opposite bias shown by our contemporary, and so we have actually invented blunders for it in order to serve the Turkish 'cause,' and at the same time gratify our own pedantic passions by hashing these blunders thus gratuitously imputed. Now, as we have been compared to Mr. Toots's friend the Chicken, in an illustration which our contemporary finds himself obliged to revoke in the next breath, the least we can do is to beg him to conform to the laws of the ring and not hit us below the waist. All we did was to impress him with a sense of the fact that he was not in training to write about Turkish matters. This we sought to do with the most thickly padded of gloves, but he has turned round upon us with knuckle-dusters. We have failed to show a single proved inaccuracy, he says; all we have done is to impute ignorance. It is no inaccuracy, then, to say that an Asiatic Turk differs from a European Turk by the possession of a martial spirit and a distinctively living faith in the Koran. It is no inaccuracy to say that there are three or four millions of Turks in Europe, conscious of race-difference from the million of genuine Turks who are also in Europe. It is no inaccuracy to call a Wallachian a 'Greek Slav.' Our contemporary has grace enough to be ashamed of writing these absurd words over again, but it objects to our citing them without the

context. As well might any one who chose to call the Welsh Hibernian Angles, to keep up our former illustration, try to mend that matter by calling for the context. In explaining itself about the Balkan it has only managed to flounder deeper into the mire. If its words meant anything, they meant that the conventional Bulgaria of the maps was united by race and language with Roumania, and was separated by the Balkan from the conventional Roumelia. The explanation altogether ignores the first and gravest part of this, only asserting that the Balkan does form a rough boundary for the 'Hellenised' races. It does nothing of the kind. The rural population south of it is as thoroughly Bulgarian, almost up to the walls of the capital, as that to the north of it. It is wholly and utterly un-Hellenised. The urban population of the great towns, so far as it is not Greek or Armenian, is either thoroughly de-Hellenised, or is in the process of de-Hellenisation, and it has substituted the sense of national ideality with its fellow Bulgarian everywhere for that of connection with the Greeks, through common religious orthodoxy. And this de-Hellenisation, so far from being an insignificant matter, only worthy of a pedant's notice, is just the one point which completely invalidates the Greek claims to revived imperial supremacy as distinguished from autonomy, and quite irrespectively of the present or future position of the Turks here, there, or anywhere. Nor is it an insignificant matter at all in Cretan politics to ignore the existence of the Cretan Lowlanders. The only point on which we may seem to have imputed ignorance without demonstrating it by any blunder is that of

the position of the Hauran. But this very point we took care only to bring forward in a hypothetical way.

Now, are these things blunders, or are they not? Are they minute and trifling, or are they great and elementary? What would Dr. Latham say to them? What would Mr. Finlay, or Professor Müller, or our correspondent, the Manchester Bulgarian? Of course our contemporary can, if it chooses, cover its positions by throwing up a cloud of word-dust, by appeal to authority, such as may be made to serve for any statement about Turkish ethnology or statistics, or by taking its stand on the word 'proved'; and indeed in this last way it may achieve as signal a triumph over us as the great putter-down of his friends recorded by Dickens in one of his earlier sketches, who was used to beat them all to a standstill by replying 'Prove it' to everything they said. But we are quite content to leave it to its own conscience and its own sense of justice, so soon as it has got over its pique. It knows perfectly well that these things are blunders, and great ones too; and that such blunders are either the direct indications of ignorance, or, when they are expressed in guarded language, afford a perfectly legitimate reason for inferring ignorance. We do not require the 'Spectator' to tell us that a minuter knowledge of Turkish matters does not necessarily lead to a sounder judgment than that of those ignorant of such details. So far from our needing such advice, we have been most careful to avoid alike hazarding any judgment of our own, and presuming to impugn our contemporary's judgment. We ourselves said what amounted

to precisely the same thing in different words. When we risk a judgment it will be time to criticise it. What we maintained was, that if our contemporary's view of the broad issue were sound, it could only be so by chance or by divination, for it knew nothing of details. When we have risked an opinion on minor points through such local knowledge as it is our fortune to possess, we can only say that such opinion has been confirmed by facts. We always disbelieved the Epirus telegram, on the faith of which the 'Spectator' announced a general rising. Nothing of the kind has occurred. We said the Lebanon skirmish was not a new outbreak. The Lebanon, by last accounts, was perfectly tranquil. There is no pedantry in saying that much, nor error, nor animus, nor 'condescension' either, whatever that last may mean.

The charge of pedantry means that the 'Spectator' wants to turn the tables on us, because it conceives its feelings are hurt, and makes use of it as an *extra-ever*. Pedantry, we take it, signifies undue stress laid on insignificant detail and over-valuation of petty accuracy. Now, the errors we have been exposing, so far from being petty and insignificant, are of the very broadest and most comprehensive cast; they concern the geography, the ethnology, and the philology of millions of men. They seem insignificant only in the ratio of the ignorance of the writer who calls them insignificant; who, gazing down from the towering apex of his self-confidence, sees all details warped to the same level, just as hills of three hundred and hills of three thousand feet are alike insignificant when seen from Mont Blanc.

The pro-Turkish animus which has been most

gratuitously imputed to us, simply rests upon our exposure of the ignorant neglect by some, and the downright falsification by others, of certain primary geographical, historical, and ethnological facts connected with Turkey, and which were made use of as the basis of argument or action for the purpose of overturning the existing state of things in Turkey. We seem to favour the Turks, because we do not spare their adversaries' defective or forged ethnology; and it is quite possible that this may have imbued us with a certain amount of genuine pro-Turkish animus—indeed, it would be impossible that it should be otherwise. Moreover, as the Turks are content to sit still and hold their tongues, they do not commit themselves to any false ethnology. But we beg honestly to assure our contemporary, with every possible deference to its superior knowledge of our own motives, that we do not reprove bad ethnology to befriend the Turks, but we unavoidably befriend the Turks when inveighing against the ethnology.

It might just as well say, if we seek to reprove it for saying that *Ego habet* is Latin for *I have*, that we are actuated by a pro-Roman animus which has been irritated by the anti-Roman bias which it displays. We do not care a brass farthing about the Turks in any other sense. But we care a great deal about fair play, about sound history, geography, and ethnology. Our contemporary seems unable to conceive such a position; and, after the feminine fashion, must needs attribute conscious partisanship to us. By its epithets of bitter irony, by its imputation of motive, by the audacious groundlessness of its counter-charge, by its hankering after personality, we recognise that

which has become for the nonce a feminine soul ; also by the use of the word 'awfully' in the sense of 'very.' When it acknowledges our 'courteous and condescending way,' we have before us the very image of Miss Squeers courtesying low to Mrs. Browdie and saying, 'Oh, mam, how witty you are ; almost as witty, mam, as you are clever.' We might have said Miggs, but on the whole Miss Squeers is the best, especially as the present case requires a reference to her immortal father. 'Philosophy's the chap for me,' said Mr. Squeers ; 'sometimes there's a little metaphysics in it, but that ain't often.' This is one of the instances, however, where we have been dissected under an unkind metaphysical scalpel. 'A wisitation, sir, is the lot of mortality, and if a boy repines at a wisitation, he must have his head punched. That's goin' accordin' to the scripter, that is.' Now really our contemporary should not repine at a 'wisitation' which only has for its object the improvement of the first class in English spelling and philosophy, which we have always said it was. And as it considers itself a wronged and challenged party, it must not repine either at our making use of illustration from Dickens, which is the weapon of its own choice, for all that has allowed it to break in its own land. And when it has learnt that ethnology means the knowledge of races, we hope it will go and know them, instead of staying at home and railing at those who do know them as pedants and partisans.

May we end by reminding it that on the same Saturday when our obnoxious criticism appeared it talked about a Turkish Commissioner at Belgrade saying seen the last Turk out of the Principality?

Is it, or is it not, fair argument to say that it is ignorant of the fact that no Turks have resided in the countries usually understood by the term Principalities, according to the usage of pedants and people afflicted with local knowledge; because they have for the last thirty years and more been prohibited by treaty from so residing? It meant to say the Principality of Servia. But Servia, unless specially included, is always excluded from the common term of the Principalities, which mean the Rouman Principalities only. No doubt the 'Spectator' can get out of it by saying that it did use this word comprehensively.

October 30, 1866.

The 'Spectator,' professing itself equally willing with ourselves to drop all matter of controversy between us, has been unfortunate enough to accuse us in its final words of want of candour. We have overstated, it says, the amount of the errors which it admits that it made, and we have suppressed the fact that what it calls our main charge is in all probability no blunder at all. The number of 'non-Turkish' Mussulmans in European Turkey is cited by it from official statistics as superior to that of the true Turks, and these are quite as likely to be correct as the opposite statement alleged by the 'Spectator' to have been given by ourselves. Now, with this charge of want of candour hanging over our heads, we are compelled to say one more final word in self-defence. We never said one single syllable from beginning to end about the relative proportion of Turkish and 'non-Turkish' Mahometans. The 'Spectator's' words, in its original article, were as follows. After stating

that the genuine Turks in Europe do not probably amount to more than a million, it continued :—‘ The *remaining* Moslem population—three to four millions perhaps—is composed of *Slavonic converts*, and in the event of a “ general overturn ” it remains to be seen how far the bond of faith would be able to struggle with the bond of race.’ Our comment on this was that the only aggregate of Mussulmans ethnically conscious of a *Slavonic* descent were the Bosniaks of Bosnia and the Herzegovine, and that these were not three or four millions, nor probably even one million. We hardly thought it necessary to enquire pointedly, as we might have done, whether all the Albanian Mussulmans were also Slavonic converts. Without consciousness of collective race-distinction from the Turks, it is clear that the ‘ bond of race ’ will have nothing left to be worked upon. The ‘ Spectator ’s rejoinder to our comment took no cognisance of the fact that our charge was the *positive* one of making the non-Turkish Moslems wholly and distinctively *Slavonian*, and retorted upon us with official statistics in proof of the varied total comprised under the *negative* term ‘ non-Turkish Moslem ’—including all the Albanian Moslems, who are as much Slavonian as they are Malay—being equal or superior to the genuine Turks. We said nothing in return to this last week, for we considered that we had said enough on the subject ; but when a misrepresentation like this is further made the ground of a charge of uncandidness, we are compelled to point out that it is a misrepresentation. So palpable a one is it that we entirely acquit the ‘ Spectator ’ of all intention of making it. We look upon it as a misconception,

arising, not from intention, but from carelessness : from want of harmonious co-ordination between the head and the members of the body journalistic ; from our contemporary's right hand, which has been waging controversy against us, not being master of the exact arguments used by its left hand, which wrote the original article, as it would have been had that article been its own work. Still, the misrepresentation is there ; and an impression to our discredit is equally conveyed by it, if not promptly exposed, whether it arose in good faith or otherwise. Come what may, we shall say no more on the subject after this.

AUSTRIAN POLICY IN TURKEY.

November 19. 1866.

Twice within one week we have received expositions of the future policy of Austria towards Turkey through articles in the Vienna press which seem meant to carry some sort of official weight with them. Austria is represented as supporting certain claims which Serbia is said to be now urging upon the Porte—claims of which we have been hearing absolutely nothing of late, probably owing to the telegraphic offices in south-eastern Europe being blocked up with Cretan fables. As there is no other outstanding point at issue between the suzerain Power and its dependency but the presence of Turkish garrisons in the Fort of Belgrade and one or two other military posts, together with the minor question of indemnity connected with the same, it may be surmised that Austria has some reason to appear anxious to transfer that important position from the hands of a friendly and pacific Power, from which she has nothing to

fear, to the possession of an ambitious and turbulent little State which is quite capable of turning it against Austria herself some day, in the chapter of accidents. Practically, the question concerns Austria alone of the Western Powers. * If it be true that she is now committed to an active advocacy of the expulsion of the Turkish garrison from Belgrade to benefit Servia rather than to benefit herself, that may fairly be taken as a measure of the extent to which she is influenced by, or seeks to conciliate, the nationalistic sympathies and projects of her own South-Slavonic or Illyro-Servian populations in her present crippled and de-Germanised condition. In addition to this, the Internuncio at Constantinople is said to have received instructions to lose no opportunity of inducing the Turkish Government to call into existence another autonomous State, or a series of autonomous States, on the same footing as Servia and Roumania, out of its Slavonic districts now governed directly from the capital. The Vienna Cabinet must, however, know perfectly well, not only that there are no Slavonic districts besides Servia in Turkey which are of sufficient size to constitute independent or semi-dependent provinces, and at the same time free from a large indigenous Mahometan population, but also that the absence of such a population is the one indispensable condition of native Christian autonomy, and that its expulsion or expropriation cannot by any possibility be effected by any means short of downright military intervention, either by Austria herself or some other first-class Western Power. Take, for instance, the Herzegovina. Its entire population of 182,000 (according to the statistics quoted by Lieu-

tenant Arbuthnot, which are nearer to absolute trustworthiness than any to be procured elsewhere) is made up of 52,000 Catholic Slavs, 60,000 Mussulman Slavs, and 70,000 Slavs of the Eastern Church. The autonomy of a merely half-civilised province so composed would be as the autonomy of a cockpit, or even, we might almost say, as the autonomy of Belfast, though we admit that we owe an apology to the Herzegovinians for this last very extreme comparison. Nothing short of actual possession by one of the Great Powers of Europe would avail to keep order in the tumult of conflicting religions, and at the same time develop the resources of the country as an integral portion of civilised Europe. To do this would be the natural task and duty of Austria. The complete incorporation of the Slavonic provinces of north-western Turkey with a thoroughly efficient Austrian Empire would, without a doubt, be at once the happiest and the most practicable solution of one of the most important component problems of the great Eastern Question, under its existing conditions. There is strong reason to believe that it has now been fairly accepted as such, and admitted into the official programme of a great Western Power as the basis of the collective European action which she claims to lead here as elsewhere. But unfortunately such acceptance is a day too late. What constitutes Austria a civilising Power on the Lower Danube is her Germanism. Backed by Germany she has the destinies of those wide realms in her own hands, and the wishes of the civilised world are with her. But she has lost the means of counterpoising her aggregate of discordant nationalities in the ratio of her

loss of the superior Germanic element which alone enables her to hold any balance in her hands. Without it, she is all but paralysed, for she cannot exclusively identify herself with the Magyars, nor yet with the Serbs; nor if she could would she remain a working European Power. As things now stand, Austrian conquest and permanent occupation of Bosnia, a province containing, more or less, half a million of the proudest and fiercest Mussulmans of the Turkish Empire, who would certainly not give in without a hard fight, is no more possible than the alleged scheme of the autonomy of Bosnia. Nor is it an end at all desired by the Servians of the Eastern Church themselves, whether in Servia or under Turkish rule. Yet it might have been possible, had there been any sincerity of action or sense of a true European community of interest in Turkey since the Crimean peace, or at least since Villafranca. Such is now beginning to be recognised, but it is at the eleventh hour. Recent French policy in Crete, contrasted with that of 1858 in the same island, shows clearly enough that a direct aggressive and subversive policy in Turkey has been replaced in French counsels by a provisional support of that country, differing only from our so-called 'exploded tradition of Foreign Office diplomacy' by a distinct contemplation of the ultimate freedom of the Christian races as an avowed end, instead of being, as with us, an end always unavowed officially, and in quiet times ignored, or let to rest in abeyance. The eagerness of Austria to circulate its views in the West on the subject of the Slavonic provinces of Turkey, in support of a scheme as yet obviously premature and impracticable, can

have for the moment no other object than the conciliation of the South-Slavonians under her rule, however much it may become a principle of action in the fulness of time.

November 30, 1866.

The case of Mr. Lennox is one of those which make Englishmen chafe at the impossibility of making a clean sweep of all Turkish officials into the swiftest and deepest part of the Bosphorus once for all. It will inflict a ruinous and a richly deserved blow upon Turkish credit for good faith and observance of the promised word. A distinguished man of science is invited to Turkey to conduct a geological survey on a thorough and large scale, having a direct specific contract with the Turkish Government. After his arrival at Constantinople, he is bandied about from office to office and compelled to lead a dog's life, trudging to and fro, such as no European reader, who has not visited that city and seen the bill of Galata, during Black Sea weather, can possibly conceive, for the mere physical hardship and misery of it; and he is coolly told, after several months' 'ante-chambering,' as the 'Levant Herald' well calls it, that the Porte is really too hard up to have anything to do with geology, to give him compensation, or even to pay him his travelling expenses out and home. The story has its comic as well as its serious side. Mr. Lennox was promised the help of a Turk said to have been educated at the Royal School of Mines in London. But he found at Constantinople that there was no such a person in existence. They offered him, however, the services of a smart youth who had been to Europe

and learnt French, which, if not geology, was at all events equally a branch of Frank learning, and might be expected to do as well. The Turks who made the contract must have known their inability to fulfil this one, at least, of its terms; and we think M. Musurus should have been in a position to know it too. English men of science are not loan-jobbers and contractors for bogus railroads, that they are to be treated in this way. When Sir Roderick next sees M. Musurus, he has a right to lay an angry hand on the hilt of his geological hammer. Over and above supreme diplomatic tutelage, there was one good thing in the sort of protectorate exercised by England in Turkey up to the Crimean peace, which is identified with the name of Stratford Canning. A case of this kind would have enlisted the whole force of the embassy influence in its behalf, and would have been carried through by the strong hand. Such influence is no longer thought desirable on political grounds, and it has long passed away. But in giving it up we have given up the main support of private British interests in Turkey, without as yet obtaining any substitute.

RUSSIA AND ROUMANIA.

November 30, 1866.

Those in this country who sympathise actively and primarily with the 'oppressed Christians' of Turkey will have no particular reason to be satisfied with the language which Russia, or at any rate the *Journal de St.-Pétersbourg*, has just been holding on their behalf. Russia is described as having acquired the right of taking into consideration her traditional

sympathies for her co-religionists at this moment, not because they are oppressed, or discontented, or yearning for Russian affection, but because the Sultan has just recognised Prince Charles as Hospodar of Roumania, out of direct accordance with the letter of the stipulations of 1856 and 1859, and the Western Powers have sanctioned this recognition. Possibly this may not be understood over here at first sight, and may be supposed to refer to the Roumans themselves as the Christians who are about to come in for their share of sympathy and its fruits. It is quite fair to assume any amount of elementary ignorance upon the subject of Rouman politics, seeing that it is barely a day since Roumania has been held up to us in a leading journal as first favourite in the race about to be run for the imperial throne of Constantinople among all the young nationalities—as though there were a single Rouman south of the Danube save a broken handful of shepherds far away by Northern Greece, or the faintest vestige of imperial aspiration in a country the very essence of whose position is self-containment, as contrasted with Servia or Greece. Its natural extension, indeed, could only be towards Transylvania and Bessarabia, according to the principle of nationalities—for those provinces are mainly Rouman—not over the Danube towards Constantinople. A dominant Rouman race is a ridiculous idea. What the Russians mean is that they have earned the right of making a move on the chess-board according to the rules of the diplomatic game; and the genuine sympathy which all the politically severed members of the Eastern Church feel towards one another is simply one of the pieces wherewith the

statesmen of the Russian Foreign Office play the game—a game which they mean to win, and probably will win, for they are the best players. The connection of Roumania with Turkey is now a purely diplomatic connection, and is entirely different from that of any other semi-independent Christian community under the Porte. In theory this was intended to act as a safeguard against any possible aggressive movement of Russia, by placing it under the collective guarantee which comprises the aggregate Ottoman Empire. In practice this has been effectually turned to the detriment of both parties by the anti-Turkish diplomacy which has had the upper hand at Constantinople ever since the Crimean peace; Turkish treaty rights, and Rouman autonomous, moral, or nationalistic rights, being played off one against the other, with the object of embittering the mutual relations of the two countries, paralysing the authority of the one, and checking the political growth of the other. It is clear that every step now taken towards perfect independence by Roumania is not made at the expense of Turkish supremacy, as is usually stated in our grand random way of writing, but to the direct relief of the Porte from one of its chief sources of embarrassment. Many Turks—Fuad Pasha, we are sure, for one—are well aware that the best thing to do with Roumania in Turkish interests is to cut it adrift at once, under a European guarantee.

If the Russians withheld their consent to this, as they unquestionably would, no surer token could be desired in proof of their hostility towards the freedom of the only Christian State capable of natural detachment from the decaying Ottoman empire; and,

consequently, of her being actuated by motives and objects of her own, which have nothing to do with Christian sympathies, and do not contemplate the establishment of free Christian States in Turkey. One would hardly think such a proof necessary were it not that nine people out of ten in the West persist in ignoring details when writing about Turkey, and invariably treat every part of the Eastern Question as a matter of sentiment alike, capable of being elucidated by a display of Christian sympathy against Mussulman barbarism. The more the connection of Roumania with Turkey is upheld, the greater is the risk of its being worked by Russia to the unsettlement of Rouman affairs. If by any chance Russia should ever invade Turkey, it would only be through Roumania. She might injure or actually break up the feeble old empire in so doing, but she would infallibly destroy the future independence of the unfortunate little State. It is, therefore, no wonder that patriotic and upright statesmen of the stamp of Ion Ghica, men at once thoroughly liberal, yet bearing good-will rather than ill-will to the Porte—strange as that may seem to our platformistic Liberals here—should now show so much anxiety to secure a final friendly severance from Turkey, after having tried the connection fairly in its new form and found it wanting.

December 22, 1866.

As we anticipated some time ago, the American President's Message contains a distinct reference to the Eastern Question. It is very brief, and to all appearance quite superficial and cursory; nor does it

convey the slightest indication in itself of any possible American policy in the East. It simply confines itself to stating that the political as well as the commercial interests of the United States are not unlikely to be affected in some degree by events which are 'transpiring' in the East of Europe, and that the time seems to have come for the establishment of a special American mission in Greece. Events which 'transpire' in the Levant are by no means the same as events which actually happen in the Levant, as we know by this time pretty well; and if no better motive of political action be found than telegraphic transpiration, transpiracy, or whatever the substantive of 'transpire' may be, it is not likely to lead to any beneficial result, or do more than contribute a quota to the universal confusion which is reasonably supposed likely to ensue next spring. The Americans are too late if they want to obtain real elementary knowledge, as well as current diplomatic knowledge, about Greek matters. It may be inferred that they have already made up their minds what part to play, as well as to play some part or other. They have hitherto been represented at Athens by their Minister at Constantinople, whose presence is naturally most necessary in the more important post of the two—an arrangement by no means without advantage in obtaining an impartial two-sided view of Greco-Turkish politics. If the American Government wish for a clear estimate of the present and prospective capacity for freedom and uncontrolled self-government possessed by the Greek kingdom, they can hardly find a better source of information than the despatches of such a man as Mr.

George P. Marsh, the well-known writer on English philology, who represented America under the above arrangement some fifteen years ago. The present announcement may best be understood when taken in connection with other and less strictly official reports of the foundation of American consulates at Bucharest and at Belgrade. What the States can want from Roumania or Servia, so far as commerce is concerned, is past comprehension. There is surely no lack of pork at Cincinnati, that they should go for a fresh supply to Servia, the great *officina porcorum* of Eastern Europe, a country which lives by pork alone, and produces nothing else. Nor can one fancy America reduced to importing her breadstuffs from the Old World, that she should trade with Roumania for the one staple of that country. Her motive is merely and solely political, and her action in this quarter can only lead to unfruitful and utterly unnecessary political disturbance.

January 3, 1867.

The announcement that France has confidently advised the Porte to comply with the recent Servian demands, evacuate its fortresses in that Principality, and 'pacify its Christian subjects,' is probably founded on fact, as it was first made by a semi-official Paris journal, and has just been confirmed by a telegram from Constantinople. Unquestionably the best thing the Turks can do in their own, the Servian, the French, and everybody's interests, is to lose no time in evacuating the minor fortresses. Two at the least are untenable, to begin with; they are commanded from without; they would fall at the

first blow, and their loss at the outset of a struggle would be a blow and discouragement to the Turks. But it is by no means equally certain that the Porte has it in its power to evacuate an Imperial position like that of Belgrade without running the risk of giving serious offence to its Mussulman population, on whom alone it has to rely in case of need. Belgrade, in fact, is to Turkey much as Gibraltar is to England—a monument of Imperial conquest and tenure which is of little material use compared with the prestige with which it is invested, rightly or wrongly, by its possessors. But the Servians would most certainly not be satisfied with the surrender of Belgrade, even if they demolished it the next day, as they are said to propose doing. So long as there are Servian Christians under the direct rule of Turkey, so long will the attitude of the Principality towards its suzerain, under its present advisers within and without, be one of mistrust and hostility. The French can have no illusions on the subject, after having done so much to create that very mistrust and hostility. They know perfectly well that Serbia is as a gun loaded to the muzzle, which must be fired off or burst. But the explosion is very inconvenient in the Exhibition year, and it must, of course, be deferred at any price, if possible. Greeks and Servians, however, do not appreciate the alternation of hot and cold breezes from Paris with which they are being favoured, and they are obviously doing their best to precipitate events, or at least to exhaust the resources of Turkey before the real final struggle is undertaken. The present announcement leaves it just as uncertain as before, whether France is merely

temporising in order to get a quiet year, or whether she is actively supporting Turkey, and, if the latter, how far. If she interferes bodily to prevent Turkey from declaring open war on Greece, while the latter is waging private and unlicensed war on Turkey, she will be simply tying the Turk's hands behind his back under the pretence of backing him up with honest support.

January 5, 1867.

The best thing to do under the present direful stress of weather is to send at once for the Vienna correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph.' This is a noteworthy personage, and one who should be master of the present situation in London. We have long been waiting for the coming opportunity of calling attention to his letter, not on account of his literary garb, in which he can array himself as brilliantly as the bravest of his compeers when he chooses, but on account of his manifestly possessing a perfect and genuine knowledge of that part of the Eastern Question which relates to Servia, and which is just now on the point of coming uppermost. It is not too much to say that he is in all probability the only writer in an English newspaper—to say nothing of Parliament or even the mysterious Foreign Office itself—who would be able to give an accurate list of the obnoxious Turkish fortresses in Servia off book without consulting a crib, if there be such a thing, who could explain the exact value and significance of each, and who can see at once what Garashanin is driving at, and why Marinovich took Vienna on his way to St. Petersburg. These things, known or unknown, will assuredly come to be written about, and it is really a

public duty to point out the only voice which will be worth distinguishing amid the clamour, at all events as regards facts. But the Eastern Question may pass just now. What we want from the East is temperance, not politics. It is the parochial, not the Turkish, dead-lock which makes us refer to these letters. The pace of modern journalism is so fast as to kill the memory of anything above a week old. Otherwise it would be impossible that anyone could have forgotten the memorable letter from Vienna, in which we were told of the perfect and simple arrangements by which that city invariably managed to keep its streets as clear of snow in winter as in summer. Vienna, of course, has regularly a more or less severe continental winter, not a mild Atlantic winter, but it can no more tell when it is to have its snow than we can; whether it is to come with the frost, or before it, or after it. Our question is not so much when we are to have it as whether we are to have it. Accordingly, we take it as the Turks take it and everything else, and say it is Kismet. But the Vienna people are always ready for it, and clear it away instantly, night or day, without allowing it to accumulate or harden. The letter in which the details are given should have been kept in stereotype by the 'Daily Telegraph,' reissued every morning, and hammered at in leading articles by all the papers till its precepts had been enforced. The merely declamatory or fault-finding letters without any practical purpose in them bid fair to be a worse evil than frozen snow itself.

RUSSIAN PIPING AND DANUBIAN DANCING.

January 11, 1867.

The 'Times' of last Monday published an original and curious contribution from its Berlin correspondent, of no small value in its way. This consisted of a batch of leading articles translated from the languages of divers outlandish and uncomfortable people down in the south-east of Europe, set in motion by, and waging controversy respecting, that same wonderful semi-official St. Petersburg article on which we have just been commenting in an admiring spirit for its exposure of our sinful and horrid lust of territory in that part of the world. The Muscovite Jack-in-office, or rather in semi-office, began it by taunting the Roumans with being 'patronised' by the Western Powers, and with actually aspiring after Western civilisation; a deadly evil whereof Russia is determined to resist the spread among them. The *Romanu* of Bucharest, the organ of the moderate Liberal party in Roumania (strictly speaking, not the *Romanul* let us say by the way, any more than the *Dagbladet* of Copenhagen, for the 'l' is merely the suffixed definite article, after the fashion of the Scandinavian languages, of Albanian, and of Bulgarian), replies to this malevolent nonsense in an excellent article, firm and resolute in its substance, while quite temperate in its manner. We ourselves derived an especial satisfaction from this article, as it entirely corroborates in every respect the view taken by ourselves as to the relations of Roumania to Russia and Turkey respectively, in our article of November 30. The moderate Rouman Liberals see

that their country is set in the very jaws of Russia, that their connection with Turkey rests on no intrinsic and organic fact whatever, but is a mere diplomatic fiction, which has always been worked to the mutual detriment and embarrassment both of Turkey and Roumania, in proportion to the preponderance of anti-Turkish, in other words of Russian, diplomacy since the Crimean peace, in all European consultations at the sick man's bedside; and that, unless time be gained, their country is necessarily and irrevocably doomed to perish as a free State, upon the very first forward movement made by Russia to realise the influence she has earned by vigorous intrigue among her kindred populations south of the Danube, in the rear of Roumania. It is no wonder that all Roumans of sense and foresight look anxiously to the West for support, for their blood and their speech and their national soul are of the West and not of the East. Here at least we should look for sincerity of action between England and France, who cannot possibly have any separate interests on the Lower Danube; and here England may subordinate her action to that of France with the most perfect justice and propriety, for France may fairly take the lead in guiding the civilisation of a young Latin race struggling to shake itself free from an otherwise impending doom. The Russians themselves defy us, and challenge the rights of Western civilisation on Roumanic ground. Let us together meet them honestly, not with the mutual distrust and insincerity of the wretched Crimean and post-Crimean days.

The devil has no more delectable treat in this world than the sight of a little boy, with a huge hulking

brother at his back, snubbing, kicking, hair-pulling, and generally maltreating and vilipending another little boy without a big brother. This sight is witnessed to perfection in the Eastern peninsula. Servia, strong in the encouragement, or rather, in this particular case, the direct provocation, of her big brother in the North, has turned upon the Rouman Moderates, and is bullying them with as keen a relish as little Master Wackford when he used to kick the shins of the new arrivals at Dotheboys. The Belgrade national organ threatens them, quotes their ancestral Latin tongue at them, and tells them to mind what they are about if they still go on hankering after the West, after having been treated as brothers and 'overwhelmed with kindness' by Slavs. Surely this is delicious, and Squeers all over. 'He never loved me; he never loved Mrs. Squeers; he never loved Wackford, who is next door but one to a cherubim.' The same paper, in a very well-written article, turns the vials of its wrath upon another Latin race, the French; one less safe to tackle, even at Belgrade. In this we read, for the first time, of a very significant speech delivered by M. de Moustier before leaving Constantinople, in which he seems to have spoken in disrespectful terms of the actual political capacity of Eastern Christians, and particularly of the Greeks; using with regard to these last a very happy phrase, the truth of which no one who has not been to Athens and learnt Greek can possibly realise, or will ever believe. All that independent Greece has done, he said, is to create an educated proletariat. 'Educated' is not the right word to use, for it implies moral training, which is the one thing wanting

to Greeks, but we cannot diverge upon this point just now. The Belgrade paper, in following the cue of the Russian miso-Frank, says nothing remarkable in the way of further commentary, except to volunteer the amazing statement that the Greeks saved the West from being overrun by the Turks. Well, John Sobieski was a Greek, no doubt. His country is down now, and any creature can fling up his heels in its face.

Two points in the 'Times' correspondent's letter stand over for examination. One of these is the alleged inability of the Servians and Russians to read and understand one another's books. On this extreme statement we cannot undertake to pronounce specifically or do more than contribute materials to a more precise decision. The other refers to the charge of hybridity both in blood and in speech brought against the Rouman race—a charge which is exactly as much and as little true, and as little significant, as in the case of the modern English.

PERFIDIOUS ENGLAND IN TURKEY.

January 17, 1867.

There never was the least occasion to take any serious notice of that charge of territorial ambition in Turkey which the Russians thought fit to throw in our teeth the other day as being so notorious. Its author, being official, must necessarily have written with the most entire and profound disbelief in such an accusation, and only brought it forward for certain definite objects of his own. If he really did base it upon any actual reports of the Russian corps diplomatique,

all we can say is, that the sooner the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg recalls its ambassadors, the better for its own interests. The thing was simply absurd, and good for being laughed at, and accordingly we did our best to make game of it. But it is a matter of real and serious regret to see the same sort of silliness in French newspapers, and to feel that, being written more or less in good faith, it represents the precipitate misconception of an over-suspicious friend rather than the intentional vice of an adversary or ill-wisher. Public writers on the Continent, and notably in France, take instinctively to partitioning Turkey, and are always giving away Constantinople to somebody or other as naturally as the young duckling scuffles into the nearest pond. Their newspapers train their young hands by making them partition Turkey, just as ours train them by making them review Tupper and analyse the working man. In this spirit the *Avenir National* has just composed a Russian note, alleged to be addressed to the French Government, inviting it to accede to a partition of Turkey on a truly grand scale. This was first of all conceived by a Berlin paper, which was content to attribute it to Russia as a mere project or desire, but by the time it got to Paris it took consistency and grew into an actual diplomatic note, after the fashion of the three black crows in the old story. Any man can fill out the details of the partition for himself, for there is nothing new about them, any more than there is anything true. Yet we cannot pass silently by an arrangement whereby Greece is to have Epirus, while Turkey is to keep Albania. Just so ; and when we ourselves come under distribution according to

the principle of nationalities, we shall doubtless hear that Denmark is to have Caledonia while we shall be allowed to keep Scotland, and that Cambria must be given up to Ireland, while we may retain Wales. One is simply awe-stricken at the thought of human beings existing who are capable of imagining this stuff, of writing it down in black and white, of copying it, and of putting faith in it. But the *Avenir National's* *canard* is but a very feeble bird compared with the *Liberté*. The *Liberté* has found out all about the plot. This is a dreadful one. Russia and England; joined in common political interest by the fact that the heirs of their respective crowns are the husbands of sisters, together with Prussia, Russia's ready tool and our cordial ally, have all put their heads together for the incredibly unholy purpose of partitioning, swallowing, digesting, and chylifying everything at the other side of Europe. Here, again, there is no use saying what each is to have—that sort of thing is usually left to sub-editors, who can always work it out with an atlas, and generally do so; but at any rate, poor France, having no nubile Prince to the fore, has to be left out in the cold. This part of the plot is certainly the more powerful *canard* of the two—the drake or male bird as it were. Between them they have engendered M. Émile de Girardin. The article of three columns which this ingenious gentleman has written has not come over here in full, so we cannot give a good account of it. It would seem, however, that the plot view is not alien to him; only with Messrs. Cobden and Bright exercising the motive power upon England rather than the sister princesses' husbands. If anybody is disposed to repine

at M. Émile de Girardin, he had better go and read M. Saint-Marc Girardin, who has been doing much vicarious 'groaning' on behalf of the oppressed Eastern Christians up and down the French press for the last ten years, after which he will be thankful for M. Émile.

Now it is impossible to look upon this sort of writing, which serves to embody a sincere mistrust of England in a mythological form, as a mere absurdity and nothing else. England and France have almost always been alienated from one another in Turkey by a tradition of undying mutual jealousy, no doubt handed down from a period of actual war, but so cherished and worked by the diplomatic agents of each country, great and small, as at times even to force the hands and determine the policy of their official superiors at head-quarters. The French, actively scheming in more than one province for the substitution of their own supreme influence at the expense of Turkish authority, may be held mainly responsible for this; but it must be borne in mind that the diplomatic dictatorship exercised, not always in moderation, by England at Constantinople for many years, merely through the personal ascendancy of one man, was not an easy thing for a French Cabinet to bear. All this antagonism is now slowly dying out with the bulk of the people in each country; yet not steadily, nor in an equal ratio. In so far as national action is concerned, we have bodily abandoned the now lifeless and always hand-to-mouth policy identified with Lord Palmerston, which even at its best was all diplomacy and no statesmanship, and we are casting it away like a dead carcase, amid

much cheap virtue and over-demonstrative revilings. The French, disapproving of it in English hands, are to all appearance readily taking it up in their own, but infusing a soul and a purpose into it, now that by the collapse of Austria they find themselves face to face with a Power—with two Powers, it may be said—which threaten altogether to eclipse their own ascendancy in Europe. So completely do we seem to have mutually transferred our Eastern policies that there may even arise some risk of our disobliging France by overdoing our neutrality; yet perhaps that is the best of the two alternatives. With the one possible exception of Egypt, a country having no essential connection with Turkey Proper, there is no point in which our interests in the Levant can be said possibly to diverge, or to present the shadow of mutual antagonism. It is not too much to say, in one word, that the Eastern Question, by which we mean the question whether new indigenous States are to arise in Turkey by natural growth or by premature convulsion artificially excited from without, simply exists at all only by reason of the diplomatic jealousy and insincerity which has always prevailed between us in the Levant, notoriously so just after the Crimean peace. But for this, there would be no two minds in Western Europe about this swollen windbag of an Eastern Question. With us assuredly those jealousies are dead or dying. It is, therefore, all the more regrettable to come upon the traces of their vitality in French opinion. Frenchmen on platforms, like other people, commit themselves to the inculcation of each and all the items of the aggregate doctrine of their platform; and therefore it matters the less if Ultra-

montanes or Reds imagine vain things about us in this way, for they mean to hit us anyhow. But one does not like to see these things in papers of some weight, free from bias, or coming from literary men of distinction. It is not comfortable for sincere advocates of a thorough understanding with France to realise thus perforce how deep-rooted in many perfectly honest French minds is the suspicion of some transcendently selfish and sinister motive at the bottom of, for example, our one standard proof of unselfishness, the surrender of the Ionian Islands. The Ionian gentry and tradesmen may, and indeed do, doubt whether it was unselfish; and with much fairness from their point of view, having built their houses and generally invested their capital on the faith of our maintenance of a frust for some time at least; but we know that our own motive was supremely just and unselfish in so far as our conscience was concerned, whatever may have been our misconception of the case. But the over-clever people who are always analysing our motives in the continental press will see nothing in it but an interested homage to the Greeks — a sacrifice to the rising sun for propitiation, and, of course, for the ultimate gift of territory. Dulness has its remedies, but this over-cleverness is as incurable as love.

January 21, 1867.

That is a curious telegram about Russian agents in Croatia agitating and distributing money. At first sight it looks like an ordinary shave, but open agitation carried on by Russian agents in an organised European empire is rather too serious a

matter to announce by telegraph in a merely offhand and random way. To be understood properly, this story should be taken in connection with a curious little extract from an Athenian letter which appeared in the 'Globe' of Friday last, apparently either written in English by a Greek, or translated into English unidiomatically, and with manifest traces of a foreign original. This is obscure in itself, but it is the complement of the Pesth report. It represents the Greeks as looking with great anxiety to Servia and Croatia, that being the quarter from whence the Turks are likely to be most seriously attacked when the well-brewed storm is allowed to burst. Now Croatia has nothing whatever to do with Turkey in regard to its current politics. It is with Austria that it has to do, not with Turkey. But its inhabitants, like all the South Slavonians of one blood and speech under Austrian rule, sympathise with their fellows under Ottoman rule, and desire to see their liberation. As yet this has been a matter of aspiration alone, not of practical policy. Austria, always anxious for quiet in this part of the world, is more than ever anxious for breathing time in her present crippled condition. But Austria's difficulty is Russia's opportunity. Russia now has the power of putting so strong a pressure upon Austria by means of the South Slavonians, seemingly working in their own interest alone, and doing so honestly to some extent, as to compel her to modify or abandon her old conservative policy in the East; and the present report must be understood as an indication and measure of the pressure and of the resistance to it. If official pressure fails, unofficial pressure has

to be tried. The Greeks who look to Servia and Croatia know nothing of those countries, and simply look as they are taught to look. The reverberation of this report from Athens is an additional evidence of design on the part of Russia—one which it is very necessary to point out, not, of course, for the sake of advocating any action on our part, but for the sake of clearing our sight and rectifying our knowledge of current events. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred really believe that Russia definitively renounced her past policy of aggression on the Danube because her armies were beaten in the Crimean war and because her open diplomacy has been comparatively quiet ever since. That is the greatest of delusions. What she has done has been simply to change her instruments and adopt a far more effectual method of operation, that is all.

STORMY PETRILIS ON THE DANUBE.

January 22, 1867

The Paris correspondent of the 'Telegraph' forgets whether or not he ever told the world that, if the war between Austria and Prussia had lasted three weeks longer, 60,000 Wallachian troops were to have marched across Hungary to the demolition of the devoted old empire, under the command of a Garibaldian general of 1860, a man of great capacity and unlimited courage, to whom the Hospodar had handed over his forces. This is the first time we have ever heard of this story, and before saying a word more we hasten to congratulate the Emperor at his escape from so imminent and deadly a peril. We are glad

to hear of it now, not perhaps so much for the value of the historical fact as for the illustration it affords of the principle that a man is capable of believing and repeating anything on a subject which lies altogether out of his knowledge, and consequently out of the range of his natural belief or disbelief. As 'our correspondents' go, they know nothing whatever of the elements of things in Roumania, and are not bound to do so in a general way unless sent there. They simply take things on trust, not knowing whether what they say is likely or unlikely, possible or impossible; and there is no great harm in their so doing. Unfortunately as we over here know nothing about Roumania either, there is no way of conveying to our readers any sense of the full absurdity of this story. That can only be realised, among people in England, by the gentlemen who hold contracts for bridging and paving the Principalities, by Danubian consuls on leave, if there are any, and by Mr. Demetrius Ghica, who is now completing his studies at Wellington College; a young gentleman who is probably aware how far his father, the leading man in the Rouman Government last summer, had 60,000 armed and disciplined children of the legionaries to dispose of, and whether, if he had, he would have handed them bodily over to any Hungarian in Garibaldi's service. The capacious and courageous Garibaldian alluded to, must be either General Türr or General Eber. One, if not both, of these gentlemen certainly went to Bucharest last summer, and certainly did so with the object of seeing what was to be done in the way of creating an anti-Austrian diversion on the side of Hungary by

means of a grand Magyaro-Rouman combination, with the disembodied spirit of Kossuth—who appears now to have departed this political life—floating over the waters of the two discordant nationalities for once united in a harmonious current. And there is no doubt that a great many people exist who put implicit faith in what these gentlemen may say or do, and who sincerely believe them capable of creating 60,000 Wallachian troops out of nothing at all in three weeks. We do not. Even with all their known skill in sowing dragon's teeth, we do not believe that they can make armed men spring out of the soil. Their value is not as makers of revolutions, but as indicators of revolutions. They are the stormy petrels of Southern and Eastern Europe, and are good for being watched as weather-warnings or storm-signals, like Admiral Fitzroy's. In this way the more they are studied and observed the better. Under the word 'Tür' there is a very instructive memoir in 'Men of the Time,' which makes no secret of the underground visits of that restless warrior to the Principalities. We suppose it is hardly necessary to say to any member of the present Rouman Government, *Hic niger* (or rather *ruber*) *est, hinc tu, Romane, caveto*.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH ON TURKEY.

February 7, 1867.

To say that 'discontent, prevailing in some provinces of the Turkish Empire, has broken out in actual insurrection in Crete,' is simply to put the cart before the horse, if by discontent is meant any recent modification of sentiment which has become politically tangible in any shape. Discontent of a

passive kind exists, not in some, but in all the provinces of the Turkish Empire; it has always done so, and always will do so, until the Empire is eased off; resembling in this respect other empires which rest on the domination of a conquering race. But this discontent, so far from being at the root of the Cretan insurrection, or being connected with the Cretan insurrection as a determining cause, has not even attempted to respond to the call of the Cretan insurrection in any way, in spite of all the efforts which have been made to create such responsive movements in the most barefaced defiance of treaty obligation, and international morality. On the contrary, the Thessalian cultivators have shown the utmost aversion to the Fenian Klephtic band who have established themselves during the past winter at the hamlet of Petrilo, in the heart of the Agrafa mountains, a mile or two within the Turkish frontier, and who call themselves the Provisional Government of insurgent Thessaly. Their position is more inaccessible morally than even materially, for it is girt on the Turkish side by high and impracticable mountains, and cannot be approached from the valley without what would be called, and eagerly resented as, a violation of the Greek frontier. From this stronghold the so-called insurgents descend into the plains, sweep up the flocks and herds of the Christian cultivators, and recruit their ranks with the homeless and ruined men, whom the Turkish authorities on the spot, taken by surprise, are unable to protect. Similar proceedings in 1854, worked out on a large scale, with the whole resources of King Otho's Government, were not recognised at that time as an

insurrection, because Europe would not have it. In 1867, however, the most naked brigandage, undisguisedly carried on from without, and not from within, is coming to be considered as a spontaneous insurrection, because it has called itself a political movement, and Europe chooses to confirm that assumption. Yet Englishmen need not go farther than across St. George's Channel, if they want to realise the position, apparently so paradoxical in Thessaly, of a rural population dissatisfied with a Government alien in its eyes, yet not dissatisfied to the point of rising against it, nor even perhaps disposed in the aggregate to join any invading force calling on it to rise. If people wish to learn the truth about the state of the Thessalian frontier, and not merely to pamper their preconceptions, they can find it in the Blue-books of 1854. Elsewhere, the mass of Turkey, —in other words, the Bulgarian population—is as tranquil as ever, in spite of the audacious falsehood repeated or invented six weeks ago by a Vienna paper, in which the incidents of Arkadi were bodily transferred to a monastery on the Lower Danube. Of Servia we say nothing, because it stands outside of Turkey as much as Greece for all practical purposes.

Our Government is in much the same difficulty with regard to the forthcoming Cretan Blue-book, as it was in 1854 with regard to the Greek Blue-book of that year. It was then impossible to enter fully into the details of the frontier incursions into Turkey, and the direct filibustering of the Greek Government, without placing the criminality of King Otho in so glaring a light as to make it an unavoidable duty to

punish him in a far more serious way than by the occupation of his capital by an allied force; and the Blue-book bears evident traces of having been weakened accordingly. The case is just the same in Crete. From a sense of the impossibility of coercing or checking the Greek committees, there is considerable risk lest undue stress be laid on the merely general causes of discontent or passive disaffection shared by Cretan Christians with other Christians and many Mahometans all over Turkey, while no stress at all is laid on the actual determining cause of the outbreak. Yet this is the one thing necessary for the public to know. How far is Greek propagandism responsible for this insurrection?—and by propagandism we mean the importation of artillery and rifles, things which do not rise from the earth of themselves for insurgent patriots. Were these ever smuggled in under the shelter of foreign protection? Was the British flag ever abused in this way by Ionians, during our protectorate? Did the foreign consuls interfere systematically to prevent the Turks from either stopping this by force, or raising a question on the subject by an appeal to the guaranteeing Powers? Did the consular interference for the purpose of conciliation on the eve of the present outbreak have any other effect than that of tying the Turks' hands behind their own back, and enabling the insurgents to make their own arrangements, and select the most favourable defensive ground in the mountains, for the struggle which they were determined to force on? If these things be true, they should be recorded as true; and it will then be nothing but wilful blindness or wilful suppression to dwell mainly or solely

on Ottoman misgovernment and Cretan patriotism as alike the immediate and the final cause of the outbreak. Nor will it then be fair to talk of the 'enormous odds' on the side of the Turks. Those odds were far more than counterbalanced if the Turks were hampered by the consuls, and if the insurrection was openly recruited from without with impunity. We are free to say this, for we have always done even superabundant justice to the bravery of the insurgents in the field.

The causes of the insurrection will never be understood without a full and un mutilated account of the events of 1858, never once referred to at that time, either in Parliament or the press, which must be found in the reports of the able and experienced public servant who was sent on a special commission to the island in the autumn of that year. The events of 1858 turn in a great measure on a low consular intrigue, conducted against an enlightened Turkish Governor and the British Consul, both of whom were its victims.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ABOUT TURKEY.

February 8, 1867.

Some weeks ago the 'Times' was publicly decorated with garlands by the Athenians in return for having admitted that, if they wanted Crete, and if Crete wanted them, there was no reason why these two should not be united in turbulent wedlock, as it would not make any difference to us or to anybody concerned, both parties included, Greek and Turk, being worthless alike. It tossed Crete scornfully to the clamorous multitude as a bone to a dog. The cere-

mony of crowning the 'Times' must have been very curious, and it is to be regretted that it was never described by its correspondent. How does one crown a newspaper? An Athenian December would hardly supply enough flowers to weave a garland sufficient for the open sheet and the closed sheet, folded as transmitted per post, would not be imposing or capable of duly ceremonious treatment. Did they crown the supplement, the second column, and the birth-death-and-marriage column, as well? The latter will, no doubt, have to announce the auspicious union whenever it does take place, and must have been honoured accordingly. But if they decorated the 'Times' with garlands for its contemptuous admissions, the least they can now do is to canonise it for its loving smiles of last Monday's article, assuring them of its having all along wished that Crete might have been allowed to associate its destinies with the Hellenic kingdom; and, indeed, there are many worse saints than the 'Times,' in the orthodox Eastern calendar. If we could quite satisfy our own minds that Crete would be the better for such association of its destinies, or that its original natural instinct in cold blood ever was to be so annexed, or that it would stay for a single week so annexed, we should be only too glad to echo the wish, and thus might come in for a share of garlands ourselves; for which we are bound to own that our size is much better fitted than the 'Times.' But it is of proverbs rather than garlands than we meant to write. Our contemporary, apparently basing its judgment on the curiously relentless ferocity which old Mustapha Pasha is showing in the suppression of the insurrec-

tion, notably in the transportation of the Greek volunteers to their own country, has ruled that the Turkish Government requires stern treatment at the hands of the Western Powers, in order to enforce clemency towards the vanquished population. This is not wrong, and it is very prudent, because if you want to show that you have got coercive power left in you, it is wise to exercise it on the weakest object you can find. But it is rather a gratuitous assumption thus to make a giant out of Turkish retributive ferocity, merely to kill your giant. However, that is locally authorised by the Turkish proverb which says that 'three things are utterly merciless : Time, fire, and the Sultan.' Now where, in the name of fortune, did the 'Times' fish up this proverb ? Negative assertions are not safe assertions ; yet we venture to declare with the utmost confidence, that there is no such a Turkish proverb in existence ; nor, for the matter of that, could there be, for our conception of time in this sense is foreign to Turks, who have no single word to express it in their language. In like case they would say Destiny, or resort to a phrase like the revolution of days. Pondering on this matter, and wondering whether the 'Times' would have taken the trouble to invent a proverb with a blunt point after the fashion of our Oriental novelists, we came by accident across the foolish pamphlet containing extracts from Lord Palmerston's speech on the Greek frontier, made when in Opposition, and quoted in an earlier part of the article, of which, both in regard to knowledge and to wisdom, the less said the better, and which might have been let to rest in peace, we think. Here it was

that we ran the proverb to earth. In the newspaper it stands as the 'Times's' own, but in reality it is Lord Palmerston's. Lord Palmerston is said to have been answerable for many things in the 'Times,' but who ever thought of seeing that pillar of the Ottoman Empire revealed to us in these latter days as a sham Solomon, Tupper, or fabricator of Turkish proverbs in disparagement of the Grand Turk? The proverb has all the look of a Welsh Triad, and perhaps is one after all. We take the liberty of winding up with a similar one on our own account—'There are three things hidden from the light of day: the moon, coals, and the minds of unwise persons.' That is as good nonsense or sense as Lord Palmerston's, besides being much quainter; and we positively guarantee its having been genuinely written by a Circassian who had visited England, and no doubt realised coals.

February 21, 1867.

Russia, inspired by conciliatory intentions, is not disposed to separate her policy from that of France as regards the Eastern Question. So says the Emperor of the French. Now this may be all very true as regards the substance of the policy in question, but the Russians appear to be only half pleased with the manner in which the thing is said. No, say the Russians, if an understanding has been arrived at among the Cabinets, Russia has not changed a single principle of her Eastern policy; on the contrary, it is evident that the Western Powers acknowledge Russia's disinterestedness, and have resolved to assimilate their policy to that of the Russian Government. Without quite going the length of admitting Russia's disinterestedness in this or any other ques-

tion, we may fairly own that Russia has very decidedly the best of it in this keen little interchange of not too unfriendly passes. After all, Russia is the unit in Turkish matters, and France is but one among many European fractions; it is the Russian back which is stiff and steady, not the French back, which is the accommodating and pliant one. France and England came out of the Crimean war with military honours and military success; Russia came out of it as absolute mistress of the situation in Turkey then and thenceforward; and Russia now feels that the time is come in which she can openly say so. We, for our part, are beginning to think that it does not concern us much, and that at any rate it concerns us far less than other countries. This may or may not be the case, but it is the true feeling of England in 1867, and it will not be modified by anything short of events on a grand scale. But we own that we have a right to look for some public expression of gratitude from Russia for putting into her hands so powerful a solvent of Turkish dominion as the Hatti-Humayun, and for saving her all further trouble by undertaking to work that valuable instrument ourselves.

February 28, 1867.

On Monday night they telegraphed all the details of the last new Bucharest conspiracy from Vienna, with the very names of the chief conspirators. On the previous Sunday night they telegraphed to us from Bucharest itself, that the whole thing was a fiction, that there were no arrests and no conspiracy. The point of this lies in the beautiful prescience which enabled the Roumans to contradict on Sunday the

reports which the Viennese were going to despatch on the following Monday night. As stories go in South-Eastern Europe there is nothing very inconsistent in this. There is nothing new in a conspiracy at Bucharest; were it not for the emphatic contradiction we should be inclined to say that there is nothing true in the present story, and we are pretty sure that we shall not let it matter much to us. But why are they always at it in Roumania? What is it they want? Not a year passes but what the flower of the Daco-Roman youth is either conspiring, about to conspire, or emerging from conspiracy against the authorities of the period. The conspiracies are detached, disconnected, idiopathic; they are personal, not national, and differ thereby from the solid continuous organic labours of the modern Greek or modern Irish Hetarists, who devote their whole lives to sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion with as fixed and definite a purpose as so many young Hannibals. But the Wallachs seem to conspire for very wantonness of spirit and love of conspiracy for its own sake as a pastime, not for its objects. They are like the poor little tender ailing lamb of their own most lovely popular ballad; no grass will please them, and their bleat is never hushed---

Gura nu 'i mai tace, earba nu 'i mai place.

What can it be that they want? We in Europe, at one time wont to interpret events in the South-East according to the diplomatic method, and to refer all disorder to Russia, are now content with the simpler and more Christian expedient of referring it to Turkish sinfulness; and we thus love to see in the pious General Floresco and the exemplary youth of

Bucharest so many orthodox brethren struggling against the odious and oppressive yoke of the infidel. But this will not always do, and we must renounce the virtue of Christian antipathy in the present case; for did not Mr. Darby Griffith himself tell us the other night that he has just broken the yoke? The course which he recommended last year, said he, has been carried out, and the Principalities have now been entirely liberated from Turkish intervention. A dim light begins to dawn on the subject as one reads these words, and we think we see why they are now conspiring at Bucharest. The movement is an obscure Darbyite movement. Having reaped so much benefit from the recommendations of Mr. Darby Griffith, they naturally ask for more, like *Oliver Twist*. They have had an inch of Mr. Darby Griffith, and now they want an ell. We do not see why they should not have him for Hospodar, nor need they be ashamed of agitating openly for it. He would be the man of all others to fructify Prince Napoleon's idea of a Danubian Confederation with a slice of Bulgaria in it, and he would contribute puissantly to the establishment of a good understanding with Servia—a country where they notoriously have faith in him, think much of him, and actually quote him *in extenso*; a thing nobody does in England, not even his constituents.

March 2, 1867.

To the Editor of the PAUL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—The observations of your Paris correspondent upon the view taken in France of the impending Eastern Question, dandled and titillated at length into active existence by the eager and fretful West,

are so just and so well supported by facts that it becomes well worth while to invite special attention to them, as a means of making up a sound public judgment on the subject in the event of its coming practically before us, as it is about to do in no long time. For my own part, I should be inclined to say that M. de Moustier is backing and filling, tacking here and tacking there, just because his master is at his wit's end what to do in the East since the Austrian breakdown. Something he must do, because he must appear to do something, and to succeed in it. Greek and Servian alike are fully aware of this, and seem alike able to force his hands, and to determine his action against the Turks rather than against themselves. He will therefore direct his pressure against the weakest point and coerce that which is most coercible, in order best to realise the greatest available amount of credit in the way of patent ostentatious influence. *La politique d'ostentation*, that is all he lives by. As for his countrymen, they probably believe in all sincerity that it is possible to evolve a policy in Turkey which can be at once anti-Turkish and ultimately profitable to French rather than Russian interests. Russia is quite willing to take her chance of this, so long as France acts upon it, and relieves her of the trouble of doing anti-Turkish work for herself. It should be stated clearly, that Russia never lost any influence over the Greek mind by the Emperor Nicholas's reprobation of the idea of a Byzantine Empire, as expressed to Sir Hamilton Seymour. The Greeks of Greece are now working for the new Hellenic idea of nationality, not for the former Romaic idea of empire. The Russians openly encourage them in their present work. Each party

thinks that the remote future will turn of necessity to its own special profit, but is content to let the other do what it will in the long run, provided the immediate object, the demolition of the Ottoman rule, be somehow brought about. For destructive purposes they are at one; it will be time to think of construction when the Turks are destroyed. If I mistake not, your correspondent's letter fully confirms such views as you have allowed yourself to entertain on the subject of the versicoloured policy of France in the East.—I am, &c.,

A TWELVE YEARS' RESIDENT IN THE EAST.

SERVIA.

March 13, 1867.

During Mr. Gregory's Creto-Servian debate the other night, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to observe that, even if the Turkish retention of Belgrade were tested with sole reference to the interests of Turkey, no argument seemed possible in its defence. That view of the case is obvious enough upon the surface, no doubt; and it is just such as every one would adopt who goes to his Christian sentiment or his inner consciousness for views on Servia instead of consulting current history and the consular reports. The question of the surrender of Belgrade has been at a thorough dead-lock for the last three months and more. If Turkey obstinately refuses to adopt an obvious way of extricating herself from that dead-lock, in spite of strong pressure from all sides, one would think it more natural to endeavour to find out the reason of so persistent a refusal rather than to go on imputing it to the innate depravity of Turkish nature.

Such reasons are not difficult to ascertain. They are clear enough to anybody who has taken the pains to observe, even desultorily, much more if consecutively, the historical foreground of events in these countries ever since the Crimean peace, the diplomatic background as disclosed in Blue-books, and the mysterious subways of underground intrigue—ways which, dark as they are, are yet not impossible to trace for those who know that no mole sinks his shafts without throwing up his molehill, and who understands how and where to look for the surface signs without risk of taking them for mountains. A glance at any common map of these countries will sufficiently illustrate the case. Turkey will not surrender Belgrade, simply because the fortress of Belgrade is the only guarantee that she possesses against the unconcealed aggressive projects of Servia in another direction. The Western Powers have, it is true, offered her the guarantee of their good advice, and have promised, or rather, so far as one sees, have held out a sort of distant hope, that if Turkey pledges herself to attain perfection all of a sudden, and to put her house into a superhuman state of order within twenty-four hours, they on their part may give way so far as actually to impress a policy of moderation on Servia in the interests of peace—more especially of peace during the summer of 1867. But the obstinate infidels do not see it in this light. They want to preserve Turkey, not to preserve peace; and as peace rather than Turkey is avowed as the object of the solicitude of the Western Powers, the Turks prefer to hold on by their material guarantee, even if financially bankrupt in the effort,

as they probably will be. But they prefer bankruptcy to vivisection on the dissecting table of a Paris or Vienna council-board, with the alternative of being worried to death on the spot while their hands are being tied behind their backs.

The Servians make no secret of their intention, which is not so unnatural a one, after all. They do not conceal it, but glory in it; and they have organised themselves, or rather have been organised, for their purpose with efficiency and thoroughness. That may be briefly pointed out. The south-western portion of Servia is separated by little more than a score of miles from Montenegro and its dependent clans of fighting men. If this slight Mussulman barrier, unprotected by any adequate military defence, were once broken down, the whole province of Bosnia with the Herzegovine would be cut off from Turkey and flooded with Christian insurgents. Its warlike Mussulman population—disaffected, it is true, towards a centralising and reforming, to say nothing of a very exacting and tax-gathering, Turkey, yet ready to rally instantly to the now dormant war-cry of the faith and the empire in danger—would be paralysed and exposed to be destroyed in detail. Servia having burst her bounds and surged over, the Montenegrins would not allow any pledges to stand in the way of joining them, nor indeed would it be other than ridiculous to expect it in the full tide of roused passion, of cupidity and fanaticism. The intervening Mussulman population would then be swept away. But the Servians will think twice of flinging themselves across the southern frontier in this way so long as they are controlled by a first-class fortress in

their rear. The first rule of strategy and the first law of nature are the reasons of the Turkish retention of Belgrade. Their first object, therefore, is to get rid of the fortress. For this purpose diplomacy has been set in motion. Since 1856 Russia has done nothing above-board in Turkey, with one exception in 1860; but she has shown singular dexterity in putting her own work of dislocation into the hands of other Powers exactly at the right moment, allowing the strong ones to delude themselves with the belief that they are acting in their own special or collective interests, and compelling the weaker ones in the hour of collapse and humiliation to do her behests and to refuse at their peril. Under these last circumstances, accordingly, Austria has undertaken the initiative in pressing the Servian claims upon the Porte, being driven to do so in order to relieve herself of the pressure applied for the purpose by Russia through her Slavonic and particularly her Ruthenian provinces, a pressure instantly withdrawn at the moment of compliance. That it was obsequiousness to Russia, and not regard for Servia, that determined this reversal of the traditional policy of Austria is vouched for by the fact that it was accompanied, or shortly followed, by a proposition made to Europe for a revision of the treaties of 1856 in favour of Russia; in other words, for the reconstruction of the Black Sea fleet. France has been drawn into the present vortex with her eyes open. She has made up her mind, to all appearance, that when such an alternative is definitively put before her, it is more profitable, because it is outwardly more glorious, fully to support Servia than fully to support Turkey

in each and every claim that the Servians may urge. France ought to know; for she has tried each policy two or three times over at Belgrade since 1856, with a succession of six or seven consuls. Unstable as water, she excelled with none. She failed to carry her support of Turkey, when on the Turkish tack, up to the self-evident point of damming up Servian turbulence at its fountain head, as she might have done in the revolution of 1858, by a vigorous initiative. When on the ultra-Servian tack she could neither foresee nor avert the dismissal of Colonel Mondaine, the French officer who was for some time Servian Minister of War, and who raised and organised the Servian militia for undisguisedly aggressive purposes. When this gentleman had done their work, the Servians got rid of him. A special French influence in Servia, concurrent with or paramount to that of Russia, is a chimera. But if the workmanship be French, it is quite practicable to proclaim it as such to the world with due ostentation. France, therefore, has joined and reiterated the present demand, and is now quite ready either for peaceful diplomatic dismemberment in Turkey, or for war, and a more profitable Mexico within six days' steam of Toulon.

We have nothing to do with it all. Any active support of Turkey after the old Palmerstonian fashion is many days too late, and would only aggravate the matter. Our Foreign Minister exactly represents the present temper of the nation; negative, critical, anxious for knowledge, and by no means inclined to put up with lies and cries as all answer to its cry for light. Accordingly we, too, are going along with

the others, but only for the sake of European unanimity. Still we are all at one now, as far as action is concerned ; we have come round and adopted the Russian diagnosis of the sick man, and have made the necessary arrangements to prevent his ever leaving his bed. We have raised the Eastern Question at last, and are going to 'solve' it in friendly company. Turkey is to be split up by two wedges, one hammered from the north, the other from the south. The Servian wedge, unlike the Greek wedge, does not concern us directly. But if one is hammered into Turkey, so also is the other. Events will be precipitated, for the wedges are *alive*, self-acting, and keen in their own work ; so that the hammerers, one day ere long, must step in and realise. In that case we need not enquire into whose hands Belgrade or Varna may fall ; we shall have to direct our southward gaze to much-vexed Crete—the great island, with its unrivalled harbour, lying athwart the mouth of the Archipelago, which commands the whole Eastern Mediterranean, Egypt included. There, at last, is the point where we may wake to find the nerve of interest touched in the day of universal crash and scramble. If Belgrade is surrendered, that evil day may be staved off for a whole year or more. Meanwhile, the Servians are night and day casting cannon at Kragujevatz ; they have contracted for 400,000 okes of powder ; they have been expecting 45,000 needle-guns ; the youth of the university drill from four to six daily ; they can hardly be held in till the moment for commencing the campaign independently is ready, and they are only afraid that the Porte should give in and spoil the outbreak.

THE RUSSIAN DESPATCHES.

March 14, 1867.

The despatches addressed by the Russian Foreign Minister to Baron Brünnow, composed originally in French, translated into Russian for the Russian press, and thence retranslated into some language of Western Europe, have just made their appearance in our newspapers, after having been summarised by telegraph several days ago. We presume they are the same which Mr. Layard asked for the other night, and which Lord Stanley declined to produce. The best summary of them which we can give, now that they are laid before us in full, may not be wholly new to our readers; and if they will refer back to their memories of that period, we are sure that they will be able to supply the necessary criticism thereon. 'The affairs of Turkey,' said Nicholas about this time fourteen years ago, 'are in a very disorganised condition; the country itself seems to be falling to pieces; the fall will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England and Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs. We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man; it will be a great misfortune, I tell you frankly, if he should slip away from us before necessary arrangements are made. If your Government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of existence, your Government must have received incorrect information. I repeat that the sick man is dying. It is unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess; on the contrary, I am the first to tell you that our

great, perhaps our only, danger arises from extension ; but, eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the sick man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the prolongation of his life I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands, and I put it to you whether it is not better to be provided for such a contingency. It is not an engagement I ask for—it is a free interchange of ideas, and, *in case of need*, the word of a gentleman.' Now, thought for thought, and word for word, this old story is so exact and accurate a summary of the present batch of despatches that it would even serve as it stands for the current official task of Lord Stanley's précis-writer. They are put into diplomatic language, that is the only difference. 'Sick man, sick man,' is all their burden ; and the echo of public opinion has by this time been trained, and is quite content to reverberate. 'Sick man, very sick man.' 'Dying man,' repeats the docile Duke of Argyll, and points out the discoloration on his face, and the hues of advancing decay and dissolution. Some discoloration is there certainly ; but what we want to know is whether it comes more by nature or by the garotter's clutch. This issue cannot long be shirked.

LATEST FROM THE LEVANT

April 9, 1867

A whole week is a long time for a telegram laden with a somewhat sensational burden to spend on the road between Constantinople and London. If the Danube navigation be open for the spring, as is most probable by this time, we can get our ordinary letters

quicker than that. In fact, we are not without a suspicion that the Constantinople telegram of the 2nd inst., which was only published in the papers of the 8th, is not a true telegram, but merely a written summary of news addressed to the telegraphic agency in some European capital and thence despatched on its rounds. It consists of facts and of rumours of facts, the former of which are worth having and the latter are not. The return of old Mustapha Pasha from Crete is curious and interesting, rather than important. The fatigues of a Cretan campaign can hardly be very great to a well-fed and well-clothed commander-in-chief, accustomed to live all his life in the open air, but when they are undergone at the age of Lord Brougham they are at least worth recording. It is always difficult to ascertain the age of Mahometans with precision, and deduction must usually be made from their estimates in high numbers on account of the lunar years by which they mostly reckon; but it may safely be said that Mustapha Pasha is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of generals who have ever taken the field in active service, as it may assuredly be said with equal safety, that he is one of the most clement and humane ever employed to quell an insurrection. He has been slow and dilatory in his movements, but at any rate he succeeded in putting down the insurrection as an organised military movement fully as well, if not so promptly, as a younger man would have done. As for the rest, it has not been in his power to prevent us Christians from seeing an indigenous, continuous, and politically available Cretan insurrection in the broken bands which seem still to defy pursuit in the mountain dis-

tricts—bands fed, armed, recruited and commanded by Greeks from the mainland; nor would it have been in his power, had he been as young and as strong as Napoleon at Marengo, so long as he and his countrymen go to mosque instead of going to church. From January onwards the movement has been solely political. No fighting has been reported for months, until the telegram of the other day, of which, being from Corfu, we decline to take cognisance of any sort or kind; yet the Greek committees who manage Cretan politics have gained their grand point by forcing Europe to face the alternative of either coercing a Government technically in the right, but assumed to be a standing disgrace to civilisation, or coercing the private enterprises of an excited Christian people, illegitimate on the surface, no doubt, but assumed to be hallowed by the sanction of a higher law than the arrangements of fallible diplomatists. It has been tacitly ruled that what is elsewhere called by the uncomfortable names of filibustering and Fenianism is to be openly encouraged in a case where it is so certain that future law and order will be the permanent result of mere momentary lawlessness as it is in that of the annexation of Crete and Thessaly to the Greek kingdom. Accordingly, all the European diplomatists, save our insular selves, have united to press the cession of Crete upon the Turks. That pressure, being a pressure, is galling to Turkish pride, but if considered with reference to Turkish interests it really urges advice to cut off a perfectly useless limb of the State thoroughly and for ever. In handing it over to Greece once for all, and leaving it to stand or fall as it best may, the Turks have got an opportunity such as may never

recur for utterly stultifying the Greek cry of annexationism, and for making it felt as a standing nuisance to Europe. They must know quite well that the island would not remain for a week annexed to a Government ten times more inefficient and anarchic than their own, except on terms amounting to practical independence. That is not the motive of the European advice, but there can be little doubt that it would be the result of compliance with it. The Turks have had to choose, however, between their pride and their interests, and, as they have peremptorily refused to listen to the collective advice of Europe, and are determined to retain Crete, they have chosen to sacrifice interest to pride, the substance to the shadow. Of the compromise which suggests an autonomy under Turkish supremacy, and which seems to be in favour with us in high quarters, we have nothing to say, except that, when adopted, as it probably will be, it will simply bring things to a dead-lock. It will be found good for nothing and evil for much. The island will be turned into a hotbed of intrigue ten thousand times ranker than the Danubian Principalities in the worst days of intrigue at Bucharest and Jassy. If Lord Stanley deems that an Aristarchi or a Baltazzi at Canea will be the same thing as John Ghica was at Samos, or as the Armenian Daoud Pasha is in the Lebanon, Lord Stanley is either a very sanguine man or has much to learn. For the Cretans themselves, autonomy under or apart from Greece, rather than autonomy under Turkey, would be the most desirable thing; and it is what they will come to in the end, by arms or arts. There would then be anarchy,

no doubt, but it would be honest, semi-barbarous anarchy, and it would, or at any rate could, be confined within the four seas. But there would be no pretext of interference left to Western diplomatists, with their mouths full of Christianity and civilisation and their hands in their neighbours' pockets. The Turks would of course have to run the risk of seeing hard measure dealt to the Cretan Mussulmans; but they may well afford to take the chance of that for the sake of the much greater chance of well stultifying the Greek idea. Moreover, they ought to feel that the great-grandfathers of these Cretan Mussulmans were but Greeks after all.

April 13, 1867.

The Constantinople Reuter—we may best discriminate the component parts of the aggregate Reuter according to place of residence, as one says the Frankfort Rothschild, or the Calcutta Ralli—the Constantinople Reuter, we say, does not seem in the least conscious of the first condition of his existence, which is, that that famous city is now in complete telegraphic communication with the rest of the world. It has, indeed, been so for the last twelve years or more, and all Governments, merchants, and private persons are in the habit of availing themselves largely of the same. There is, therefore, not the least occasion for him to write down his intelligence in a letter, and send it off by the French steamer to his correspondent at Marseilles, as he has now got into the habit of doing every week. The steamer in question appears to leave Constantinople on a Wednesday, arriving at Marseilles on the ensuing Wednesday, after an average passage of a week; and

its Levant news, of eight days' standing, thus comes to be telegraphed to us hot and hot, for Thursday's evening papers, as though it was something of immediate occurrence. Now Constantinople is quite capable of telegraphing its own news for itself, and usually does so. These Marseilles telegrams, against which we have already protested more than once, and indeed, seem likely to be obliged to set up a standing weekly protest, never tell us anything recent. Their information is either anticipated, or not worth having. The last telegram fully illustrates all this. It is dated April 5, yet it is not published till the evening of the 11th, a ridiculous interval for a Constantinople telegram. Now that the Danube is clear of ice, and the Varna and Rustchuk railway opened, a traveller who does not care about sleep, can almost manage to go in person from Paris to Constantinople and back again within that period. Its first item of news, which is about a Bulgarian deputation asking something for Bulgaria, is clumsily and unintelligibly worded, and indicates that the telegrapher had no antecedent knowledge of his subject. His competence, or incompetence, however, is not our present issue; otherwise it might be well worth while to show that there is no such thing as Bulgaria in any sense which stops short of comprising the whole trunk of European Turkey, minus its Greek and Servian, and North-Western limbs. This, the key of the whole question in the Eastern Peninsula, is much too important to be dismissed in a single line of allusion, and must therefore stand over just now. The second item mentions the honours with which the Prince of Serbia was being received at the

capital. But the Prince of Servia has long ago been done with for telegraphic purposes. As we have already been told, in a direct telegram of the 8th, from Constantinople, that he had done what he had to do, and was to leave on the 11th, there is no earthly use in giving news of supererogation about him on the 3rd. Marseilles telegrams are only good for such a case as the prohibition of free telegraphy along the direct line by the Turks or Austrians. Otherwise it becomes a duty to meet them with the perpetual cry of '*Connu, connu !*' as they drop in every Thursday.

THE LATE STIR AT DAMASCUS.

April 16, 1867.

Our Paris correspondence the other day announced the apprehension of a massacre of Christians to be prevailing in Syria, and apparently to have been taken up and certified as well grounded in Paris. The Christians of Damascus most unquestionably were massacred seven years ago, and it is therefore anything but unnatural for them to entertain apprehensions of massacres and every other horror, or to shiver at the very faintest rustle of excitement among the Mahometans. There has never been any time since the massacre, in fact, in which they have been quite free from some such apprehension in a greater or less degree; and at the present moment more especially, when rumours of Christian risings and of European material or moral support of risings all over Turkey, are at their rifest in all men's minds, it would be very strange if these apprehensions were not prevalent among the Christians of Damascus, or if some justification or tangible occasion for them

were not presented by the attitude of the native Syrian Mahometans, their former persecutors. Now something did really happen at Damascus to give rise to the Paris rumour, and it befell in this wise. Towards the end of last month the town of Damascus was placarded one fine day with printed papers, calling upon all the believers to come forward and contribute to the relief of the suffering Mussulman families of Crete, who had been driven out of house and home by a wicked rebellion, and were huddled together in the fortified towns in a state of wretchedness and starvation. The terms of this appeal would seem to have been perfectly temperate, and free from any tinge of fanaticism, even when read by the most bloodshot and panic-stricken eyes; but its tenour was undeniably such as to rouse a sense of injury in the breasts of the faithful, which a native Christian, with the memory of the horrors of 1860 still fresh within him, might well be excused for deeming certain to be vented on himself as its first victim. Accordingly, to use the words of an informant, the Christians openly showed their fear. The rest of the matter is so plain, and so inevitable of perception to even the most careless or ignorant student of modern Turkey, that it seems hardly necessary to finish the story. Of course the consuls took up the extreme view to which the natives in their panic terror had rushed, and of course they interfered at once. Of course the Governor disavowed all knowledge of the placards, imprisoned the director of the printing press—a Government establishment, it should be said—and in the excess of bewildered fussiness conspicuous among consul-ridden pashas when nervously

anxious to please their oppressors, put under arrest his own secretary, who had been denounced to him as author or authoriser of the paper. Perhaps the secretary was so; or perhaps the Governor himself may have been so, for the matter of that, for there is nothing in the way of trick whereof a Turkish official is not capable, at the same time that there is nothing whereof a native Christian will not accuse a Turkish official, or which a consul with a keen nose for a 'question' will not think it his profit or his duty to believe against the official on the charge of the native Christian. All these three antecedent probabilities neutralise one another, and accordingly the authorship of the placard must stand over to be decided upon direct evidence by those whom it may concern. The various morals with which the story is pointed, are the only things which concern us, however, and of these the chief one is the impossibility of carrying on any Government of any kind much longer in Turkey under a system of consular interference, which practically serves to put all government in abeyance without undertaking the responsibility of governing on its own account, as it were, by commission. The Mahometan population, invited under compulsion to forego all its former privileges, in the name of justice and humanity, suddenly finds itself in the present case hindered and even punished for raising a call to charity and humanity, which is actually a direct imitation of similar calls recently made in Western Europe.

An evil motive and an evil design are ascribed to their temperate appeal on behalf of suffering; perhaps with rightness of apprehension as regards its ultimate possible result, but, at any rate, with the utmost

want of charity as regards its immediate conscious motive, and without the slightest rational ground for such conclusion beyond a sheer panic terror. They think it a monstrous and vexatious grievance that they should not be allowed to subscribe funds like anybody else for the relief of their brethren, and they see in the prohibition the dawning of a bitter day of retributory oppression. In that, perhaps, they are not far wrong, if words and acts may be taken as indications of future European policy in the East. We seem going the right way to have a sick continent on our hands ten times as big as ourselves. In that case, no injury and no danger to the straight march of human progress will be so great as the danger of giving the Mahometan world reason to believe that Europe has the will as well as the power, to mete out a different measure of justice and morality to the Christian and to the Mahometan, the European and the Asiatic.

THE RUSSIAN CAT OUT OF THE BAG AT LAST.

May 29, 1867.

Lord Stanley may do worse things than invest a rouble or so out of the public purse in an annual subscription on account of the Foreign Office to the Little-Russian comic paper called *Strachopud*. When Lord Ilchester's bequest of a Slavonic Professorship at Oxford, shall have been carried out in the long course of ages to come—which we suppose will take place when the modern Greek Kalends shall have been adopted as the official era of a revived Byzantine Empire—our posterity will have all the advantage of a sound Slavonic education. It will

then be able to understand what *Strachopud* means ; yea, the very undergraduates of the period will have a good time of it with its text and its pictures, if those be as they are reported to be by the Berlin correspondent of the 'Times.' Meanwhile, our politicians may find plenty in it which it is worth their while to observe. Russia in South-Eastern Europe has been compared to a cat by a lady political traveller of more learning than amiability, who must have some exceptional feeling for that animal, to make her so 'monstrous kind' towards it—the cat of a disorderly household, which is made to bear the blame of all the slovenliness and breakage and general mismanagement of the servants themselves. Accepting Russia in this sense as the cat, we are bound to say that she furthermore resembles the cat above all things in her faculty of being opportunely let out of the bag at the proper moment, when fully able to meet the public gaze, and desirous of meeting it. The Russinians, Ruthenians, or Little-Russians, evidently a people of keen observation and pleasant wit, not to say of a cynical and sardonic humour, have been letting the cat loose in this way, through their comic paper *Strachopud*, above mentioned. A late number is said to present us with the likeness of that noble animal the Russian bear, majestic in his native woods—of course an honest, rough, sweet-toothed, honey-loving, frugivorous beast at bottom, but terrible when roused, or when afflicted with a sore head, as will happen to the most benevolent of bears at times. The bear, no longer led by men, appears this time in triumph as the leader of men ; and a precious string of seedy, draggle-tailed,

forlorn captives he seems to have in tow. First comes Baron de Beust, the Austrian; a poor creature, thought little enough of by the bear, even considered as bear's meat. Then comes a certain elderly gentleman from Paris; and lastly a haggard creature with Piccadilly whiskers, said to stand for an Englishman. That is probably true, seeing that he is walking behind the elderly gentleman from Paris; which it has certainly been very much the English custom to do of late years. The Baron, trembling creature, nervously anxious to propitiate the bear, approaches him with a fine large morsel labelled 'Revision of the Treaties of 1856,' murmuring all the time to himself or his fellows, 'Hang it, the brute is dangerous, and has a prodigious appetite—he'll make short work of us if we don't give him something to eat at once, and the first to be eaten up will be poor me.'

This joke is full of beauties, let alone the instruction. Perhaps the chief one is that it happens to be neither more nor less than a plain matter-of-fact condensation of the central diplomatic history of the Eastern Question during the last six months told in two lines of parable. There is no possible way of making it more literally true than it is. Russia is simply standing just now with a lash over her victim, and she lets it drop quietly from time to time over the Imperial-Royal shoulders in the shape of a mild Slavonic agitation in Galicia or Croatia, or Bohemia, just to show what a double-thonging means when translated into plain Russ. Austria is, in truth, set to do some very dirty work in the Eastern Question; still, to do Austria justice, she does not betray any sense of its dirtiness by making wry mouths thereat;

but that is part of the task, after all. The Little-Russian joke is indeed a jewel, but when one comes to think of it, the setting is perhaps the best joke of the whole. It appeared in the very same day's or at least the next day's papers, which contained certain long and plausible statements of the Austrian diplomatic position in Turkey, having all the appearance of being what is called *communiqué*, or 'inspired,' in the idiom of the day, wherein the dreadful hardship of that position in consequence of our stupid English inaction is set forth, not without artlessness, from that Christianity-mongering point of view which Russia has now found to be the best solvent of Turkish rule. The perverse Lord Stanley persists in refusing to co-operate in the holy work of pulling Turkey to pieces, even at a time when such co-operation is a matter of life and death to the ramshackle Danubian empire; so that the poor people of Vienna are reduced to blurt out in consequence that we in London must come in for a share of diplomatic pressure, and must be *made* to do things if we will not do them of our own accord. We hope we have still spirit enough left in us to shy and kick a bit when the end of *that* rod is shown us—the rod of which the Turks have tasted the sting and the bitterness for many years past; tasted enough, indeed, to redeem all their manifold sins. It is useful to know, at all events, when the pressure does come, that it merely means the struggles of the Christian Government of Vienna to avoid being devoured first, by hustling the Turks into the foreground; and that we have good Russian authority for saying that it means nothing but that.

REVOLT MADE TO ORDER IN EUROPEAN TURKEY.

June 22, 1867.

It is now a fortnight or more since the Vienna correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph' called our attention to the fact that organised brigandage, handsomely subsidised from without, and destined to be promoted at its birth to the honourable dimensions of a spontaneous insurrection, was then being established in the interior of Danubian Bulgaria. We say Danubian Bulgaria, in contradistinction to what is best called Thracian Bulgaria, that is to say, the conventional Rumelia of our maps, in order to miss no opportunity of destroying the dangerous and misleading fallacy of the conventional Bulgaria of our maps being coextensive with the whole territorial occupation of the Bulgarian people, who are simply the heart and core of Christian Turkey. A few days later we accordingly heard, precisely as was expected and intended, that a serious insurrection had broken out in Bulgaria, and the correspondent who reported that circumstance from St. Petersburg to a foreign paper even added that General Tchernayeff, some time Russian commander-in-chief during the wars in Kokan and Bokhara, had gone to take command of the 'insurgents.' The intelligence seemed very strange, and the foreign papers did not publish it without a word of reservation; but since then, and General Tchernayeff apart, the 'insurrection' has fully attained existence as a recognised fact in the public opinion of Europe—that opinion which compounds for its lack of knowledge about Turkey by its excess of wisdom about Turkey. Even the 'Daily

Telegraph' itself, which writes its work-day articles on the East with most excellent sense and caution, is apt to talk of revolt in Bulgaria without any reservation, as an existing fact: it may be hoped it will qualify that expression since the information supplied by its correspondent. Those who do not believe in an immediate or current Bulgarian insurrection at any rate unanimously believe in a prospective Bulgarian insurrection, brought about by the abundance of Bulgarian sympathy with the Cretan Greeks; for is not their cause identical with that of the Cretan and all other Greeks? Did not the Duke of Argyll tell us that all Christians in Turkey look with hope and admiration on the free kingdom of Greece? And are not the newspapers, one and all, assuring us that the continuance of the Cretan struggle must of necessity cause revolts of sympathy everywhere in Turkey? We are all thus bound over to consider the 'brigandage handsomely subsidised from without' as a spontaneous insurrection, if only to verify the words of our own predictions. That Servia has for some time past been striving with all her might and main to lay the train for a genuine insurrection in Bulgaria, one to be timed in its explosion like a fusee, without the slightest result whatever—that the Greeks of the kingdom have been using their utmost efforts to create insurrections in the Turkish provinces adjoining their northern frontier, driving the peaceable peasantry into revolt even with fire and sword, without producing a movement of any kind beyond the immediate range of their hateful operations—each of these hard facts makes no impression on us; for we cannot bring ourselves to face the

Christian cry which would infallibly be raised against us the moment we attempted to expose, denounce, or coerce brigandage which has been 'handsomely subsidised from without' under the specious pretext of liberating or relieving Christians. It is now distinctly ascertained by those who seek to compass the destruction of Turkey, that the guarantors of Turkey will not protect her against downright breaches of morality and good faith, when perpetrated in the name of Christianity, preferring to satisfy their own consciences by calling them the spontaneous dissolution of Turkey. 'Progressum vocat hoc; prætexit nomine culpam'—that is the attitude of the modern guarantor of Turkey, stultifying his past self and eating his words of 1856. The secular enemies of Turkey are therefore scoring up point after point in the game with a rapidity that must even bewilder themselves. Yet, in the utmost defiance of propagandist and prophet alike, the people of Turkey refuse to rise; we, instead of enquiring why they do not rise, go on as before prophesying that they will rise, speculating when they are likely to rise, or taking an enemy's word for the fact that they have risen. Meanwhile, the above-mentioned correspondent of the 'Telegraph,' a gentleman to the special and indeed unique * value and importance of whose communications relative to the border lands of the Lower Danube we have before this made it a duty to call attention, has telegraphed in hot haste from Semlin, to announce the explosion of a conspiracy into open

* Unique, i.e. as being the only things of the kind: not as being necessarily of the same *positive* value as, for instance, Mr. Finlay's letters from Athens.

brigandage somewhere in Bulgaria; the same being intended as a diversion to the Cretan insurrection, and intended also, we may say, to take brevet rank in the West as a spontaneous revolt. Midhat Pasha, Governor-General of the new province which corresponds accurately with the so-called Bulgaria of the maps, a man of ability and energy, has made short work with the brigands he has caught, for he is said to have hanged twenty of them at Rustchuk; none of whom, we sincerely hope, are resident Bulgarians, and all of whom, we further sincerely hope, are members or agents of the secret committee at Bucharest, the prime disturber and the Russian cat's fore-paw, so to speak, on the south side of the Lower Danube.

Had we the fortune of being a great duke, or a clique, or a platform, or a popular preacher, or a lady patroness of Almack's, or a prophecy-monger or vial conjurer, or a railway director, or an individual possessing an income of 3,600*l.* a year—the sum fixed by Sydney Smith as the lowest at which anybody is recognised by the high London world as being entitled to propound an opinion of his own about anything—or any other duly licensed factor of English public opinion admitted to the privilege of affirming and denying things, we might find it in our heart to say something about Bulgaria which has not been said before, which is perfectly true, and which is very opportune to the present period. But there is no use in talking when you know that you are not likely to find listeners, or in casting your bread on the waters when you know that it will drift off into infinite space and perish on the waters. Otherwise we, who are antiphilo-everything-else in Turkey, but who are

able to call ourselves Philo-Bulgarians with a clear conscience, might venture to solicit a little public attention, not to say public favour, on behalf of a nation of five millions of men, the last new birth among nations; a nation of Christians who are not Christianity-mongers; a nation beyond comparison more numerous than any single community in European Turkey; a people resolutely bent on training itself independently by moral as well as by intellectual education, struggling on behalf of its spiritual freedom against the hierarchial oppression of the Greek Patriarchate; alone conscious among all the Christian races under Turkish, or indeed any rule in the East, that it is through growth in a moral education above all things that it can hope to achieve and retain the political greatness in store for it; steadily abstaining from all participation in the schemes for the dissolution of Turkey forced upon it by Greece and Servia, the self-deluding or self-acting tools of Russia in the eastern peninsula; a patient people making the best of a bad state of things, yet one much less bad than what is, for a purpose, represented by enemies and evil counsellors; a people clear-sighted and honest enough to wait and grow quietly to natural maturity, to grow like an oak-tree, *occulto velut arbor avo*, while the other races in their mad vanity are bent on plunging the whole land in a chaotic convulsion of barbarism and blood—a Greco-Servian chaos, which can only end in a Russian cosmos. We venture to say this much even now, only because the very valuable despatch of Vice-Consul Blunt at Adrianople happens to place the subject on record, and because, therefore, it is now possible

to confront those who persist in assuming that 5,000,000 of Bulgarian Christians in Turkey are fully solidary with Greek and Servian Christians in aspirations and interests face to face with an authentic document pointing out their real condition. As for Bulgaria north of the Balkan, Lord Stanley and Lord Lyons best know how and why they come to put up with a few carping lines of report in the Turco-Christian Blue-book from a Scotch baronet quite new to the country, for all account of what, with all shortcomings, is the most improved province of the empire, one which has actually had 140 miles of railroad opened for traffic within the last nine months, without, of course, a word of consular notice being vouchsafed to it. Those iron rails will protect the Christians more effectually than all the platform articles and ducal oratory and ambassadorial guarantees in Christendom.

MR. DUNN GARDNER'S TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

July 1, 1867.

When recently reviewing the 'linked sourness, long drawn out,' of that kindly couple, the slander-hating South-Slavonic spinsters, we observed that the only English traveller who had ever really gone over the whole of Turkey in Europe, and who alone was therefore in a condition to generalise from observation of all parts of that country alike, was Mr. Dunn Gardner, a gentleman who sat in Parliament for many years as representative of a division of one the East Midland counties, Cambridgeshire, we think. It was not as Mr. Dunn Gardner, nor yet as 'Mr.' anything, that he sat; but we do not care to revert

to this fact, except as a warning to those who may fail to find that name in any parliamentary lists. Mr. Gardner's mileage in Turkey amounted to four thousand, and in the little kingdom of Greece to two thousand; to which we may add that he travelled in the best possible way for seeing the country; rough and ready, with no protection but a waterproof overcoat, a stout heart, a keen eye for a country, and a revolver—whereby hangs a tale, well known in the Levant. No account of his travels was ever published by him. We believe he had no other distinct motive in travelling than the verification of ancient sites, and more particularly of the lines of military operations and marches in Livy and Polybius. When, however, the question of Ionian annexation to Greece came up during 1858 in its first phase, the one in which it was proposed to surrender the six southern islands and retain Corfu, Mr. Gardner's not unnatural indignation moved him to write a pamphlet on the special Ionian question. This, unavoidably, had to treat of the fuller Greek question, and of course ultimately led up to the general Eastern Question; or, to speak more precisely, to the question of the present and future condition of Turkey, and the state of public opinion thereupon. The fruits of his great experience, and his searching and ubiquitous observation in Turkey, all the more valuable as being taken from the impartial point of view of a traveller, at once a scholar and a practical squire-minded man, thus came to be given to the world in a few pages of this pamphlet. As that is probably out of print by this time, or out of the reach of most readers, we think it well worth while to extract a very pithy and preg-

nant passage, which is the heart of those pages. This seems to us better calculated than any independent remarks of our own to rectify much of the misconception and the shaky thinking which prevails in an influential part of the public mind relative to Turkey. Besides this, it forms an excellent condensation of the best aggregate consular opinion upon the position of Christians in that country; the cream of that which has just been laid loosely before Parliament in a mere jumble of conflicting details and diverging views by all sorts of men—Levantine lads, men of statesmanlike abilities, ex-Bashi-Bozuk officers, half-breeds, Scotchmen with hard heads, Scotchmen who are all heart, men like Mr. Gifford Palgrave, of world-wide fame, and men like Colonel Sankey, fortunate in strictly local fame. Our extract is also a thoroughly just, and withal kindly, commentary upon the consuls themselves; and that is the key to the whole question of the consular statements and opinions, essentially a personal question. Mr. Gardner has a right to be heard; he speaks with knowledge and authority; and, after all, knowledge and consequent authority are not bad things, especially in European Turkey, where they are, at any rate, very rare things. Apparently regretting that Greece, at first starting on her career, was not attached as a whole to some one of the larger European States—we presume with practical independence, and no interference, save in extreme cases, being like the dependence of Roumania on Turkey, and unlike that of the seven islands on England; but Mr. Gardner does not express himself very clearly here—he goes on to say, in language which is not the less

honest or the less literally accurate for being rough-tongued, and not caring to mince expressions :—

But what is much more important, had she (i.e. Greece) been made a European province, she would have been prevented from becoming a nuisance to her neighbours; we should not have been troubled with the petty factions of Corfu; the Turkish provinces would be advancing quietly in those steady reforms in favour of her rayahs, which I have witnessed largely in Roumeli (i.e. Turkey in Europe, taken broadly), and be relieved from that noisome pestilence from Greece that hangs about her skirts like a flight of bad unwholesome birds or harpies, polluting and infecting wherever they can light. French and German journals are continually giving to the world false statements about revolts, riots, discontents in Roumeli among the Christians; these statements are too often sent by European exiles, *mauvais sujets*, disappointed and ignorant men, and Greeks, who either know as much of the interior of Turkey as of the moon, or, knowing it, wilfully hide the truth, and palm off myths for facts upon Europe at large. No one in Europe can contradict them because they know no better, but I have been in every corner of Roumeli, and I think I can safely contradict those statements. Much of the Turkish news, in its passage to Europe, passes through the falsifying filter of Greece, and the great bulk of European newspapers, being ignorant of affairs, and without skill to distinguish between corn and chaff, swallow all, and their readers are misinformed.

Turkey has made a vast progress as regards the rayahs. I am astonished at the generous self-denial of the Mussulmans, for they have at the bidding of their Padishah largely abdicated that tyranny and cruelty over the Christians which till recently they practised. A more remarkable revolution has been, and is, going on in a quiet way in European Turkey than in any other country of Europe. In due time the rayahs will, by silent revolution, be not only on an equality with the Turks, but will become,

I believe, ultimately the masters of the country. The policy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is the policy of common sense, viz. to uphold the integrity of Turkey and elevate the rayahs, and to develop the internal resources of the country. The first has been vindicated; the second is progressing rapidly; the last has yet to be done; patience and time do wonders; let Europe grant them. Our consuls of all grades in those parts should be instructed to aid to their utmost the above policy at all times, publicly and privately, for I observed them, in a very few instances, inclining to the expulsion of the Turks and to a violent disruption of all government, a course which once begun no man could foresee the result, for it would break up European Turkey into four or five most barbarous petty States, deluge the land in an ocean of blood, and make Constantinople a universal bone of contention for every race, for Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, English, French, Austrians, Russians. English and European interests lie in maintaining intact the Sultan's authority. In this respect a vast deal depends upon our Roumeli consuls. I found them a patriotic and admirable class of men, conscientiously discharging difficult duties in a country of great privation to themselves, cut off from all contact with civilisation. A consul, vice-consul, or even a consular agent is a person of very great influence in Turkey; his words are eagerly caught up by the rayahs for good or for evil; an evil speech from one of them has the same effect in fanning revolts that those shameful partisan speeches have which sometimes are heard in the House of Commons. It is therefore greatly to the advantage of British interests, as well as of Turkish, that in European Turkey all the consular authorities should pull in favour of some well-understood line of policy previously sent to them for their guidance; and that the consuls should always be English, never foreigners; they are of the highest use as a police to see that the Hatti-Humayoon is carried out; and with their aid, and the blessing of God, and the forbearance of Europe,

Roumeli, I think, will advance; but, as we have said to Russia 'Hands off,' measures must be taken to keep Greece off.

No comment on this is needed, save that of pointing out to unwary readers the difference between it and the Palmerstonian Philo-Turcism of the old school—a school of technical diplomacy which foresaw no future, recognised no future, and wanted no future. Here we have a distinct recognition of the fact that the Christians of European Turkey will be the ultimate masters of the country, and that they will be so by growth, and not by convulsion; yet solely on the condition of a sincere and collective support being afforded to Turkey by Europe in a tolerant spirit.

CONFESSIONS OF A GRECO-SLAV FENIAN IN BULGARIA.

July 24, 1867.

Some three weeks ago we undertook to bring clearly before our readers the exact method by which spurious insurrections were being hatched and forced into existence in European Turkey, with the deliberate object of establishing a sufficient show of anarchy, bloodshed, and massacre, calculated to precipitate a diplomatic or an armed intervention on the part of the greater Powers of Europe, for the purpose of numbing and paralysing all Turkish government in Turkey. That was then being done by bands of brigands, recruited, subsidised, organised, and directed from without, principally by a committee at Bucharest. They received orders to break out into general plunder and pillage all over Bulgaria, so as to compel the peaceable Christian peasantry to join their ranks and 'rise against their oppressors' where

possible; it being fully anticipated that the journals of the West could either be blinded to the real nature of such a movement, or else would be self-blinded, and would sympathise actively with it as a natural and spontaneous revolution on the part of those who, by the imperfect light of European public opinion, ignorant of details and seeking refuge in generalities, would be assumed as certain to make common cause with their insurgent fellow-Christians of Crete. The extreme energy and activity of Midhat Pasha, governor of Bulgaria, north of the Balkans, completely defeated this delectable scheme of political rattenning. He made short work with the filibusters, *being helped to the utmost of their power by the Bulgarian Christian peasantry.* These honest men determined to clear the country of these rascals, and they turned to and hunted them down everywhere—even to the very doors, it may be, of the consulates of the guaranteeing Powers. This peasantry, our readers will please to remark, is the same Bulgarian peasantry which, in our eyes, is disaffected by hypothesis, and which it would be quite ‘contrary to our experience of the East’ not to suppose certain to be sympathetically affected towards the so-called Cretan insurgents, and disposed to create a diversion on their behalf. Many curious documents appear to have come to light in connection with this outbreak, to which the Turkish authorities will act wisely in giving the most entire and remorseless publicity at all hazards. For the present, we confine ourselves to the summary of a single document, apparently a letter, found on the person of one of the brigands who was shot offhand shortly after he was taken.

This man, Costaki by name, seems to have been a person of some little substance, who had been induced to trust his whole capital, amounting to a couple of hundred ducats, to the Bucharest committee, under a Fenian bond or guarantee of repayment of three times that sum out of the spoil—the spoil of Christian peasantry by ‘Christian’ liberators, be it remembered—in case the movement turned out all well.

‘You have deceived me with your insurrection,’ wrote the unfortunate man, ‘you sent me into Turkey expecting to find a disaffected province ready to rise, instead of a hostile people of Bulgarians; hostile in deeds,’ too, not only in words, for it is by Bulgarians that I am arrested and given up to the authorities. We are shot down in the plains and starved in the mountains, and have nothing for it but to surrender ourselves to the law. Is that the way you pretend to regenerate a people, and to work for the good of the Bulgarian race? is that your holy work in the name of civilisation and progress? My worldly goods are destroyed, my house is desolate, my life I am about to lay down in the flower of my age. May God smite you and all those who act with you—smite you with a chastisement even more terrible than that which your victims are doomed to suffer!’

We have no comment to offer upon this; nor had we, who have long paid attention to the condition and prospects of the most numerous and the most worthy Christian race in Turkey, ever the slightest doubt about the loyalty and good sense of the Bulgarian population, whose immediate want, in so far

as they have any, is not to turn the Turks, but the Greeks, out of their country. One thing, however, it is our duty to say. We wish to ask our contemporaries, who have been predicting the ever-imminent outbreak of sympathetic revolutions in European Turkey from the first day of the Cretan insurrection onwards, how it comes to pass not only that no such revolutions have ever broken out, but that not even the most persevering and ubiquitous efforts to create them by subsidies and armed invasion have succeeded in making them break out. Nine public writers out of ten have been assuring us that the Bulgarians are perfectly certain and only too anxious to rise of themselves. Yet we see that they will not rise, even if paid to rise; nay, that when they rise, they rise against the intolerable oppression of their liberators. That is to say, those among us may see who care to see. But we are by no means sanguine enough to hope that the present example will avail to modify or temper a single grain of that wonderful mass of misconception and ignorance which we so fondly and proudly call our 'experience of the East.' Be that as it may, we are determined, for our part, that if the Ottoman empire is to perish in this way, slowly tortured and plucked to death by felon hands and parasitic nationalities in the name of Christ and progress, it shall at least perish in the light.

December 28, 1867.

While some of us are holding public counsel as to the best way of confounding the politics of Russia on our north-western Indian frontier, and debating on the respective merit of activity for activity's sake,

and masterly inactivity, here is the first course of safety actually revealed to us from a Russian city—*via prima salutis, quod minimè uris*. After that, any more public discussion of the subject will be no better than the wicked jealousy of a suspicious and bad nature. The Russians are only too anxious to put an end to all antagonism between themselves and the English, and they consider the best way to do that is to find some means of insuring to England her domination in the far East. Russia wishes complete success to England in the far East, says the ‘Moscow Gazette,’ a journal which is in Russia all and more than all that the ‘Times’ is over here. Our Government, it appears, have been very sudden in their Abyssinian war, and they have undertaken it on a scale altogether out of proportion with its avowed object of chastising Theodore. That’s their slyness. The ‘Moscow Gazette’ is entitled to assume that they have some secret design in hand which they wish to conceal from Parliament and from foreign Powers. It may expect to see the submission of Theodore followed by the consolidation of British power in the Red Sea. Our Indian empire would then be all safe from whatever it may be that menaces it, Egypt perhaps, or Ethiopia, or haply the revived queendom of Sheba; and in that case our statesmen would think more kindly than they now do of the Christians of Turkey, and might proceed in perfect agreement with Russia in the regions of the Balkan. We are thus led up through the salvation of India to a charitable frame of mind towards the Bulgaro-Servians, which is the final object of European statesmanship. As for France, it would remain for her to be amazed at this

surprise, and to seek consolation in the prosperous condition of the schools for young girls organised to prepare Turkish maidens for harem life. The *Journal des Débats*, from which we take the 'Moscow Gazette' at secondhand, complains that it cannot see the particular point of this last bit of irony—and no wonder either, for it is not very bright. The press is very young in Russia, however, and one must never be hard on a beginner's rudimentary efforts when one is shown his drawing 'in this style, after six lessons.' But the best of the matter is that our French contemporary, though it says little enough, yet takes the rest of the article in perfect seriousness, and is anything but disinclined to see the possibility of a real combination, one both offensive to French self-love and bearing hostilely upon French interests, in that which to us simply reads as intentionally mischievous nonsense. The Russian writer, thoroughly imbued with the foreign policy of his Government, now as ever determined to make bad blood between England and France in the Levant, must know perfectly well that what he is writing is nonsense in itself. But then it is admirably suited for baiting a hook destined to catch a Frenchman. Entice your Frenchman with jealousy of England dangled long enough before his eyes, and he has never yet failed to rise at the bait with a rush, and gorge it for good. One would think that the mischief intended by the Russian writer was perfectly obvious, but we very much fear the French head will always be turned the moment you begin to try its steadiness with dexterous card shuffling in foreign politics.

MODERN PANSLAVONIC EISTEDDFODS.

December 31, 1867.

In so far as English public opinion takes cognisance of Pan Slavism at all, it has right instincts about it, however little may be the amount of information that it cares to acquire on the details of so unattractive and impalpable a subject. Those who pay any attention to the matter are well aware that this word denotes a certain new ill-defined force, working throughout Eastern Europe with means and for ends apparently scientific; a force of which the outward body and limbs are ethnological, historical, and philological, while its inward spirit and tendency is virtually political. The best way in which Pan Slavism may be defined, such as we have hitherto been accustomed to view it, is by Dr. Latham's formula—namely, that it represents under a general term the local aspirations and local grievances of each particular Slavonic subdivision when under the rule of a foreign race; it being remembered that as no Slavonians are in the enjoyment of absolute political independence, or otherwise than under foreign rule, except the Russians, with whom the term has always had the undisguised meaning of Russian ascendancy, the definition necessarily comprehends all Slavonians. Thus, to the Bohemian, the word has always been the symbol of antagonism to everything German; to the Hungarian Serb, of opposition to the true Magyar; to the Serbian Serb, of hatred to the Turk and desire for political union among all Serbs in Austria and Turkey alike; and so on with all except the Poles and the Bulgarians. The former of these latter races

take either to explaining it away after some process we do not fully understand, or else, and mostly, dread it altogether as merely another name for Russian brute force; while the Bulgarians are either too primitive to comprehend it and respond to it, or else, with the exception of the 'Omladina,' or Young Bulgaria—a mere handful of hot-headed youths under the lead of adult intriguers—keep aloof from it, and view it askance and with misgivings. Panslavism in this stage did not contemplate any definite recognition of Russia as more than the greatest, and indeed the only fortunate one among Slavonic races, viewed ideally only as an ultimate possible avenger of Slavonic wrongs. A fusion or incorporation with Russia might have been dimly beheld as looming in the remote future, but we believe it may safely be asserted that hitherto no Slavonic fragment has ever, up to the present time, formed to itself a distinct and practical wish or intention to merge its individual national life into that of Russia, and so become finally absorbed into that State for ever. Practical intercourse among the minor Slavonic communities for the transaction of political business was tried once for all at Prague during the summer of 1848, and the attempt broke down utterly. It was then found that all the Slavonic deputies who held forth, each in his own tongue, for hours together upon the grandeur and glory of everything Slavonic, past, present, and to come, fondly believing, by dint of much professorial assertion, that each man's tongue was sufficient for all, spoke only to empty air. None understood the other, or when seeming to understand he saw his way only just enough to misunderstand

the other, insomuch that, after many vain trials and with all the good-will in the world, they were fain to meet together on the common ground of the much-reviled German. From that day Panslavism has perforce kept itself entirely to the domain of the ideal, and its results have been local and literary rather than general and political; the several languages—particularly the southern Servian, or so-called Yugoslavic—having thereby been cultivated with great assiduity and some success, if not in higher literature, at least in journalism and pamphleteering. Since the Prague failure, Panslavism has been intangible to the politician, except so far as involved in the minor local interests symbolised by it; as a general force it has had no definite tendency, and has not been palpable in real life. It was, therefore, left pretty much altogether to the ethnologists and the philologists, with whom alone it has borne fruit. To the latter, indeed, the Prague experiment is full of instruction as a practical illustration of the question how far cognate languages with separate literary centres are mutually intelligible or otherwise. Many illustrations in point may be adduced, but none so fully worked out on a large scale. Two kindred tongues may so far be mutually intelligible when the speakers are mere uneducated peasants, rough men of few wants and few ideas, who go through life with a few hundred simple nouns and a few score of verbs; so also, when the speakers are men of the highest cultivation, and fully acquainted with all the resources of their respective tongues, or of the common original of those when surviving or recorded; yet this amount of mutual intelligibility may be wholly

inadequate to fulfil the practical purposes of common official or political life among two kindred communities of equal civilisation and equal culture each of its own language—to meet the wants of the whole body between the professor and the peasant. This will apply with more or less force, varying in many degrees, to many other cases, each affording a good test of the principle, but as yet untested or only tested with individuals, to Holland and Germany, to Spain and Portugal, Spain or Portugal and Italy, Wales and Britany, Munster and Inverness-shire, Turkey and Turkistan, nay, in so far as the peasant is concerned, Yorkshire and Friesland even: such instances are innumerable. Perhaps the only case of true mutual intelligibility between two languages, each having its distinct laws and canons of literary cultivation and its separate consciousness, is to be found in Swedish and Danish. Polish and Bohemian, the nearest approach to this on Slavonic ground among literary as distinct from uncultivated languages, we believe to fall decidedly short of it. Panslavism, where real, has hitherto striven after such mutual intelligibility; it has, indeed, been a little apt to proclaim to the outer world that it was already in possession of that at first starting.

The case has changed materially during the past year, and it is this change which entitles modern Panslavism to serious attention in Western Europe. It has now fairly entered into the domain of practical politics, and has ceased to be a mere dream of enthusiasts, or the symbol of separate interests under the guise of common aspirations. Hitherto the Slavonic languages have never had a single centre round

which to group themselves. They have no common original, standing to them like Latin among the Romanic tongues, for the old ecclesiastical Slavonic is not the parent of all, but of two only, and even that with only half-assured certainty, though doubtless with great probability. Nor are its records wide and copious enough to form any standard of literary appeal for modern purposes, nor is it cultivated among Catholic Slavonians save by one race.

But the Russians, at length coming forward in earnest, have taken Panslavism up in perfect seriousness and with the most thorough definiteness of method and object. They claim to supply the want of a common centre by the Russian language. Henceforward Russia is to be the common denominator of the divers Slavonic fractions, or rather the integer or unit in all Slavonic matters, whereof the minor races and languages are fractions, and into which they are destined to return and be absorbed. The Russians have apparently put their heart into the work, for they are rousing the whole Slavonic world into restless activity with congresses and exhibitions, or what we may best call and understand as stupendous Slavonic Eisteddfods. The races are responding with eagerness to the Russian invitation, and are being in turn plied with Russian grammars, Russian political catechisms, and Russian transcripts of their own languages in the Russian orthography and character. Each, sending delegates to represent it at these meetings, acknowledges the claim of Russia as the centre of a future literary unity, and professes its readiness to work with Russia towards that end. As each regulates its language, so is it to regulate its

political life, submitting itself in each case to the legislative supremacy of Russia, and in no way reluctant to face the now openly disclosed prospect of laying down its small separate existence and being absorbed in a huge Slavonic empire, presumably destined to cover half the world and to domineer over the rest of it. That is the new aspect of Panslavism: the distinct and, so to speak, formal recognition of Russia as its future centre and common term. To us, as Englishmen, this may be nothing, or only of remote interest; nor do we think, for our part, that the vision can or will be realised. But if there be such a thing as a West European solidarity of civilisation, it should surely be a matter of great interest to us as a constituent part of it, and one well deserving of careful observation through its phenomena. Meanwhile, and for the third time of asking, may we enquire how about Lord Ilchester's bequest of a Slavonic Professorship at Oxford?

A GERMAN COMMENTARY ON FOREIGN POLICY IN
TURKEY.

December 31, 1867.

‘The great fault of Napoleon’s policy in the East,’ says the Constantinople correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in one of his latest letters, ‘is that it consists merely of ambitious efforts to be always holding up to his people the image of French preponderance reflected as in a mirror for the gratification of the national vanity, instead of following out some definite aim for the purpose of counteracting the schemes of Russia. The great progress which Russia has been making with her plans in the East

is principally owing to the vacillating attitude of her adversary.' This is written under the effect produced by the perusal of all the blue, and green, and yellow books after their nearly simultaneous receipt at Constantinople, the chief result of which, as the correspondent justly says, is to establish the fact that France has undergone defeat after defeat in the Cretan question principally through her own unsteadiness. The details in proof of this we need not repeat, for we fairly saturated our paper with them last winter and spring; and if we had to renew the story of French aimlessness working from hand to mouth in the Levant, we should only have to rewrite what we were then at some pains to point out. But what is now taking prominence in European eyes is the charge not of vacillation, but of actual double dealing in Eastern matters brought against France by Russia in the remarkable article of the *Invalide Russe* quoted last week in the 'Times' at full length. It is not the Russians, however, but the Turks, who should first bring that charge, and would, if they had a grain of spirit. Nothing can be cooler than the way in which the French excused their participation in the collective action of the Powers in Crete for the purpose of bringing off the insurgent non-combatants, undisguisedly a hostile move against Turkey, by assuring the Turks, as they are said to have done, that they really could not help themselves, for they had engaged themselves beforehand to Russia, but that thenceforward all engagements were over, and they were free to turn round once more and be on the right side again. The Austrians are not much better, at least as regards singleness of policy. Baron

Beust's first step last winter, that of trying to conciliate or stave off Russia by seeing what a conference would do for the revision of the treaties of 1856 in a Russian sense, certainly seems inconsistent enough with his later attitude in Turkey; but we believe the reason of that merely to have been his novelty to this side of Austria when he first started, his trust in diplomatic makeshift, and his entire ignorance in detail of the subject-matter at issue taken comprehensively.

About all this, however, the less said the sooner mended. Perhaps it is past and gone; anyhow, to rebuke it now would be flogging a dead horse, or rather whipping a rocking-horse. No good will ever be got by reminding the French of their past inconsistencies. It is to be hoped—we are hardly sanguine enough as yet to say it is to be fully believed—that the French have by this time found out for themselves that nothing whatever is to be realised by France working the sick man's case on the Russian diagnosis; not a penny of fee, nor yet a rood of inheritance; nothing but ridicule, which it is not convenient nor, indeed, safe for those who profit by French policy to vent just at present, but which is none the less being laughed at in the Greco-Russian sleeve. The sequel of the German correspondent's letter is of far more importance to those who, like Mr. Grant Duff, seek to study the groundwork of what is called the Eastern Question, than the monthly or weekly oscillations of incurably unsteady policy. 'For all this,' he goes on to say (meaning the Russian progress, by the means and at the expense of France, as quoted above), 'Russian influence over the Slavonic

and Greek elements in Turkey must not be overrated. For instance, the Bulgarians, who during the last years have been upholding their own nationality with all their power against the Hellenistic tendencies of the Greek clergy, do not place the slightest trust in Russian suggestions, of which they have learnt to understand the value in what they hear of Poland and the Baltic Provinces.' Here, then, is a special national aspiration indicated which is not to be uniformly treated as we always treat it, comprised, as a matter of course, under the generic classification of Christian, nor under that of Slavonic, nor of Greek. Whenever, therefore, these words are used without reservation in a comprehensive sense, as including in a single category all those in Turkey who are not Turks, and attributing to them a common political solidarity, it becomes manifestly necessary to enquire, supposing what this writer is telling us to be true, how far that which we find predicated of all Christians, all Slavonians, and all Greeks can likewise be ascribed to the Bulgarians, doubtless a component part of each in one sense, yet still stated on competent authority to be entertaining up to a certain point separate tendencies, and displaying separate action. A Bulgarian said all this emphatically enough in a letter to ourselves published some fifteen months ago. We hope we had plenty of readers, but have our doubt of the fact. Mr. Grant Duff is probably the only man in the kingdom who would have an idea of the value of the Bulgarian's patriotic profession* of faith.

SERVIA.

January 17, 1868.

About three weeks ago there appeared in the 'Times' a long and valuable letter from Belgrade, manifestly written by its able and experienced correspondent at Vienna, which may fairly be taken as the best available basis of knowledge upon the recent politics of Servia; that is to say, since the late transfer of Belgrade. Most unfortunately, while fully explaining the position of the Servian people, the writer somewhat over-studiously refrained from committing himself to any definite statement or expression of opinion as to the attitude of the Servian Government towards the Porte. One thing, however, is perfectly clear, and it is put in a sufficiently striking light. The Servian people, now that the fortress of Belgrade has passed into their own keeping, neither have any further grievance, nor do they seek to set up any further grievance. If, therefore, they continue in a state of agitation, it can *only* be because their Government does its best to keep them agitated by inflaming their ambition and fanaticism. But they do not seem to be by any means in a state of agitation withal, nor much inclined to set themselves at the head of a new crusade, if reliance can be placed on the fact reported in the above letter, that the peasantry want above all things to be let alone. They are described as constantly shirking the drill which is to train them for conducting the new crusade, insomuch that the authorities are always having to fine them for non-attendance. If this be true, such agitation and warlike perturbation as undoubtedly exist on the

surface in Servia must be the work of the Government of that country alone, and not the spontaneous excitement of the people. It is, indeed, a matter of perfect notoriety that such is and has long been the case, and that the military preparations of the Servian Government, no less than its hostile attitude towards Turkey, Belgrade or no Belgrade, are the unconcealed results of direct and systematic Russian instruction. The Russians, however, seem at this moment to have spoilt their own game, by putting themselves politically too much in the foreground, and by holding too open and peremptory language in the press. Europe has now taken alarm, and that has shown itself in Servia by the strong official notes which are said to have been recently addressed to the Servian Government. If the Russian newspapers had been more silent and cautious, public opinion in the West might still have looked upon a Servian inroad upon Bosnia or Bulgaria as a spontaneous insurrection in those provinces, even though undisguisedly led by Russian officers in uniform; but the Russian public has in turn learnt to require its newspapers; the West has learnt to translate them, and the stern and wholesome light of publicity is being now daily brought more and more to bear on the ugly underhand transactions which form the whole foreign policy of Russia in Eastern Europe. Not that tranquillity is yet assured for the coming year—far from it; for Russia has committed herself, one may say pledged herself, to a Bulgarian insurrection in the spring, and cannot afford to lose character by calling back the agents who are getting it up. The Bulgarians have got to revolt, and they had better do it with a good will,

poor fellows, if they want to escape Fenian treatment for not revolting.

February 28, 1868.

If the Grand Vizier is only going to arrive at Constantinople on Friday on his return from Crete, as we are just told by a Vienna telegram, it is evident that he cannot have arrived there a fortnight ago, more or less, as we were told by telegraph at the time that he had done. So that when we wrote comments upon his having so returned on the faith of the telegraph, we wrote comments upon what had not occurred—always saving and excepting the possibility of the old story being true and the new one not being true. As it will hardly do to abstain altogether from the publication of telegrams and of comments thereupon which come to us from Eastern Europe or treat of events occurring in that part of the world, it has really become necessary that all such statements or commentaries should be taken as being accompanied with the expressed or understood reservation that nobody making use of them in England should be answerable for their truth. The journalist commenting on such matters should be saved from responsibility by a set formula like that of the Arabian historians when repeating a story—*el uhdeh ala-r-ráwi*—‘the responsibility of it is the reporter’s.’ It should be acknowledged that a certain meridian traversing the E.C. district of Europe gives the line of perpetual truthlessness, just as we have the line of perpetual snow at certain elevations in given latitudes. Not falsehood, for that is a positive term, but lack of truth. No reports coming

from the east of such a line should be treated as susceptible of having either truth or untruth predicated of them to the exclusion of the other. A far better proof of this than the story of Aali Pasha's return is to be found in the condition of opinion on the Continent, not here—for we have not as yet come to take any cognisance of the matter one way or the other—about what is going on along the Lower Danube. It is an absolute Saturnalia of truthlessness, with statement and counterstatement on matters of pure fact, reports about the broadest, most elementary, and most easily ascertainable circumstances, which are now being hurled against one another by the semi-official presses of Paris and St. Petersburg, and of course substantiated by vociferation and reiteration alone, not by enquiry and proof. There are 5,000 Bulgarian or pseudo-Bulgarian Fenians along the Wallachian bank of the Danube, with eight guns, to say nothing of bands to co-operate in all the large towns, ready to invade the Turkish territory at a moment's notice, says Paris. O dear no, an atrocious calumny, says St. Petersburg; the whole thing is untrue, the country is all only too quiet, if anything. Will anybody in Parliament enquire which is true?

ROUMAN TELEGRAMS.

September 28th, 1868.

As the united principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, officially known by the style and title of Roumania since their union, happen to be constituted under the collective guarantee of the European Powers, with express stipulation that neither the

Suzerain nor any other Power should march an army of occupation thereinto without preliminary consultation among themselves, we do not think Paris is unduly sceptical in rejecting off hand any news of the Turks forthwith marching such an army into Roumania as pure untruth; as we were told that doubting Paris did at the beginning of the week upon telegraphic announcement of a story to that effect, on the authority of the *Étoile d'Orient* of Bucharest. We said nothing at the time, thinking that hardly anybody would believe a story carrying improbability on the face of it. The Turks, who shrink from taking their own part nowadays, would not dare to fly in the face of treaty, and commit themselves to any such occupation without previous communication with Europe; and if any communications of the kind had passed, their first announcement would not have been made to the world by a journal only set up the other day to write up nationalities in French for the edification of Western Europe—a paper of no conceivable public authority whatever. It is worth knowing, indeed, how such a paper could have been allowed or have obtained access to Mr. Reuter's wires at all. The same story, or something like it, now comes repeated from Belgrade; but, as appears by a later or a fuller telegram close upon the heels of the first, it is only on the authority of a Servian newspaper. This, however, is semi-official, we believe; and it is really by no means improbable that the Porte is openly showing signs of restlessness under the intolerable provocation of the bands of spurious 'Bulgarian liberators,' which are being continually organised and equipped one after another, quite un-

deterred by failure after failure, on Rouman ground, without any attempt at concealment, and without one word, it would seem, of moral reprobation from any quarter. Of course the Rouman Government is not a principal in this matter, but still it is morally responsible for the tolerance—if, indeed, it be not something more than passive tolerance—of these bands on its territory; and it is certainly responsible to Turkey for so monstrous a state of things—always assuming that mere treaty is not superseded by the half-avowed, and, we believe, as yet uncodified law of the new covenant, according to which nobody is ever responsible to Turkey. At any rate, some diplomatic steps are not unlikely to be taken by that country, with a view to securing a European sanction for some active or precautionary measures or other against perpetual incursions; but we do not the least believe in its taking the bit between its teeth in this way as reported, and we are sure that we shall not first hear of such a measure from the *Étoile d'Orient*.

It is worth while noting that the Belgrade newspaper—or rather, we presume, the telegrapher who summarises it—talks of the Porte as determining to occupy the ‘Rouman frontier.’ How can the Porte occupy the Rouman frontier without bodily occupying Roumania? You cannot predicate an occupation of the Rouman frontier of Turkey in the same way you might predicate it, for instance, of the Russian frontier of Austria. Turkey is separated from Roumania by water—in places, not much short of the Solent in breadth; if she occupies any Roumanian frontier beyond what she holds already, she must of

necessity seize the Rouman bank of the Danube and thus break treaty by direct invasion. As for Baron de Beust's plan of a congress about Roumania, that is very probable, seeing that that statesman is always great with congress. We do not see that there is much else to be done under the circumstances—for Roumania is but the creature of congresses—provided only that the congress will strictly confine itself to Roumania, and not talk what is called 'Eastern Question.' We wonder whether, if it comes off, it will occur to anybody that the best way of making Roumania responsible is to make Roumania wholly independent; to cast away once for all that preposterous and mischievous hypothesis of Turkish suzerainty which affects to consider Roumania as a 'bulwark' against Russian aggression, while in reality and practice it abandons it with open eyes to the underground sap of Russia with the most perfect impunity? Roumania, as now constituted, is just arranged so as to be of the greatest possible annoyance to Turkey and Austria without being of the slightest use to itself or anybody else, save, of course, Russia and the Reds.

'THE SLIGHTEST KNOWLEDGE OF THE EAST.'

October 13, 1868.

The 'Times' correspondent at Berlin is so eager and impetuous in his anxiety to convince the world that the French, and the French alone, have been stirring up the turbid political waters of the Lower Danube for the last six weeks, all in order to brew up an anti-Prussian storm in the rear of Europe, that he

incurs great risk of overrunning his own scent. As for his position, we do not ourselves believe that the French have been doing anything of the kind. We believe rather that Bucharest has some reason of its own for spreading such a story abroad, *vid* Berlin. At the same time we have not the least wish to invite any readers of ours to share our scepticism or our belief. The antecedent probabilities are just six of one and half a dozen of the other. Nor is the issue one of any particular interest to the British public—incapable as that is, for lack of local knowledge, of following all the convolutions of its arguments pro and con. in detail. But it is the evidence, and not the issue, against which we think it necessary to utter a caution. And when the long rignarole petition, presented some weeks ago to Prince Napoleon at Bucharest by three Bulgarian tailors of the local Tooley Street, in the name of the six millions of their countrymen, is appealed to in proof of the connivance of France in the schemes of the Bulgarian revolutionary committees—the reasoning being because people in the East hardly know the use of petitions, and therefore such must have been written to order—we beg leave to say that it is not so much the warning cry as the chastening rod which is mainly needed. ‘The slightest acquaintance with the East,’ says this writer, ‘will satisfy the reader that in a country where the arts of reading and writing, and the still more difficult accomplishment of drawing up petitions and the like, are scarcely known, such a document as the above is never presented unless it has been asked for.’ The writer may well say ‘the slightest,’ for it is not easier to conceive a slighter

acquaintance with that indefinite region called 'the East' than one which knows nothing of the theory and practice of petition as there current. In fact, if there be a case in which a vague term like 'the East,' a term which includes everything from Bosnia to the Ganges, may be used legitimately and accurately at all, it would be the case of an assertion that both individual and corporate petitioning is simply the universal custom all over Eastern Europe and most of Asia. Every individual there is a climber on somebody's back, as the Turks put it; a seizer of skirts, as the Persians say; and his first instinct is, when he hears of anyone with influence, to go and petition him for something. As for the new nationalities, theirs is the naked instinct of rampant parasitism; they cannot move a step without petitioning a patron—openly, if they can, but if not, they seek to compromise consuls or great or little elchees. There is enough evidence of that, one would think, before the world. The thing is so absurd as not to be worth notice, if it were not for this tiresome literary trick of making an appeal, as it were, to the genius of Untruism; of supporting the observation you want to make on a particular subject by a false platitude, when you think its own legs are not strong enough to enable it to stand alone. In manner, it is like the trick of appealing to the knowledge of 'every schoolboy,' who has fortunately grown up now and gone away from the paths of literature. Do our readers, we wonder, remember how, some eighteen months ago, or more, the then Paris correspondent of the 'Times' told us that the Sultan was getting quite accustomed to the use of mintage as a symbol

of sovereign rights since his contact with Europe? and do they remember our citing two passages from the Emperor's Algerian pamphlet in illustration of that wonderful appeal to our 'knowledge of the East'?—the one from his first edition, in which his Majesty said: 'The Arabs have lived in that territorial community which is the law of peoples in the East;' but standing in the second edition, 'The Arabs have not lived in that territorial community which is the law of people in the East: they have a sufficiently exact notion of individual property.' When our readers see in these latter days any appeal couched in loose general terms to 'knowledge of the East,' let them tear up the same into little bits and commit it to any element which destroys.

•CONJURATO DESCENDENS DACUS AB ISTRO.'

October 22, 1868.

Our recent animadversion on a certain passage of the 'Times' correspondence from Berlin concerned manner rather than matter, as our object was the exposure of a thoughtless and foolish literary trick therein displayed, rather than any examination into the truth or falsehood of the writer's direct statements. But it would by no means be justifiable in us to lose the opportunity of correcting a downright error in a matter of fact which holds a very prominent place among these latter. Referring to the address of the Bulgarian committee at Bucharest to Prince Napoleon, with the object of showing that it was bespoken work, merely written to the Prince's order, the correspondent says, not without natural

complacency at his being first of his contemporaries to hatch his egg, 'Not only was the presentation of the address enveloped in the greatest secrecy, and has only now been divulged by an ally of doubtful sincerity, but the demand preferred in the petition is in perfect keeping with the so-called declaration of independence recently promulgated by the Franco-Bulgarian and Franco-Roumanian papers of the far East.' Now, to begin with the last part of this, we beg to say that the language of the *Narodnost*, which, we suppose, is the Franco-Bulgarian paper above alluded to, proves nothing of necessity either way. • True, its appeals are directed to France and Austria instead of being to Russia; but, without making any positive statement in the matter, we should like very much to know from the spot itself and on real first-hand authority, whether that fact may not be a blind all the while. Whatever France may do, Austria at any rate can have no inclination to heap up fuel round her own house for no purpose, or wantonly to gamble with the loaded dice of spurious nationality. But that is not the point. What we want to say is, that the address in question, so far from being only now divulged, has been at least two months before the public. There is no mystery about it, now or at any time, nor is it in the least degree worth making any mystery about. We saw it in the 'Daily Telegraph' some two months ago; only in summary, not *in extenso*. It appeared among the ordinary quiet sub-editorial paragraphs, such as are put in to fill up vacant spaces. It was apparently taken, to the best of our memory, from some Bucharest paper; but of this we are not sure. Nor does it

matter, as indeed there it had got into print, however the 'Telegraph' may have come by it. Had it possessed any importance our readers may rely upon it we should have referred to it, or our valued Bulgarian correspondents would—men who may be allowed to know something about their own countrymen. The address is nothing more than the regular method of self-assertion practised by, or on behalf of, young nationalities down East in quest of a patron, especially one so sweet on young nationalities down East as Prince Napoleon. The Bulgarian committee would have been simply untrue to the reason of its own existence had it let go such an opportunity. But its address no more proves that the Prince bespoke it than the Cretan addresses to Consul Dickson for British protection, now going on for the last six months, prove that they were dictated for the perfidious purposes of Albion by Lord Stanley—not, however, that there is any lack of the very cleverest continental writing to tell you that last tale in perfect good faith. As for the real history of the Bulgarian committees, and of the divers European schemes with which their action was destined to be brought in harmony, the best account will be found in two excellent letters by the Vienna correspondent of the 'Times,' the first in September 1867, the second last March. To these we beg to refer the Berlin writer. There never was any doubt then about their being Russian, any more than that this summer's armed outbreak was Russian. It is altogether unreasonable to believe that these committees should have either the will or the power to shift their allegiance at a moment's notice, and commit their body and soul to

the guidance of a foreign Power unable to exercise direct material action in their favour. It does not follow, we beg to say in conclusion, that the Emperor's policy is of necessity to be interpreted according to the erratic movements of his cousin. For ourselves, we, too, have an opinion about Bulgarians; but as it only rests upon mere knowledge and observation, upon what Bulgarians themselves tell us, and what the brute facts tell us, and as it does not involve any action, but very much the reverse, and as there is not the slightest reference in it to the 'Eastern Question,' or any other fiction, the less we say about it perhaps the better. As the Bulgarians will not move, and as no power from without can make them move, it matters little enough after all who it is that is trying for the moment to stir them up. We believe the simple truth in the present case to be that some Poles in Bulgaria have been making much ado, under the idea that they saw an opening to a combination in favour of Poland, and that France may have been in some way cognisant of this, which is not the same thing as directly supporting it by any means.

DANUBIAN TELEGRAMS.

November 44, 1868.

The rush of telegrams from Danubian Europe is becoming so great that, if we were to deal with them singly as they come in, we should run the risk of changing our nature and garb altogether and becoming an undisguised Austro-Rouman intelligencer. Fortunately, though they are all more or less charged with war and rumour of war, they none of them

matter much, either to us or to anybody; always excepting those which treat of England by name and vainly impute things to us, like that last week's Vienna telegram which ascribed to us the design of urging the Porte to do something dreadful to Roumania—to show Roumania that the Porte 'was there,' as Mr. Anthony Trollope has it. This was utterly absurd on the face of it, and it shows a very curious persistence in attributing an active policy—and such a policy, too!—of initiation to England in this quarter, which the Vienna journalists might surely have unlearned after two years of Lord Stanley; but, though hardly needing contradiction, we are not sorry that it was promptly and authoritatively contradicted by two London newspapers. It has just now come back to us in a milder form, announcing that a more general project of revising certain terms of the treaty of Paris is now being entertained by some of the signatory Powers; more especially with a view to render the authority of the Porte 'less illusory' in the Principalities. If this be true, as we have no reason to say it is not, all we can remark is that the Powers will only turn a bad mess into a worse. They are debarred from formally revising the treaty without the presence of Russia; and the diplomatic compromise or product of the opposing forces of French-led Europe and Russia, with its satellites, is as certain now as it always has been to work for disorder, and disorder tends to nothing but the exclusive advantage of Russia. Nothing is to be gained by urging Turkey to coerce the Principalities; nothing, except to embroil two parties who have no natural quarrel. Total disconnection from Turkey and full political

responsibility, like that of any other European community, are the two things necessary to Roumania; not any more of its sham connection with Turkey, always working amiss and for no purpose but that of political demoralisation, more and more hopeless each day. Roumania has been stewing long enough in the wet sheet of diplomacy; it is high time now to unwrap it, and plunge it in the bracing element of independence.

Thus much of the Vienna telegrams, which are serious, and need the most serious treatment. Not so the Rouman telegrams, which are only meant to be serious, but are not. These worthy Bucharest people have not yet attained sufficient political maturity to justify their being allowed such perfectly unlimited access to the wires as seems to be the case. But they talk beautifully, and to hear them you would think them quite grown up. What is the *Étoile d'Orient*, and why should we be favoured with its views upon anything? What is the *Perseveranza*, the namesake of a very able and well-known Milanese contemporary—about the best of Italian journals? The significance or insignificance of these Bucharest newspapers is a matter which should be known, and it is not quite satisfactory that there should be no Englishman to tell us about it. These papers, we regret to say, are apt to say the thing which is not, and they have not the art to conceal the motive of their funny little fibs. There is something very amusing in their telling us that their being the humble servants and parasites of Russia is merely a story set afloat by Russia. Then their tale of French 'emissaries' among the Bulgarians is a new

attempt to give life to the preposterous old story that the Bulgarian committees of Bucharest were being worked by France, a tale which our readers may remember we exposed at the time, and which, it is now clear, must of course have made its way to Berlin *via* Prince Charles, if not actually bespoken from Berlin, with the entirely unsuccessful object of determining public opinion against France. Now no country is the better for French political 'emissaries,' and the best thing the French can do in these countries is to let them alone; but their present policy is not one which can do much harm. The story of the 'oppressed Roumans' in Transylvania ought to have some notice. It is an exact counterpart of the 'oppressed nationality' dodge in Turkey applied to Austria, and, we are bound to say, with somewhat more plausibility than it has ever been in Turkey, for the Roumans do vastly outnumber the other nationalities in Transylvania, and are increasing like rabbits, as is shown by the coloured statistical maps in Mr. Bonar's excellent work on that country. It brings the irony of nationality-mongering to a climax when one reads on high authority that out of the 900,000 Roumans in this province there are 120 men of education. These men can no more prevail against their Hungarian superiors than the rabbits aforesaid can conquer the squire who owns their warren. We strongly recommend to our readers a perusal of Mr. Bonar's chapters on the Transylvanian Wallacks, in order to get a good view of the present state of their civilisation. He makes it consist of song, theft, incendiarism of the Saxons' farms, and lust of the lower public service. It is evident from all quarters

that the Bucharest Government is really meditating trouble in this quarter, for their behaviour and attitude is literally that recorded by the ancient Rouman poet Virgil (if Homer is good for Signor Dandolo and the Corfiotes, why should not Virgil be good for Domnu Bratiano and the Daco-Romans?). They are scattering abroad ambiguous voices among the vulgar, and they are consciously searching for arms. In this search they are said to be helped by one Colonel Krensky, a Prussian officer sent over to drill them and make soldiers of them. That last he will fail in doing; but, under any circumstances, the numbers of the Rouman nation now being called to arms will suffice to give the Prussian Government the necessary diversion on the further side of Austria in the event of anything happening in the spring, which we take to be the present object of Prince Charles's policy. For the present moment, however, there is no possible fear of anything happening in this part of the world, for nothing is ready, and the winter on the Lower Danube is a serious matter. But we must be prepared for an unlimited amount of the 'spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas.'

WARLIKE RUMOURS IN TURKEY.

December 10, 1868.

We do not find much reason for complacency on account of the surface change of policy in Roumania, nor yet much ground for alarm on account of the hostile attitude alleged to have been just taken by Turkey towards Greece. There never was any fear of an immediate outbreak on the Danube on a large scale at this time of the year. On the other hand,

we do not see any reason to modify or forego such apprehensions as we may have entertained of an intensified resumption of petty Fenian aggressions upon Bulgaria with the opening spring, merely because Prince Charles has changed his Ministry and made a pacific speech under direction from Prussia. The Roumans were going ahead too fast, and it was found high time to stop them. But they are wholly incapable as yet of doing anything collectively, for their army is altogether raw and unorganised, and the people of which it is composed, albeit descended from the Roman legionaries, is a people which has gone soft since the Emperor Trajan's days, and is considered by competent military authority the most unwarlike in the world. Moreover, the easy, kindly Rouman people, taken as a nation, have no political loves or hates, or active aspirations of any kind, or if any, more than the very feeblest, therein presenting the very strongest contrast to the Greek people. The one fact in the late Roumanian events which stands out with prominence is that the change of Ministry has taken place out of deference to Prussia. Prussia is naturally anxious to repudiate any appearance of special influence in the Principalities, and its press disavows such influence accordingly; but the fact remains the same. Meanwhile, the arms despatched from Prussia are still in Roumania, and the Bulgarian committees, which the Austro-Hungarian correspondence of the 'Times' informed us last year were openly taking their instructions from M. Offenbach, the then Russian Consul-General, will not find much discouragement, it is to be presumed, in Lord Stanley's recent ominous words foretelling spontane-

ous rebellion south of the Danube. The danger to the public peace from Roumania is the fact that, in plain English, that country is irresponsible for what may happen on its ground otherwise than by a mere technicality, so that, virtually, Russia enjoys the most perfect impunity in conducting machinations against Turkey from the left bank of the Danube. As Russia is too strong to be called to account for any prospective danger on this score by the West, it is either ignored or laid to the blame of Turkey; but it should be clearly foreseen that such action cannot fail in breaking up Danubian Turkey, to the sole benefit of Russia. However, matters in Roumania are being now hushed up for the winter months, and until the snow is off the ground; settled they are not, and never will be, we are very much afraid, in our time at least.

We cannot bring ourselves to recognise the possibility of open warfare taking place between Turkey and Greece, any more than we can conceive all the noontide traffic of a great London thoroughfare being suspended for the sake and accommodation of an Irish faction fight. Whatever the provocation may be, whatever the justice of either belligerent's ground of quarrel, the nuisance would be supreme and altogether intolerable, and it would certainly not be endured by the great naval Powers for a moment. One of the greatest commercial thoroughfares of the world, a sea swarming with the animated navigation of all nations, would be filled with utter lawlessness and piracy of the worst kind, such as would defy international regulation and control. The Turkish coasts and seaport towns, the especially thriving

part of the empire, would lie at the mercy of free-booting adventurers from all the world sailing under the Greek flag, while the Turkish nation, now no longer an armed people organised for self-defence, would be compelled to look on in helplessness, or vent their rage on the unoffending, and this last is a very serious consideration. On the other hand, their superiority on land would avail them nothing. No doubt it is in their power, militarily speaking, to flood Attica with their armies, and encamp under the Parthenon in a fortnight's time from the first outbreak, but we should very much like to see the face of Europe if they attempted anything of the kind. Greece is—justly or unjustly, wisely or imprudently, knowingly or ignorantly, we care not to say here—under the shelter and protection of a public opinion far more powerful than any official guarantee of protecting Powers. Greece is in some measure a sacred land—a region in odour of classical sanctity. Greece is perfectly aware of this fact, is disposed to exact the utmost political advantage out of such a state of things, and, as a natural consequence, Greece is thereby undergoing very visible political demoralisation. We are not stating any opinion of our own on this matter, we are merely adverting to facts which it is not possible to gainsay. War between a profane Power great on land and an exceptionally and, so to speak, intangibly favoured Power, small indeed, but resolute, adventurous, and ubiquitous on sea, would not merely resemble war between dog and pike, but it would be war between a muzzled dog and a pike. Of course no such war will be allowed for a moment. It is enough to say this, without sub-

jecting the late rumours to any special criticism, or investigating the nature of the offence given. We are not much alarmed; not even at the prospect of Hobart Pasha cruising in the *patenti* *Ægea* with a whole fleet in midwinter, on the chance of sinking a stray shipload of volunteers. Admitting the desirability of Greek and Turk being allowed to have it out once for all in a fair fight, it must be owned that the maritime area on which such a fight must come off is one which belongs to the civilised world, and one in which peace must be enforced. If Turkey is kept from fighting, according to this principle, the Government of Greece must equally be restrained from giving just cause of offence to Turkey. The best comment, however, upon the public capacity of Greece for going to war is to be found in the statement of a French contemporary, that the Greek treasury is so empty that poor King George is obliged to give up his journey through Europe in consequence.

LORD STANLEY'S EASTERN POLICY IN WORD AND DEED.

December 15, 1868.

Echoing rumour persists in attributing to Lord Stanley's famous Lynn speech the sudden determination of the Porte to pluck up a spirit at last, and break once for all with its little tormentor Greece. The existence of such a rumour is no great reason for believing it, but there is certainly some probability in it; it is possible that it may contain a core of truth, for the practical meaning of Lord Stanley's words was clearly enough to show the Turks that they must no longer look to us for any help in their

difficulties. Be that as it may, we are quite content to find the main cause of the Porte's somewhat tardy manifestation of spirit in the circumstance of a new volunteer expedition for Crete being organised, with the complicity of the Greek Government, at a particular time when it cannot have any possible political result, and can only destroy the new roads and reviving cultivation in that unfortunate island. With this must be combined the reported offensive conduct of the Greek officials in the island of Ægina towards the Turks who had chartered an Austrian steamer for the transport of returning Cretan refugees. As for Lord Stanley's words, if they contained nothing worse than even an unguarded repudiation of all intention of affording any future single-handed support to Turkey in the case of internal or quasi-internal troubles, they would have been so far a real exposition of his own very judicious policy; and they would, at all events, have very much reassured this nation—always, of course, assuming him to have previously ascertained that such public repudiation would not have embarrassed his successor in the Foreign Office, or his co-partners in the Anglo-French alliance at Paris. As there was a considerable outcry raised at Paris on the receipt of Lord Stanley's speech, we presume that it was not found very acceptable there, and on that account alone we may venture to call it injudicious. That it was supremely injudicious as seen from an Eastern point of view we have already shown; for it wholly ignores the strong and valuable conservative element among the Bulgarian and Armenian Christians, and wantonly proclaims that henceforth any rebellion,

even though artificially planted from without in Bulgarian Turkey, must be the spontaneous growth of purely natural aspirations, thereby saving his own responsibility, but virtually setting a premium on a form of Fenianism even worse than that which we are accustomed to in the case of Ireland. But it is not for the purpose of again animadverting upon this unfortunate speech that we are now referring to it; it is in order to express our regret that Lord Stanley's Eastern policy was not allowed to speak for itself by its deeds. We are able to treat of the subject now without fear of misinterpretation. There are no more elections or special current occasions to improve in either sense; Lord Stanley's deeds have long ago served their turn for improving the Conservative occasion, and his words have quite answered the purpose of showing him to be a true Liberal at heart. That sort of thing is well got over now, and it is full time to enter into a special examination of his Eastern policy, contrasting it, when necessary, with his own curiously unappreciative exposition of the same.

Whatever else Lord Stanley's policy in Turkey may be, most assuredly it is not a reversal of the old Palmerstonian policy, nor anything like one. No reversal of Lord Palmerston's policy, such as support of Greece against Turkey, is possible for this country, nor would even the present Philhellenic Ministry attempt it. Lord Stanley's Turkish policy may be characterised in two words, as one of masterly negation, negation of that old British single-handed ascendancy which was a reality up to the peace of 1856, but a mere illusion since that period, masking

a repeated succession of failures from the nation by a veil of some dexterous and some very coarse-textured diplomacy. The motive of this ascendancy was excellent, but it was always misinterpreted on the Continent, as so much mere British territorial selfishness and cupidity; so that, as a matter of fact, a cordial European co-operation in the good work of letting Turkey alone, and compelling others to let Turkey alone, was found impossible, and must have been impossible from the necessity of the case. France would not endure English priority, while England would not brook French priority. Again, to the Christians of Turkey no higher political ideal was presented than that of a sort of millennial Ottoman Empire, where there was to be no oppression, and no disaffection, and no bigotry, and also no attempt to guide the inevitable natural aspirations of the various Christian races after increased freedom and self-government into a direction in harmony with Turkey and consistent with its integrity. While the English nation, bitterly disappointed at the fruitlessness of the Crimean war, grew disgusted with everything Turkish, and became more and more disposed to accord full belief to everything anti-Turkish, not a single plea was alleged in justification of Turkish rule but the trite old argument of 'integrity,' or else the unworthy and fool's-paradisaical argument that things were really not going on badly in Turkey after all. No one seemed to think it worth while to point out that a hitherto passive Christian population was gradually assuming national consistence all over European Turkey, yet abstaining from all disaffection, minding its own business, biding its

own time, and still looking to Turkey for the fulfilment of that time. Perhaps no one knew it then; and it is a matter convenient to ignore, as the aforesaid people are as likely as not to go by default and be stampeded into rebellion. But, at any rate, during all these years that we have been grumbling and growling at Turkey, chafing under or shirking our irksome guarantee, turning deaf ears to every word on behalf of Turkey—in natural fear of the prospect of more bloodshed and war apprehended to lie at the bottom of every such argument—all this time the fact equally remains, that no advocate of Turkey has ever appealed to the one really unassailable ground on which his cause is defensible—the circumstance that the most numerous and worthy of its Christian races themselves look to the attainment of their own national life through Turkey and in concert with Turkey. Meanwhile, Turkey was let to wax sicker than ever in public estimate all the world over. While England was going through divers forms of diplomacy in weak ostensible support of the sick man, France resolutely undertook to work his case against Russian interests on the Russian diagnosis of his disease, and by doing so in the French fitful way, went far to convert a hypothetical into a real illness.

When Lord Stanley came into power he found France picking away at Turkey as usual—or, at best, resting between two spells of picking—working, at all events, under the astounding delusion that it was possible to create for herself a special influence in any community there which should be at once anti-Turkish and anti-Russian. Lord Stanley is now leaving office with both France and Austria stren-

uously and even actively supporting Turkey in common. There is no doubt that he has brought about this desirable initiation of a sincere European concert in Eastern policy by his masterly negation of all specially English action in such questions as have arisen from time to time, such as those of Belgrade and Crete. If Serbia is in a true position since the surrender of Belgrade, and acts upon a recognition of that position, it is in a great measure owing to Lord Stanley. If Western Europe in general has at length found out the imposture of the alleged Cretan massacres, it is unquestionably owing to Lord Stanley's firmness in abstaining from participation in the transfer of Cretan families to Greece, undertaken in the name of humanity. These families were perhaps rightly put out of harm's way ; but it is a wonderful commentary on Lord Stanley's discretion or foresight that both the French and the Austrians should have officially recorded the fact that no massacres of the kind ever took place, and that no Cretan refugee could be found who knew anything of them except by hearsay. Lord Stanley's policy in the East, be his own interpretation of it what he chooses, has been admirably judicious. It has gone a long way to open the eyes of Europe to the fact that, so far as we are concerned, there is no such thing as the Eastern Question in Turkey Proper, and that the European Powers must undertake to work it their own way, if they must needs have an Eastern Question—a term which, as we have already said, means nothing in Turkey itself, but is merely an expression for the complex of concordant or discordant European opinion, policy, or intention about matters in Turkey.

December 22, 1868.

If there be a single word of truth in the telegraphic story that the Porte has summoned the Governments of Roumania and Servia to expel their respective Greek populations, all we can say is that the Porte, even Sir Archibald Alison's friend the Sublime Porte himself, is fit for nothing but a private lunatic asylum. As regards Roumania, the order is blunder enough, for it bestows a ground of national irritation against Turkey on a people who are perfectly pacific and without quarrel; yet it is just within the bounds of sanity, for there is a very large floating Greek population engaged in trade on the Danube, which is never free from some scheme or other against Turkey. That would, of course, be no sufficient excuse for the impolicy of the order. But in the case of Servia such an order would be such an astounding act of fatuity as in no way to fall short of mania. The Servians, relieved by the surrender of Belgrade a year or more ago, from the last tangible relic of Ottoman rule capable of hurting their feelings, have since been behaving with the utmost prudence and loyalty, and have held aloof from all propagandism and conspiracy against the merely shadowy authority of Turkey. The utmost amount of Greeks in Servia would at most be only a handful of shopkeepers or pedlars in Belgrade. To try to convert the hypothetical suzerainty into a vital authority is the one act which would rekindle all the old Servian animosity, now dormant under Austro-Hungarian influence, into a burning flame not unlikely to spread over all Slavonic Turkey. If the story be true, the pro-

ceeding can only be a *coup de tête* of the headstrong Sultan. His people will have to pay a heavy penalty for the delirium of their King. If the Turk could only have the wit to take in the present opinion of Europe at one glance, he might well be asked, in the terms of his national proverb, What is the use of pouring cold water on hot broth in this way?

December 26, 1868.

The only reason we had for not rejecting decisively and off-hand the story of the Porte's ordering its two Danubian dependencies to expel their respective Greek settlers was the possibility of such a step having been dictated by the one uncertain force in Turkish politics—the personal will of the despotic sovereign. Otherwise we could not have brought ourselves even to afford it the limited credence implied in adopting it as the text of a discourse. It has been formally contradicted. The origin of it seems to have been simply the notification to the Danubian Governments of the course then contemplated by the Porte in Turkey Proper. This, perhaps, would hardly be worth a second reference, were it not for a certain animus which appears to have regulated the circulation of the story, and which gives an appearance of wilful misinterpretation to its first form. We originally heard it from a North German source, and it has been formally taken up since by a Berlin semi-official journal, which must have known it not to be true. So far as seen, the Prussian policy in Turkey is very unsatisfactory just now, being guided by no regard either to the justice or the expediency of the

case as it stands between that country and Greece, but solely framed with reference to its scheme of European diplomacy. That is true of most countries, doubtless ; but no other has as yet shown an interest in taking up an untrue tale for a purpose.

BOSNIA AND THE 'EASTERN QUESTION'

January 4, 1869.

There is no denying that both Turkey and Greece are alike very curious compounds of political parasitism and political self-reliance. There can be no more instructive, certainly no more amusing, measure of the amount of parasitism which we currently attribute to both, than the almost universal denial by public rumour of any spontaneous motive of action having determined the course of either State in the present crisis. If Greece is obstinate, it is of course for no Greek reason ; it is because Russia must needs be backing her. If Turkey insists on reparation and justice, it is not in the least because Turkey objects to see batteries and needle-guns sent off to undo the hard-earned result of a year's pacification of Crete ; it is because Austria has been egging Turkey on for some ulterior purpose which, invisible though it may be to the common eye, seems to loom prodigiously large in the Prussian eye. At this moment every Continental Power in Europe is engaged in taxing every other Continental Power with the intention of filching some portion or other of hypothetically disaffected Turkish territory, on the sly, of course, after the approved method, and for the ultimate benefit, of 'Christianity and civilisation.' Very conspicuous

among these recriminatory rumours stands that particular one according to which Count Beust is working hard for either a free fight of armies or a free talk of diplomatists, destined to 'solve the Eastern Question,' and, in so solving it, to secure for Austria a portion of Bosnia in the solution—the scramble, as we say in spoken English. Whether it be worth the while of an Austrian statesman to set such portentous machinery in motion for the sake of a portion of Bosnia, or all Bosnia, or ever so many Bosnias, is a question which it seems natural to ask. However, without in the least believing the rumour as such, we are desperately afraid that it is quite possible that the Count should have formed the conception attributed to him, albeit merely as a conception. We fear there is every sign that he actually believes in the feasibility of such a thing as a 'solution of the Eastern Question' by any single act of conference or act of war; that he has no perception that this indescribably hackneyed formula is pure nonsense as it stands; that he believes that Bosnia, *inter alia*, is either disaffected, or easy to hold when conquered; together with a great many other opinions which it is not very easy to adopt without subjecting them to a little preliminary sifting. Without troubling ourselves with the 'solution of the Eastern Question,' by unity of diplomatic act in conference—which is as practicable and as wise as a 'solution' of the 'question' of next year's harvest by special convocation of the parish vestry *ad hoc* just after seed-time, with the parson in the chair—it may not be so much beside the purpose if we begin by enquiring what is this province of Bosnia after all, which is so

readily given and taken on paper in this way. A consular report on Bosnia was published during the autumn, which stated its political condition in pretty decisive terms. 'The most perfect tranquillity existed throughout the province,' says Consul Holmes, an official of considerable standing and experience, 'notwithstanding the usual predictions of the Slav newspapers that revolution was on the point of breaking out. These assertions are still continued with as much assurance and the same want of truth as before. There is perfect security for life and property throughout the *vilayet*, and brigandage can scarcely be said to exist, which is far from being the case in Servia or in — more civilised Austria.' This last reads well for Bosnia; indeed, it looks as if by rights civilisation, if it required anything, required the annexation of Austria by Bosnia rather than that of Bosnia by Austria. Fortunately for universal opinion, however, the Consul has nothing but hard facts to go upon, and they are easily settled by a logical process. All Turkey in Europe is notoriously disaffected; both ripe and eager for revolt. Those who dissent had better read the contemporary European press, *passim*. Bosnia is part of Turkey in Europe. Therefore Bosnia is disaffected and revolutionary. At all events, whatever Consul Holmes, or we, or anybody, may say to the contrary, it and all other parts of Turkey will be so considered until such time as it shall have really been coaxed or goaded into revolution. The political action of that time will of course be called 'the solution of the Eastern Question,' and the historian of next century will probably ask why, as the word 'solution' will surely not be found in

any such sense of gratuitous and self-stultifying unsettlement of things already settled to hand in any dictionary accessible to him. If you want 'solution,' make the best of the existing solution and let things grow and ripen their own way. If you will not accept that, you will have no right to repine at lying uncomfortably on a bed of your own making. The term 'Eastern Question' is, in itself, a convenient way of expressing the whole aggregate of Turkish foreign politics in two words, and it cannot well be dispensed with. But to predicate 'solution' of it is **simply to miss its one point, which is that it is insoluble by any action from without, short of downright brute conquest.** It is high time to get rid of so misleading a formula.

February 19, 1868.

MY DEAR . . .* You in Turkey know better than I whether or not the storm has blown over for this year. I should, for my part, say not: for Russia and the committees have been going at such a railroad pace of late, that it seems to me impossible for her to put on the breaks and stop the train all at once within a week or so. If it be so, it only shows the effect of the attitude of France and Austria being resolute for once, and it also proves the perfect amenability and discipline of the committees and Fenian centres under Russian controul. In this country

* Private Letters to a friend.

not a living soul knows anything about the matter, nor, as things stand, would they care to learn by anything short of some catastrophe, or violent outbreak, or other active circumstance ; and even then, instead of seeking to explain such by facts and the recorded series of events, they would first have recourse to our aggregate store of generalities and common-places about Turkey, oppressed Christians revolting, sick men, Asia, and so on, now as before, and as henceforward. There is not a journal in London, that is aware of what took place last autumn on the Danube—not one. The Bulgarians are an *inarticulate* people, just as much as the Turks are, and in each case the right goes by default, because it is not brought properly before public opinion, which, in our case here, if not enlightened, is really honest and well disposed, and would like to get at the truth if it could—exceptions apart. The Turks want to live on in a happy-go-lucky way, in a fool's paradise, trusting to diplomatic shifts and combinations, to keep the wolf from the door ; a state of things which won't go on much longer. The Bulgarians are as good as unknown in the West, for the English have never heard of them, and the Catholic Powers want to keep them in the dark and convert them in detail, and they do not form an aggregate capable of diplomatic treatment as a whole, like Servia, in the sense of the Power seeking to manipulate them ; consequently they are ignored, for we can only take cognisance over here of that which stirs and asserts itself. They are the victims of a triple fallacy, being represented as necessarily solidary with Greeks, because they are Greeks, i.e. orthodox, in rite, with

Servians, because they speak a Slavonic language, insinuated as identical with their own; and with Russians, because they are supreme among Slavonians, and the future deliverers of oppressed Rayahs; in each and all of these cases being presumed to be actively hostile, or capable of becoming actively hostile, upon occasion, to Turkish rule. They are also often considered as solidary with Roumans, but the reason of that is known to Allah alone, and perhaps to Russia. The primary fallacy of all fallacies is that implied in the word Christian: that any Christian in Turkey is necessarily disaffected because some are, and that all are equally disaffected to the amount of the most disaffected part. This fallacy is what we have need to unlearn. This granted and proved, the utterly diabolical and worse than Fenian nature of the attempts to revolutionise the Bulgarians will be seen at once; and the sight may lead to action, when people have realised that it is for the sake of the most numerous and promising body of Christians that Turkey is to be actively supported nowadays, not for Turks as in the old days. . . .

Very sincerely yours,

STRANGFORD.

September 25, 1868.

MY DEAR You see if the Russians go on hammering long enough they cannot help gaining some recruits as time advances, and perhaps carrying the bulk of the population along with them, unless the Turks acquire some common sense and set up a counter propaganda. As things stand, it is a very hard pull against the collar to plead their cause. If

they had any common courage or honesty they would simply have done what any other Government would have done, and expelled the first consul they could fairly detect tampering with their subjects, at all risks—and there would have been *no risk* if they had stood firm. They should have hanged Bobrikoff as a spy, instead of whining about him. That would of course have made a devil of a row; Russia would have blustered to any extent, and of course England and France would have bullied the Porte to their best ability for thus bringing them face to face with responsibilities they want to shirk. But the Turkish Government exists in order to do justice to its subjects and to protect their interests, or ought to do so. Their conduct is irresolute and pusillanimous, and they are betraying the interests both of their shamefully maligned Mahometan subjects, and placing in jeopardy the nascent prosperity of the most numerous, the most blameless, and the most promising non-Mussulman community in Turkey. This last is their strongest point, in fact; and in arguing the question it is, in my mind, the key of the Turkish defensive position; but who cares for it here? By the 'Liberal' hypothesis, every Christian community is as disaffected as the most disaffected Christian community. The answer to that is, to show that the most numerous one of all Christian communities is in public antagonism with the minority, who profess disaffection. In point of fact, the Bulgarians are simply ignored here, as tending to perplex matters with a new detail; but the Liberal answer will naturally be, when it comes, that if they are not solidary with Hellinists and Yugo-slavists now,

they *ought* to be, and they soon will be. Now, if the Turks, by their apathy, or their stupidity, or selfishness, or routinarity, or Porte-cockneyism, if I may use the terms, persist in declining to take their own part manfully, and if the West wilfully ignores matters for fear of being compelled to declare themselves, the Russians are virtually in a condition to undermine Turkey with impunity, and their ultimate success will fully justify my hypothetical reply put in the 'Liberal' mouth.

Then will come Mr. Mazzini's programme, which he has just been recommending the Poles to adopt, in Turkey realised at last—a Roumano-Serbo-Bulgarian 'Oriental Switzerland,' which is to be a new 'bulwark' against Russia, and which, though it may seem nonsense to you enough to make you cry, is, for all that, the programme of the leading liberal chief of this country. You can't prove it nonsense, you see; nor can you prove that the moon is not made of green cheese by any scientific demonstration that I know of, if the country is once imbued with the heresy that it is. The public here declines to take cognisance of any policy in Turkey which is not either support after the Palmerstonian fashion, that is to say, an exclusively English single-handed support, or a more or less active tolerance, if not support, of anything which can be called a native Christian rising, however brought about, such as the Cretan. The public will not understand a man who urges another course, for it thinks in grooves; and if you talk, for instance, of ostentatiously disclaiming any special English influence, in consideration of the imperative necessity of making aggregate Europe feel

that *it*, and not England particularly, is imperilled by Russian advance through its mischievously tampering with Christian edge-tools—(and it is this special English influence in Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's hands, which, in my mind, tending as it did to provoke the most envious and jealous countermining on the part of France, is the direful cause of all the present evil in Turkey, maladministration apart)—or, if you point out that such a *collective* European support is a matter of *imminent* necessity, but with the heart and not with the pen, and for the sake not of the Porte, which is free to sink or swim, but to gain time for a whole people of industrious Christians—people think you a bore, or a fool, or a crypto-Palmerstonian perhaps, leading up to a war; and this last cry can readily be raised against you. People here are accustomed to discuss Turkish matters not according to fact, but according to the hypothesis of the 'Eastern Question;' and as an acquiescent yet progressive and moving people, Bulgaria does not enter with either the Palmerstonian or *quieta non movere* hypothesis, or with the 'Liberal' hypothesis, of that ridiculous congeries of falsehoods and insincerities called so wantonly the 'Eastern Question.' You know as well as I do, that there is just no such thing as the 'Eastern Question.' It is merely a conventional name, by which is meant the aggregate of conflicting diplomatic and journalistic hypotheses, interpretations, and schemes relative to Turkey; the two former, in nine cases out of ten, being deduced from incorrect or falsified information, and the latter being framed at the expense of Turkey, in the most selfish spirit in all cases, except our own Palmerstonian support.

That support, excellent in theory, was self-defeating and impracticable in the long run, for it started from a false base of operations, that is, non-exclusive English influence—(wherefore Lord Stratford de Redcliffe abdicated in 1858 when he found his position no longer tenable against France and Russia combined)—and since then our policy has been nothing but carefully masked surrender of position after position. Lord S. de R. sought authority at the expense of that of the Turkish Government—no doubt in the name of all goodness and virtue; but still he first established ambassadorial rule and controul, and this, once introduced, has gone on ever since, worse and worse, and perhaps not always in the name of virtue or for a laudable object. All that is wanted in Turkey is for Europe, that is to say the West, to give up endeavouring to establish influence other than Turkish among populations discontented by hypothesis only, because such a course creates the discontent which otherwise would be merely domestic, and of no *political* significance. Otherwise there would be no more an Eastern Question then there is a harvest question, or a wood question, when you have once sowed your seed, and planted your trees. But Europe must have its 'Eastern Question,' and of course must be always trying to 'solve' it—whatever that may mean.—Yours very truly,

STRANGFORD.

ON THE BULGARIANS.

September 26, 1866.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In your edition of Saturday, in the beginning of the article ‘The Language Question in the Tyrol and Istria,’ after touching upon the much-disputed ground of the test for determining the race of any given people, you illustrate your opinion, that the will of a nation must be considered as the definitive test of this determination by the case of the Bulgarians, to whose will, you say, appeal must be made for determining their nationality, as some of them think of themselves as Russians, others as Servians, and others as of something standing by itself. Now, Sir, allow me to correct a statement which is apt to cast disrepute upon our already sufficiently disreputed nation. No Bulgarian, in the present state of our national advancement, will think of himself as Russian or Servian—nationalities whose language and history are wholly distinct from ours. And, of course, the mere supposition that there are Bulgarians who think of themselves as Greeks, is an anachronism. In proof of this, I beg to state that those Bulgarians who were and are educated in Russia, Servia, and Greece, and who naturally ought to have some tendency towards these countries and their nationalities, are the boldest champions of the claim to our being a separate nationality—speak and write much more purely the Bulgarian than any others. As to your saying that the Bulgarians are in a fluid state, which admits of their moulding themselves into some other kindred race, I must say that there is no necessity and no will on their part for this moulding. What motive, indeed, could induce a nation of 5,000,000 to mould itself into another—a nation whose intellectual and material develop-

ment, so much neglected under the double yoke of the Turks and the Greek clergy, is rapidly progressing; whose language is one of the sweetest of the Slavonian dialects; whose commercial activity in the interior of Turkey and the banks of the Danube, scarcely inferior to that of the Greeks, is spreading even to this city; whose industry, moral qualities, and claim to a better position among the more favoured nations of Europe, are justly acknowledged by all travellers; and whose, at last, future is one of the brightest?

Apologising for occupying so much of your valuable space, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A BULGARIAN.

Manchester, Sept. 18, 1866.

We are exceedingly glad to hear that one Bulgarian, at all events, is content to think of himself as a Bulgarian and nothing else. As regards any correction of our own statement, we cannot undertake to commit ourselves to so sweeping a negative counter statement as an assertion that no party or school exists among the Bulgarians who look forward to an ultimate ethnic and political fusion with either the Servians or the Russians as the future destiny of their nation, merely upon the authority of one man, and in the face of the prodigious pulling and hauling which has gone on both from the Servian and the Russian side during the present generation. Russians and Servians have long been hard at work trying to Servianise and Russianise these unlucky Bulgarians on the spot, and their dupes or tools in Western Europe have readily represented such Servianisation or Russianisation as an originally existing or an accomplished fact. If we seem to have overstated

the result of such propagandist efforts, we can easily produce authoritative vouchers which we entirely disbelieve, to the effect that they have fully succeeded, and have quite obliterated the Bulgarians' own sense of distinctive nationality. As for the Greeks, one would think from our correspondent's tone that it was our own anachronism, instead of the anachronism of other people as answered by us. We willingly give insertion to our Bulgarian friend's letter. It forms an important and authentic standard of appeal; one far from unnecessary at the present moment, when the great mass of our contemporaries are actually letting themselves imagine that the destruction of the Turkish power in Europe would, both of necessity and of justice, restore the Greeks, not to autonomy only, but to Imperial dominion. It is most astonishing that they should still so imagine, but there is no use in remonstrating with them, as it is not likely to lead to anything in practice. Still, it must be hard, from a Bulgarian point of view, to have to read through article after article of trash about the new Byzantine Empire being a 'bulwark' of Europe against Russia, *vice* Osman, dead from over-doctoring. The last new clever thing about the Greeks is that they are to be the soul of the new Eastern body of rising nationalities. How does the Bulgarian like the prospect of a Greek soul? What does he think about his likelihood of having one, if it comes to that? He seems to think he has had enough of one already, and is glad enough to have got rid of it. But we forget. He is to have a Wallachian soul, for it is the Danube which unites him to Wallachia, and the Balkan which separates him from

that part of himself which is south of the Balkan; a view which our Bulgarian may see if he should happen to fall in with last Saturday's 'Spectator,' as he should try and do at once, like a good, thoughtful Bulgarian as he doubtless is. The next time the Danubian theory turns up, or our old and eloquently advocated friend, the great Yugo-slavic theory, we hope our Bulgarian will speak up stoutly for his own people. And he must try not to carp at us who are his best friends; though we willingly make allowance for any deviation from a Christian, or at least an Eastern Christian, frame of mind in a Bulgarian living among the Manchester Greeks during an access of aggressive nationalism.

THE BULGARIAN QUESTION STATED.

June 1, 1868.

The interesting and remarkable letter which we publish below is from the pen of one of the leading Bulgarians at Constantinople, and was originally sent to us in French. With the exception of a very brief letter in our columns two years ago, we believe this is the first time that any Bulgarian has addressed an independent European public in person. In such remarks as we have found occasion to make from time to time, notably before and during the hypothetical Bulgarian insurrection of last autumn, upon a question which is in reality the heart and core of the whole nationalistic and political case in European Turkey—little though that may be understood by Palmerstonian Philo-Turks or doctrinary Anti-Turks—we have already given as much prominence as we

could to the chief facts and arguments so clearly stated by our present correspondent. But it is manifest that these must be far more calculated to make a due impression when coming from a native Bulgarian, writing in his own individuality, and therefore admitted to speak with authority, than when taking their chance as mere English exposition. We prefer to let the writer speak altogether for himself in the present case, unaccompanied with comment, which we reserve. It is fair to state that we have altered an expression or two in order to ensure immediate and distinct comprehension of the writer's meaning; thus, when he says that Russia just lent Bulgaria to 'Greece,' it becomes necessary to substitute the expression 'the Greeks,' for that of 'Greece.' This last term would otherwise run the risk, nay, undergo the certainty, of being understood in England as referring to the new Hellenic kingdom, which, in reality, represents a transmuted and not an original type of Greek nationalism; resting its claims and basing its political action on modern Hellenism alone, altogether a new force, and having little to do directly, however ready to profit by their policy, with the extra-Hellenic or Romaic Greeks who act in Turkey as chief depositaries of orthodoxy and Byzantinism, and who traditionally exercise after a fashion an Imperial influence of their own under and within the Turkish Empire—the old Fanar, in a word. In conclusion, and most of all, we would beg our readers not to understand the writer's 'Bulgaria' as restricted to the country conventionally so called in Europe, but as comprising the whole country, with slight deduction, between the Danube and the sea of Marmora,

where Bulgarians are the exclusive or the numerically predominant Christian inhabitants; the chief seat, indeed, of the opposition to the fewer but dominant Greeks, as here described by our correspondent, being the great towns of Adrianople, Philippopoli, and the like, which are situated out of our conventional Bulgaria, and in our conventional Roumelia, which last, taken as it stands on our maps, is a fiction, and means anything or nothing as the case may be.

Constantinople, Feb. 19, 1868.

Your readers may not be unwilling to see a succinct statement of the Bulgarian part of the Eastern Question presented them by a native Bulgarian, at this time of revived interest in that important problem. No one can possibly fail to recognise the importance of the Bulgarian element in the great question now agitated on the Bosphorus. Bulgaria is not only the vastest and the most abundant in resources among the districts of European Turkey; it also happens to be the only one in which there is no idea of revolt against the Porte; the only one in which a quiet, industrious, and sturdy population needs nothing but a regard for certain elementary rights to make it fully satisfied with a Government to which it has been accustomed for four centuries, even though it be more exposed than any other to the intrigues and invitations of Russian Pan-slavism by reason of its Slavonic origin. These few words are enough to show how great should be the prudence and how conciliatory the attitude observed by the Porte in dealing with us Bulgarians.

You are aware of the position imposed upon Christians by the Ottoman conquest. Their religious chiefs thereby became charged, not only with the spiritual administration of their respective flocks, but also with a large share of their temporal affairs as well, such as public education, moral censorship, civil suits, contracts, wills, and the like.

Turkey, in fact, may thus be called, up to a certain point, a federation of theocracies under the sceptre of the Sultan. The ethnic name of these various communities happening to coincide, as a general rule, with the denominational or sectarian name in each case, the populations under Ottoman rule have been able to retain their lay nationality intact under shelter of their religious privileges, and thus to enjoy more activity in public life than would be imagined at first sight. To explain this it is enough to remember that in Oriental Churches the choice of the Patriarchs and their councils lies with the body of the people.

Little by little, however, the Bulgarians, though the most numerous single race submitted to the Crescent, came to be excluded from the advantages of this organisation. The supple Fanariote Greeks managed in no long time to make the Porte believe that the Bulgarians, being 'Greek' by religion, should therefore be under the direct authority of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. A rural population dwelling in the fields and mountains, oppressed by the Mahometan Beys, sunk in ignorance, directed by unskilled or irresolute bishops, the Bulgarians were unable to struggle against the cunning townsmen of Greek race. Ultimately, their last national episcopal see, Ochrida, was lost to them last century through the intrigues of the Greek Patriarch Samuel.

By obtaining the jurisdiction of Bulgaria from the Turks the Greeks made a virtual conquest of that country. They felt the inadequacy of their own small and scattered race to carry out their ambitious views single-handed, and they resolved to assimilate and incorporate the numerous and sturdy people dwelling by the Balkan. It was then that the work of denationalisation commenced for the Bulgarians. Greeks were everywhere placed at the head of Slavonic bishoprics; in the churches and schools the Slavonic tongue was displaced by Greek, and such establishments were viewed as the actual property of the Fanariote Government. That word is not too strong, for what I have written above will show how large a share of temporal

authority really devolves in Turkey on the spiritual head of a denomination. This authority was not idle in Fanariote hands, what between Turkish apathy and Bulgarian torpor. As agents of the pashas resident in their palaces, as assessors of taxes, as schoolmasters, priests, judges, these Greeks benumbed Bulgaria and made it a passive instrument at the will of the Fanariote Pope. It is hard to bear the yoke of a dynasty against the will; but it is far harder to be enslaved to an entire people where a new tyrant is found at every step. Imagine such a tyranny whetted by the *esprit sacerdotal*, by Greek avidity, and by the ambition of the Hellenic 'grand idea,' and you may conceive what we Bulgarians had to suffer. Our very name at length disappeared and became lost to the world. It was necessary to turn Greek, and to make a Greek of himself even to his name, for any Bulgarian to obtain any of the advantages reserved for the dominant race. Thence the worst tyranny to us of all—that of the apostates. Those who did not become Greeks became helots, and were ground down to the earth between the taxation of the Government and the countless vexations of the Greek clergy.

What did Russia, the patron of Slavism, say at this sight of a Slavonic people at the mercy of Greek vanity and rapacity?

Russia let matters alone for a very good reason. Russia just lent Bulgaria to the Greeks until the fall of the empire might enable her to reckon in turn with her associates. She expected that it was the Turkish Government that the Bulgarians would hold responsible for Greek oppressions. She let the Greeks sow the seed of misery in the hope that some day the Turks might reap the harvest of revolt.

Bulgarian vitality, however, proved stronger than all the evils of tyranny and ignorance. The stir in the East during the Crimean war broke the gloomy coping of our prison house, and let the light of day in upon its captives. The Bulgarians asked themselves why they were deprived

of the autonomy systematically accorded by the Porte to Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Maronites, Druses—why they, six millions of men, were the helots of a million of Greeks? Why a Slavonic race, devout by nature, and largely tolerant and broad in its spiritual conceptions, should be kept down grovelling at the feet of Greek superstitious idolatry? It is not a futile question of mere dogma which is to be sought for in this Bulgarian revolt against the Greeks. It is the sentiment of injured nationality joined to the aspiration of a people to participate in a life from which it has been long severed; yet to do so calmly, and without seeking to plunge in the abyss of senseless ambition. We do not desire anything beyond that amount of temporal autonomy which is necessarily involved in such religious autonomy as the Porte accords to each community. Deliverance from the Greeks, direct communication with the central Government, the right of electing our national clergy by our own people, the use of our own language in the Church services, and its cultivation in schools, constitute the whole amount of the Bulgarian demand. As for the rest, we are content to rely on the interest which the Porte itself finds in the gradual introduction of reforms. Fidelity to the Government seems to us only the just return for its preservation and guardianship of our nationality, for the Bulgarians fully comprehend that the wreck of the empire would simply throw them headlong into the gulf of Russism.

Thus it is that Russia manifests no sympathy for the revival of a Slav nationality which seeks nothing from her. In none of her treaties with Turkey has she ever mentioned Bulgaria. The reason of this is clear enough. Russia has no desire to see a numerous Slavonic community rise into a nation at her side, stamped with feature and character other than those of Czarism; in that she sees a danger to her beloved Panslavism. She would fain see Bulgaria lulled to sleep in the lap of Grecism till the day of the final triumph of Greco-Russian policy in the East; biding

that opportunity for sweeping up Bulgaria, as her own property, a Slavonic waif and stray due, as matter of course, to the god of Pan Slavism.

Unfortunately, Bulgaria, though at length awakened, stands unnoticed and alone; and Russia has been, therefore, striving to turn that awakening to her account on another tack. To a people whom she was hitherto content to sacrifice to a handful of Greeks she is proposing to become a full-blown Bulgarian kingdom—nay, a constitutional one. In support of this object she recently despatched bands of *ruffians* into the interior, who were arrested by the Bulgarian peasantry themselves. Seeing how useless it is to try and make them revolt against the Porte, she has now resumed her old policy of lulling them to repose on the bosom of the Fanar as before.

It is easy to see why Russia dreads the existence of our nationality, and wants to combine Greek and Bulgarian elements together in one Church; but it is by no means so easy to see why the Turks should entertain or affect any similar fear or desire. It is now ten years that the Bulgarian secession from the Fanariote Church-establishment has been a virtual fact, but our separate status is not yet legally recognised; and, however well disposed may be the Government, its real intentions still remain a mystery. From this cause there exists among us a certain feeling of discomfort and disquietude, almost a disorganisation which may even lead to very serious consequences for Turkey itself. Yet in its separation from Hellenism, and in turning a deaf ear to Russian incitations to revolt, has not Bulgaria weakened the most immediate enemies of the Turks? Has she not signally vindicated Turkey against the ceaseless calumnies of Russia? It may be said that the fidelity of to-day is no guarantee for the fidelity of to-morrow; but what can there be for the Government to fear in the modicum of autonomy we claim? Moreover, the greater the amount of national consciousness the Bulgarians acquire, the more they will dread being merged

in Russian unity, and the more will they cling to Turkey. Let it also be remembered, that the increase in means of communication, and the progressive equalisation before the law now at work in the empire, will tend to deprive this autonomy of all separatist character. It is common to flatter the Turks with the prospect of a fusion among the races of their empire; well, the way, the only possible way, to bring about such fusion is to satisfy the legitimate desires of each race. Individuals will only consent to unite in a common centre under the condition of there finding free room to exist. Meanwhile, if there be one thing more than another that Russia fears and that Turkey should desire, it is the existence, under the Ottoman sceptre, of a great Slavonic race, well governed, free, and content with its lot. The Turkish Government, if it chooses, can thus destroy the pretensions of Russia to the monopoly of Slavism.

IVANOVITZ.

DISTINCTIVENESS OF BULGARIAN CHARACTER AND OBJECTS.

June 10, 1868.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Amid the manifest complications of the Eastern Question it is no less essential to the interests of the Turkish Government than to those of the Bulgarian people themselves, that the latter should no longer be credited by the world with any necessary participation in the ambitious and revolutionary schemes of their neighbours, which are undermining the throne of the Sultans by reason of their race or their religion. It is true, no doubt, that the Bulgarians are Slavs like the Serbs and Montenegrins; it is likewise true that, like the Greeks, and Russians, they follow the forms of the orthodox rite; but it is a blunder so gross and palpable as almost to deserve being called intentional to ascribe to the Bulgarians a complete identity of political

tendencies with the above nations on the strength of certain points of general relationship.

From their first appearance in history the Bulgarians have always borne the mark of a distinctive national character. Ages passed under Ottoman rule have not failed to leave a further impress upon that nationality deep enough to constitute a permanent distinction between it and the other Slavonic races. This distinct personality the Bulgarians are at this moment asserting and demonstrating by ideas of their own, aspirations of their own, and policy of their own. Before the Turkish conquest the only bonds which united the Servian and Bulgarian kingdoms were those of a common origin and language. But common origin and language cannot of themselves suffice to make a single people out of the various tribes of a race. Beneath general characteristics there exist certain special traits, produced by geographical position, by the nature of climate and soil, or by the course of circumstance, which set up and establish trenchant lines of demarcation among nations of the same stock, and which determine the species within the genus. Thus, just as the first comer is able to distinguish the Anglo-American from the Englishman, the Hollander from the German, the Spaniard from the Portuguese, so also the Bulgarian must be viewed apart from the Pole, Bohemian, or Servian. The Slav domain is a wide one, and its extent necessarily conduces to the modification of each family by special conditions of life, which must fall short of identity when occurring under different latitudes, and in totally dissimilar geographical areas.

To come to details. Only ask those who have had any experience of Servia and Bulgaria for their opinion. They will tell you that, so far from there being any intimate natural affinity between the Servian, a warrior, a man of declamation, a lover of adventure rather than of work, and the steady, matter-of-fact, hard-working Bulgarian, the very reverse is the case. From all this it is clear that the establishment of Pan Slavism would be simply a blow aimed at the individual rights of each Slavonic people.

As for the Greeks, their first encounter with the Bulgarians was sword in hand, and they had the worst of it. Later on they made use of Turkish rule to take their revenge, fastening on to us under it as leeches of the Fanar. Up to this day they obstinately deny us our ecclesiastical rights, while we on our side never lose an occasion of testifying estrangement from everything which leads up to or bears upon the great Hellenic question. It is very evident that similarity in religious forms can have no power to combine two such antipathetic spirits as ours and the Greek. I use the word forms, because, at bottom, the Bulgarian's religion is not at all that of the Greek. With him, religion is more an affair of politics than anything else; it is, in fact, his emblem of nationality. With the Bulgarian, as with all the true Slavs, religion is a profound and self-nurturing sentiment, abiding in the heart unmoved by the fluctuations of worldly interests. Nor do we resemble Russia any more than do other Slav communities; we love individual liberty, and we are strongly imbued with a sense of the rights of property, so that Russian centralisation and communistic ideas are repugnant to us. Our language is as different from Russian as French from Italian: that is to say, certainly not enough to merge into Russian by natural fusion. Historically, Russia has never taken a step to attach us to her. As her influence arose in the East she came to consider us as an inferior sort of Slavonic race, one wholly passive, and doomed to pass under Russian rule by the mere force of circumstances. Not a word of us in her treaties with the Porte, for she found it best that the Greeks should wield our resources and turn our strength to account in order to undermine the Turkish empire. Hostile, now as ever, to our separatist aspiration, she is now multiplying attempts to induce us to resume our former position of Greek Helots. It is true that, being deprived by the Greeks of our own ecclesiastical books in Slavonic, we get them occasionally from Russia; but this is an idle fact, which really has no other signifi-

cance than as a warning to the Porte of the risk it runs by continuing to abandon us to Greek persecution. Our passive attitude in presence of the bands lately sent by Russia, to stir us up in revolt, and our emphatic disclaimer of fellow-feeling with the Cretan insurgents, are striking proofs of our want of sympathy with Russian tendencies, and of the political independence of our own conduct.

Why should we sacrifice this independence? We are a people of six millions, robust, hard-working, intelligent men; we live in a wide and fruitful land, and we can well suffice for ourselves, and do our own work. Accustomed for centuries to Ottoman dominion, we see in it the protecting guardian of our national individuality. We are thus attached to Turkey by the double tie of habit and self-interest. Verily the Turkish Government will be most ill-advised if it prefers a mere routine obedience against the grain to such an attachment as this, based on reason. One resemblance there is which exists between us and the peoples of Servia and Greece—the desire we feel of holding a position more worthy of us as a working people in an enlightened age. But it is not in revolt that we demand such an amount of reform as we seek; we look for it in the justice and good sense of the Turkish Government. It is for the Porte to do away with the only reason which can possibly lead the world to believe that we are ranged in the ranks of the enemies of Turkey.

KOPRICHTENCKI.

MORAL OF THE LATE EVENTS IN BULGARIA.

September 22, 1868.

Under the above heading we have just received another letter in French from one of our native Bulgarian correspondents, whose previous communications published by us in the course of the past summer may not have escaped the memory of our readers—

though we say that with hope rather than with expectation. This is what he says:—

Let us turn our attention for awhile to the recent Rustchuk *échauffourée* as a fresh landmark serving to point out the real direction of our Bulgarian tendencies; a new ray destined to enlighten both the Turkish and foreign Governments upon the subject.

An explosion of the same kind was brought about last year; one from which the foreign Power which prepared it expected great results. By dint of perpetually bragging of the force of Panslavism, and by incessantly dwelling upon the utter want of cohesiveness in Turkey, this Power talked itself into a belief in its own words; it imagined that nothing was easier than to break up Turkey, and nothing more fascinating than Panslavism. Fully persuaded of this, it hoped, naively enough, that the flight of hateful birds of prey let loose by it on the banks of the Danube would, as a matter of course, stir up a thousand angry swarms of the same brood all over Bulgaria.

One knows how that expedition turned out. It demonstrated that the Ottoman elements had not altogether lost cohesion. It showed some cause to the world for thinking that Turkey might be, after all, something more than a mere encampment in Europe; that it offered, in short, firmer soil for the foothold of reform and progress than is usually represented by Western statesmen in quest of troubled waters, and by journalists à quinze centimes la ligne. We shall make no exaggeration if we set a high value on the manifold experience thence accruing to Turkey. It has gone far towards disenchanting the enemies of Turkey, and to reconciling the public opinion of Europe with that country. Had the Bulgarian nation responded to the appeal of the stranger, or had it even hesitated in presence of the lure here held out to it, the Porte would have found itself compelled to face troubles very much more serious than the Cretan difficulty. I do not hesitate to place in strong

relief the service which Bulgaria then rendered to the Government, for, indeed, the spontaneous service of an entire people is honourable to the Government on which it is conferred.

This year the sanguinary experiment has just been tried over again, evidently moved by the same hand, concealed though that may be, and with just the same result. The sallying-point of the brigands, that is to say the north bank of the Danube, and their isolation when confronted by repressive force, prove now as before that they have no connection with the country, and that it is from foreigners only that they receive inspiration and arms. Those among them who survived the first encounter near Rustchuk took flight at once for Philippopoli. At this point it is well to recall to mind all the instigatory missions and propaganda of which this town and province were the scene last year. The brigands were led to expect a favourable welcome there in consequence, and to calculate on recruiting largely among the Bulgarians in a district where they are pretty nearly left to themselves for want of Ottoman garrisons. But this expectation has not come to anything, and they are perishing in the heart of Bulgaria without evoking the faintest sympathy by their audacity and peril.

Now please remark, Sir, that this fact of the Bulgarian people turning a deaf ear to these inflammatory appeals cannot any longer be laid to the score of mere apathy, the inertia of a body without any wants and ignorantly unconscious of itself. It is some twelve years now that definite aspirations towards a higher future, towards political life and association in common for a purpose, have been prevailing among this people; you have the proof of it in their unanimous and persevering assertion of their rights to ecclesiastical autonomy. Moreover, a foreign propaganda has been incessantly at work in every direction, rousing and stimulating intelligence and passion all over the country. The Government has done little enough to interfere with this revival—and it so happens that it has

gained by the abstention. It is incontestable that the proofs of attachment afforded it by the Bulgarians are neither the result of compulsion nor of imbecility; they come from the conviction being verified that Bulgarianism having free play, conscious of its interests, and essentially (*fondièrement*) friendly to Turkey, is actually a constituent element of Ottomanism.

What remains for the Turkish Government to do? To be consistent with itself, surely; to continue its liberal policy towards the Bulgarians, to protect aspirations of theirs from which it has seen that it has nothing to fear; to assume direction of them, and thus lead them on so as to be merged into identity with its own policy.

Here we come naturally to the interminable question of ecclesiastical autonomy. The time is past for treating that from a historical or theological or juristic point of view, the case is too urgent for mere quibbles and chicane. The Government has before it the task of conciliating and identifying with its interests the Bulgarian people; and this without loss of time, for these claims of the Bulgarians must no longer be looked upon as being divested of political significance. As a matter of fact, the Porte has been allowing the Bulgarian people for the last twelve years to contemplate and take to heart the prospect of obtaining ecclesiastical autonomy. The hope of that has been our first ray of light after a night of five centuries, and therefore is fondly cherished as one cherishes the memory of his birth. Ignorant as yet of public life outside of the sphere of the ecclesiastical, the Bulgarians have centered all their ideas of moral and material progress as well as of politics in this. What has attached them to the Government with so much energy is simply the hope of attaining this result of ecclesiastical autonomy. The Government should, properly, have withheld from them all encouragement from the very beginning, both explicit and implicit, and compelled them to silence; but to seek to hush up these aspirations now, after so long a lapse of time,

would simply be to plunge into the very depth of unpopularity, caused by the bitterest disappointment and the most violent disenchantment. It is too late to think of leading them off the track by other attractions; the mind of the people is in a fever from this religious question, which must be calmed before any other paths can be laid open to its activity.

I know of no other Government which would not be only too happy to see its subjects absorbed in a preoccupation so inoffensive as this. It is hard to say what possible interest the Porte can find in forcing its Bulgarian subjects to have a Greek Patriarch instead of a Bulgarian one. That which should not be a matter of indifference to the Government, however, is delay in yielding concessions on a point very dear to the Bulgarians and perfectly indifferent to itself. Let it only listen to the language addressed us by the revolutionary committees at Constantinople, Bucharest, and Slimnia. 'What have you got in return for your fidelity? Not even your religious independence, so long promised you. Why, the Cretans have got more by their revolt than you by your devotion.' The Bulgarians have hitherto been deaf to all this, but common sense tells us that it is not good to expose either the best of men or the best of peoples to too long a trial and too continual a temptation.

The cause of the Porte's delay in this affair is assuredly to be looked for in foreign influence. On the one side the Russians are intriguing because they are afraid of the prospect of a decided unanimity arising between the Porte and its numerous Bulgarian subjects; on the other side we have the pretensions of Catholicism, sinuously moving along in Jesuitical tracks and seeking to defer the solution of this question as long as possible, in the fond hope that the Bulgarians, weary of waiting, will end by going over in a body and throw themselves into the arms of Rome. The Bulgarians are fully aware of each game, and they know that if they get what they want it is the Turks alone who will have given it them. Now is it not better for the Turks to

be masters in their own house for once at least, and to settle with their subjects without foreign interference? This consideration alone ought to determine their action in our favour. The Porte's declared aim now is fusion as far as possible among its different races; how can it prepare better for such fusion than by granting the Bulgarians their wishes in a way to detach them from Western influences, and thereby leading them to look on itself alone as their natural asylum? They have long been living quietly side by side with Turks; once put in possession of their religious independence the union between Bulgaria and the Empire will be complete, and will be in a condition to hold its own against far more formidable antagonists than bandits lurking in the swamps of the Danube.

You have here the plain truths, which seem deducible from consideration of the recent events near Rustchuk. The present opportunity is well suited to cure the Porte of its mistrust of our people. Too long it has been taking the word of our enemies and believing that Bulgaria was a menacing cloud hanging over the destiny of Turkey. It depends on the Government itself to find in Bulgaria a firm rock, to which it can lie securely moored in the hour of tempest.

DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE GREEK CHURCH IN BULGARIA.

November 27, 1868.

While we are talking about the disestablishment of Churches in false positions, the Turks are hard at work doing it. To be sure it is no Church of their own which they are disestablishing, which makes all the difference. Anyhow, the Turks do seem at length to have committed themselves to the decisive measure of authorising the Bulgarian people to secede from the Greek Church establishment, and to live henceforth under an independent ecclesiastical administra-

tion of their own. A decision to this effect has lately been formally communicated to the Greek Patriarchate by the Porte, and it may be presumed that the Bulgarians will be enabled to act upon it at once. They are to be for the future under the supreme jurisdiction of a Bulgarian Metropolitan residing at Constantinople. This dignitary, as well as all the bishops in the home provinces, where the majority of the Christian population is of Bulgarian race and speech, will be elected by a Bulgarian synod, and confirmed by an Imperial writ—those dioceses where the majority is of Greek race and speech remaining under Greek bishops as before. For the spiritual confirmation of the Bulgarian prelates thus elected, as well as for purely dogmatic questions, however, the authority of the Œcumenical Greek Patriarch is still to remain paramount. That a lethargic and routine-loving Government like that of Turkey should commit itself to so sweeping and radical a measure, involving so much consideration of detail as this, must be taken only as the result of a serious and immediate apprehension that any further delay would be fatal. The Bulgarian people form the mass of the Christian population of European Turkey. If the Bulgarians were disaffected to Turkey, even in aspiration only, as Lord Stanley's recent language seems to assert by implication, the Turks would have had long ago to give up politics and retire into private life; to 'retire into Asia,' as the cant phrase formulates it. When the Christians of Turkey are spoken of in politics as a common body, the speaker is bound to ask himself whether what he says happens to be specifically true of the Bulgarians. Their attitude for years past has

been one of stubborn persistence in the single demand for ecclesiastical independence, which in Turkey includes a considerable amount of civil independence. That is combined with a careful abstention from the slightest approach to disloyalty towards the Turks either in word or deed, partly from a desire to plead their cause with clean hands, partly from the conviction, firmly and lucidly stated by one of our Bulgarian correspondents, that a break-up of Turkey would simply swamp their nationality in Russia, partly from a deficient political sense in the bulk of the race. No notice has been taken of them in Europe because a passive and as yet little more than rudimentary nationality like this, which will neither co-operate with the Porte for the active support of the empire, nor yet bind itself to a revolt against Turkey, is of no diplomatic or military service to any current hypothesis of the Eastern Question—that is to say, to the complex of views and theories about Turkey as entertained in the various European Foreign Offices, irrespective of Turkey itself. Indeed it tends to stultify that somewhat wearisome formula, for it asserts in practice that there is no such thing as the Eastern Question apart from the meddling action, whether well or ill meant, of self-seeking foreign Powers. It wants to grow, and to be let alone. The Bulgarians have resisted Pan Slavonic propagandism with no less firmness than the steady continuous Papal aggression which has been at underground work among them for some ten years, once under French, now rather under Austrian, patronage. At the same time, the last letter of our Bulgarian correspondent distinctly, though guardedly, pointed out

that there was some distantly looming risk of roused national feelings taking an unfriendly turn to Turkey, if the demands in question were much longer deferred. As we cannot possibly suppose Lord Stanley to be ignorant of the Bulgarian question, it is presumable that his recent language, attributing a common political disaffection to all Christians in Turkey, does really indicate some such inchoate revulsion of feeling in the Bulgarians, which will in such case have been the immediate cause of the Turkish concession. Not but what it is possible that Lord Stanley may have been merely dissembling his special knowledge of a matter hardly known in England, and talking down to the hypothesis which many Liberals very far gone in doctrine assert to be an integral plank of their party platform—which, as the said plank is an exceedingly unsound plank, we are very sorry to hear, for the sake of the Liberal party, if it be true—the views, that is to say, that every Christian community in Turkey is as disaffected as the most disaffected community, that the Greeks are the most disaffected community, that all Greeks are politically at one, that the Greeks are both the natural and the actual leaders of Christians in Turkey, and that the Turkish Government is altogether reprobate, outcast, and damnable, besides being so odiously disgusting. In that case Lord Stanley's voice will merely have been the voice of one seeking to crow with the Liberals and to roost with the Tories; and as he has only been crowing at election time, perhaps no great harm is done here, whatever may be done there. Still, if it be the case that the Bulgarian people—that is, the mass of Christians in Turkey—are in the

same quiescent frame of mind that they were last summer, we take occasion to say that Lord Stanley's language is very singularly injudicious, for it will be eagerly turned to account by the Russians for the purpose of showing the Bulgarians that, so far from getting sympathy for their sensible and forbearing conduct, they are only getting a pittance of prospective sympathy as so many predestined and hypothetical rebels with anarchical proclivities—a statement which, besides being mischievous, is actually insulting to the Bulgarian patriots.

By taking this step the Turks cannot but have broken once for all with the Greeks. This is a matter of most serious consequence. Yet they have had no choice in the dilemma presented to them. They had either to break with the Bulgarians, who represent numbers, or with the Greeks, who represent official routine; and they have elected to break with the latter. By so doing they will have disordered all the familiar machinery by which they have hitherto been accustomed to see with no trouble of their own the natural aspirations of their Greek population prevented for the most part from ever consolidating into a domestic insurrection, or actively countenancing a factitious one. Ever since the Turkish conquest the Romaine Greeks—that is to say, the Byzantines—dispossessed of empire, have been exercising a shadowy sort of *imperium in imperio* within the Turkish empire over all other Christian races of the same faith. The honours and profits of this position, such as they are, have sufficed to keep them, as a body, apart from or impair their sympathy with, the de-Romaicised or Neo-Hellenic Greeks of the

kingdom, who have discarded all natural traditions of the Byzantine empire, and who seek to consolidate the entire race under their own auspices on a true base as a nationality, not as an orthodox empire. The word 'Greek' thus denotes two very different political ideas, and fathomless fallacy may, and usually does, lie hid under its use as a general term. Henceforward, if these Bulgarian reforms be carried out, it is hardly possible that the Greeks, in what we may call their Romaic aspect, should any longer find much interest in serving the Turks against their brethren of the kingdom and against their own hearts. Nor, on the other hand, does there seem to be much immediate hope for the Porte from the Bulgarians. Much time and much skill and energy are needed to rouse that people to co-operative action, but the active help of a fully sympathetic Christian population within the next year or two, as distinguished from a merely passive abstinence from rebellion, is the most pressing need of Turkey. In this next year or two, we say, because the urgent motive of all these hitherto futile attempts by Russia covertly to implant rebellion south of the Danube is not only hostility to Turkey, but strong disappointment and resentment at the Monoslavic attitude, if we may use the term, of a Slavonic race slowly forming itself into a nation over the the whole trunk of the Eastern Peninsula, independently of Russian aid. We thought that Lord Stanley knew that he was wisely letting events dispose themselves for the tranquil euthanasia of Turkey, but his wisdom is not above the temptation of hearing the sound of its own voice crying in pseudo-Liberal by-streets.

THE 'NATIONAL BYZANTINE COMMISSION.'

December 22, 1868.

There is a very curious letter in the '*Globe*' of last Saturday, which would not be unlikely to attract some attention at the present moment, if it were not for the perfect certainty of its merely puzzling and bewildering all those who cannot understand that the bulk of the Christians of Turkey Proper want to shake off Greek, and not the Turkish ascendancy—that is to say, nine people out of ten. For that matter, it is quite enough to mystify anybody as it stands. It is signed by one styling himself the 'Special Commissioner' of the 'National Byzantine Commission.' The object of the letter is formally to announce the dissolution of the said commission, in consequence of the late energetic action of the Sultan, who has 'roused himself to a sense of real danger,' and who sees at last that the 'interests of his people and his own are identical.' What this action may be is not stated, but we presume it can only refer to the steps taken by the Sultan with reference to Greece. The commission is stated to have consisted of a deputation of five Bulgarians, accompanied by the writer of the letter, apparently an Englishman. They were sent to London in order to represent to the English Government their grievances and complaints against Greek traders and monopolists, who are keeping five millions of their countrymen in a state of 'quasi-serfdom.' They were informed that they could only be received through M. Musurus; but M. Musurus was absent—

not unfortunately, perhaps, for his feelings as a Greek. Meanwhile, the writer says, they have been 'actively promoting their object,' and, among other things, have been making purchases of arms. This circumstance seems to have been known to another correspondent of the 'Globe,' who raised a note of alarm about it the previous Saturday, attributing the purchases to a rebellious commission. But the present writer says they are for a 'national guard,' apparently a Turko-Bulgarian or mixed force, the proximate authorisation of which, by the Sultan, seems to be looked for by these worthy men. The first writer's mistake is, it may be said by us, a perfectly natural one, for there does really happen to have been a very active purchase of arms going on in London this month past, on behalf of anticipated rebellion in Turkey; but, we believe, only for its southern and more specifically Greek portion.

This letter is really very interesting, for it represents the distinctively political and industrial side of that Bulgarian question, which our readers know we have never lost an occasion of presenting to them in a strictly ecclesiastical aspect, which, for that matter, is the real origin of Bulgarian nationalism in point of fact. But the tone of the present document is fusionist rather than nationalist; it has, indeed, a certain air of the doctrine of Young Turkey about it, though we should not be inclined to connect it with that school unless we had more knowledge to go upon. At all events, there is no *dead* Turkey in it. It is very much to be regretted that Lord Stanley did not have an opportunity of listening to what this *députation* would have told

him, before committing himself to his headlong judgment passed on 5,000,000 of industrious, peaceful Christians in Turkey, on the strength of the merest handful of rebellious Christians who have hitherto been allowed to plot and rant under shelter against the best interests and avowed desires of their co-religionists.

We think it as well to end with an extract, which we make as short as we can. After mentioning the Sultan's last schemes of reform, undertaken at the personal instance of the French Emperor in 1867, and drawn up subsequently in firmans, the writer goes on :—

To this hour, however, those firmans remain a dead letter, for the Greek monopolists, seeing that the carrying out of the projected reforms would put an end to their blood-sucking monopoly, at once set all their energies to work, and during the last two years have lavished millions on the Candian plot, and on their creatures at Istanbul, whereby to produce confusion, and so defeat the wise intentions of the Sultan. After the collapse of the rising in Bulgaria this last summer (another scheme indirectly promoted by those same Greek trading houses) the Bulgarian people determined to endeavour to arouse the Sultan once more, by showing him that in his contemplated reforms he would have the support of 5,000,000 of his Bulgarian people, who desired fervently an end to the state of quasi-serfdom, both political and industrial, in which the power of Greek traders still keeps them. They, therefore, secretly drew up and signed a petition to the Sultan, asking him to convene a national assembly at Phillippopoli, where, under his personal direction, delegates selected from his several provinces should meet, and together discuss measures for developing progress in Turkey, while preserving intact the authority of the Sultan, whom, by the bye, be it said, *on*

passant, his subjects have no desire to displace or find fault with if he will, by arousing himself to action and progress, avert his and their political ruin, now menaced more than ever. This, Sir, is the object desired by the Sultan's subjects of all religious creeds, for religious tolerance obtains in Turkey to an extent that might well serve as a model to more pretentious Governments; and the Christian, so far from being 'oppressed,' as the cry goes, is far more favoured than the real Turk of the Moslem faith.

THE JEWS IN EASTERN EUROPE.

THE SERVIAN JEWS.

April 24, 1867.

THE case of the Servian Jews, as set forth in the printed papers just laid before Parliament, is perfectly simple, and lies in a nutshell. The Prince of Servia does not hesitate to admit that the existence of Jewish disabilities, which practically amount to persecution, is disgraceful to his country, at the same time that he confesses himself wholly unable to remove those disabilities, in consequence of the pressure brought to bear upon him, through the Servian Assembly, by the native merchants and tradesmen, whose vested interests are all-powerful, and cannot be withstood. These men find themselves undersold by the Jews in their dealings with the villagers. They are, therefore, determined to put an end to Jewish competition, and for that purpose all their influence is brought to bear alike on the Government and on the people themselves, whose natural fanaticism is certainly not greater than that of any other race still in the mediæval or semi-civilised stage, but who are not proof against a systematic appeal made to that fanaticism. Mr.

Longworth seems to have prevailed on the Prince in 1861 to effect a modification in the original prohibitory decree, to the extent of allowing Jews actually settled in the country villages to continue their business there, on condition of each confining himself to his single business, such as it was, on the spot, without any change or addition to his avocation, and without any removal elsewhere; but in spite of this they appear to have been ordered, and in many cases forced, to quit the interior for the capital in the spring of the following year, according to Mr. Ricketts' report of 1863. No change appears to have been effected in their condition since then. The subsequent despatches of Messrs. John Blunt and Longworth, referring to later and recent conversations upon the subject with the Prince and his Ministers, do not announce, nor, indeed, hold forth much prospect of any improvement in their situation. The Prince cannot coerce the trading interest, which is too strong for him, being in fact stronger now than ever. That is really all there is to say about the matter. These later despatches, however, more particularly Mr. Longworth's valuable report of March 14 last, are so thoroughly lucid and definitely expressed, that it is quite impossible henceforward for us to misconceive the matter, or to confuse it with generalities and side issues. We do not anticipate much practical benefit from any representations made to the Prince through Lord Lyons; the Prince's disposition is already favourable to the Jews, and all the representations in the world will not strengthen his hands against the Christian traders, if they only choose to remain obstinate, unless made by a com-

bined European effort after the usual precedent in Turkey Proper.

The worst feature of the whole case, to our mind, is the inflammatory series of articles written against the Jews as a race, by a leading Servian paper, apparently under the instigation of the mercantile interest, for the set and deliberate purpose of inflaming the passions of the people, and exciting religious hatred which would otherwise have lain dormant. The Government cannot be held guiltless of connivance in this, as the columns of the newspapers were closed by official direction not only to the reply which the Belgrade Jews naturally sought to insert, but even to the rejoinder of the Rabbi of Szegedin in Hungary, who was irritated at all these violent attacks on his race and faith; nor was it until the actual murder of a Jew had taken place, that the Government thought fit to interfere, and prohibit their further publication. Violence amounting to murder or serious outrage appears to have only been perpetrated in three instances, whereof one, a case of abduction and forcible baptism of a girl, is not quite without some suspicion of that sort which attaches itself to all cases which have girls in them. These Mr. Longworth tries to attribute to the general lawlessness of a primitive country where human life is cheap rather than to the innate fanaticism of the people; and he will not allow the Jews to put forth any sweeping generalities about the assassin's knife having frequently the privilege of impunity against the Jew under the circumstances. But each murder was an aggravated case, and it seems clear that the victims were, in fact, murdered

because they were Jews, and out of roused fanaticism rather than out of lawlessness. Meanwhile, the prospects of the Servian Jew are of the gloomiest, and his poverty and misery increase from day to day. Perhaps even the total repeal of the obnoxious decree would not contribute very materially to the relief of these unfortunate men, whose numbers are already reduced to a third by disease and starvation, and whose remaining chance of maintaining themselves in a small way at Belgrade, has received a death-blow by the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison, and its annual expenditure of 80,000*l.* We fear the best thing to be done with them is to transplant them bodily, or to facilitate their emigration into Austria or Turkey. Nor would this be difficult of management, for they barely amount to a thousand.

Two attempts have been made to justify or palliate the conduct of the Servians or their Government: one by a native Servian in a letter to the 'Examiner,' the other by Dr. Sandwith, of Kars, in a letter to the 'Daily News.' The former of these is merely frivolous and vexatious as regards the main point at issue, but is curious enough to look at as an instance of the sort of thing an honest and simple-minded but nationally sensitive man will write when he feels himself called upon to take up the pen for the defence of his community. Jews on the Danube are not like Jews in the West, he says. Instead of fusing themselves, like good citizens, into the mass of their Christian neighbours for common patriotic purposes, they club together for Jewish purposes, and persist in dwelling apart in the tents of Israel; insomuch that in the

town of Jassy, where they have it all their own way, you cannot get a leg of mutton of a Saturday for love or money, as they are the only butchers of this place, and perversely shut up shop and keep holiday on the Sabbath, instead of helping Christians, who can't help themselves. Therefore the Belgrade people, who know all about Jassy, don't like Jews, and have no wish to let them rise up and go ahead, when their place in life is to lie down and be sat upon, as the phrase goes. Dr. Sandwith's plea is of a different kind, and is too good, if anything. The Jews are not allowed to settle in the villages, because 'it is alleged' that they invariably deal in spirits and become usurers, and thus form centres of demoralisation and ruin wherever they establish themselves. The prohibition is thus analogous to the Maine liquor law, says the doctor. If this be the whole case, it goes far to settle the matter. But who alleges it, and why do not the Servians allege it for themselves? If the regulation be a Maine liquor law, why does Prince Michael call it a disgrace? The Servian Minister of Finance openly admits that the peasantry are not ill-disposed to the Jews, because in dealing with the Jews they get better terms than in dealing with the Christians, and that the opposition to the Jews solely proceeds from the Belgrade merchants and the village tradesmen. Their statements are unqualified and clear as daylight, and it is out of the question to suppose them ignorant of the value of Dr. Sandwith's plea, if they conceived it to have any substantial basis. Very probably the Jews have demoralised the peasantry, but if the ruler of the land and his Minister each avow that the Christian traders of the

land want to have the demoralising interest all to themselves and raise the cry of protection for their monopoly, we must accept their evidence, however much we may acknowledge the sinfulness of plum-brandy and usury.

THE CORFU JEWS.

April 26, 1867.

Four Jews of Corfu, who call themselves the representatives of the Israelite community of that city, have considered it their sacred duty to give a denial to certain assertions made by Mr. Layard regarding the treatment of the Jews in Greece. Whether these men represent the community in any official or administrative capacity, whether they are merely delegated *ad hoc* for the special purpose of giving denial to the calumnious member for Southwark, or whether they have delegated themselves for that purpose, after the fashion and precedent set by the three sartorial forefathers of Mr. Layard's own constituency of Tooley-street, we are unable to say; but be that as it may, neither our experience of testimonials nor of Oriental accuracy of statement, is such as to lead us to surrender our faith implicitly to testimonials sent us for a purpose from the Levant, unless we have some sort of evidence beyond the assertions of the attesting parties. The testimonial in the present case, after having been translated, was sent by some unspecified Jew or Christian to the 'Times' for publication. The main argument of the writers is, of course, the distinct assertion that Mr. Layard's statements are utterly devoid of truth—a form of argument in much

vogue among primitive classes and vain people, such as rough schoolboys, Greeks, Irishmen, and people in the East generally; one full of conviction to the minds of those who use it. It is, moreover, supported by the further assertion that the principles of liberty and equality which generally prevail in Greece, are in every respect applied to the Israelites of Corfu, who now enjoy the full rights of equality which were denied to them under the Protectorate. It is the practice, however, not the principles, that we want to know about. The principles of liberty are those in the Greek statute book, sure enough; and when the long-promised parliamentary papers on the present condition of the Ionian Islands shall have made their appearance, we shall be provided with some sort of authority to enable us to judge how far those principles are really applied in practice, but not till then. The last clause about the Protectorate is not easy to understand. The fallacy which it seems to insinuate is the suggestion that the Jewish inequality of position under the English was felt or put forward as a substantial grievance by them, shared in common with the Ionians generally. That may possibly have been the case partly, but they certainly kept the feeling to themselves. They were, for aught we were allowed to see and hear to the contrary, only too glad to compound for the presumed loss of social equality, assuming the idea of such a thing ever to have entered their heads, for the sake of the full enjoyment of perfect security for life, limb, and property, with no worse misfortune than a desecrated burial-ground now and then. In Greece, on the other hand, all the legal and statutory equality in the

world did not prevent Don Pacifico from having his house gutted and his property destroyed by the mob of Athens in 1847, during a fanatical Easter outbreak, such as is liable to recur every year but for the strong and visible arm of the law. The name of Don Pacifico is so exclusively associated with Lord Palmerston's worst piece of blundering, that we have lost all sight of the original offence, or at all events look upon it as an accidental outrage rather than as a symptom of the most deep-seated disease of Eastern Christians, and of Greeks in particular—intense and passionate religious fanaticism concentrated in bitter hatred of the Jews.

With the Greek this is combined with the most passionate love of liberty. The good and the evil spirit are each at work within him, and are striving for the mastery. He may honestly point to his treatment of the Mahometan population of Chalcis and Carysto in the island of Eubœa—a mere handful of men, it is true, probably not a couple of hundred souls altogether—as a conclusive proof of his will and his power to carry out in full practice the principles of toleration of which he boasts. These people, however, are but a handful; there is nothing to fear from them, and they live in a primitive country district, away from the educated mob of Athens, with its storms of gusty sentiment and passion. They live, at all events, quite unmolested; they have nothing to complain of, and they do not complain. But their condition, few and secluded as they are, is hardly such as to furnish a precedent. On the other hand, without referring to any particular instances in proof of the recurrence of outbreaks of fanatical frenzy, it

will be enough to appeal to the evidence of an Ionian himself, who we suppose ought to know. 'During Passion Week,' says Lascarato, 'the Jews must shut themselves up, because the Christian has gone beside himself, and lost all control; he is no longer human, he is a wild beast, a ritualistic beast (*θηροσκευτικὸ χρίπος*), which thinks it is doing service to God when its heart is full of antipathy, and its conduct full of immorality. The English have no need to shut themselves up, because the English are many, and they are the masters of the place; but still the Christian flings them a glance as he passes by, into which he throws all the hate he can, and murmurs insult and curses for the love of Christ.' If the mere fact of the termination of the English Protectorate has instantaneously falsified that picture—if the first touch of the magic wand of freedom has actually killed the rampant demon of intolerant fanaticism outright, the sooner we raise the Philhellenic flag and openly preach a crusade the better. But in the meanwhile we prefer to suspend our judgment until we know a little more of the actual state of the case, and until, more particularly, we are assured that the four Jews are speaking freely, speaking spontaneously, and speaking in the name of their aggregate community. The Jew who makes a Greek of himself must be feared as well as the real Greek when he brings us gifts. It is fair to assume thus much for the present, that the concession of liberty, which has thrown the Ionian on his best political behaviour before Europe, will really have served to quicken his sense of tolerance to some extent, and that the Corfu Jews, a large community over 5,000 in number, are

learning to rely upon themselves for supporting their rights when thrown on their own resources, or else are considered too numerous to be provoked. The plainest English into which to put our main enquiry is to ask whether so appropriate a testimonial just now has been written to order, or has been volunteered.

May 29, 1867.

It may be within our readers' memory that we commented some weeks ago upon the rejoinder made by four Jews of Corfu to the charge of intolerance or persecution of Jews brought by Mr. Layard against the native Corfiotes and the Greek people generally. We took the liberty of doubting whether these Jews represented the large Jewish community of Corfu in any other way than as the three tailors of Tooley Street represented the people of England, and, furthermore, of presuming that the rejoinder in question had simply been written to order, whereof it bore every appearance on the surface. These Jews were not content with endeavouring to clear the Greek people from the stigma of intolerance rightly or wrongly attributed to it, but they sought to convey the impression, by means of underhand insinuation, that in the treatment of the Corfu Jews it was the English who were intolerant, and that all intolerance of Jews had ceased with the English protectorate. We now enjoy the full rights of equality then denied to us, is what they said. It was not difficult to see that this mischievous perversion of the truth, so adroitly expressed in language which, as it stands, is true enough in the letter, assuming the fact that

they do now enjoy these rights, would raise natural indignation among our countrymen who had ever resided in Corfu, or ever held social or political intercourse with the Corfiotes. Such English as are left in the islands are not at all disposed to acquiesce in so audacious and so characteristic a distortion of the real state of the case—characteristic, we mean, not of Jews, but of Ionians and Greeks of the political classes, the unsound part of their community—always at their little game. The real fact is that not only were attempts repeatedly made during the English protectorate to admit the Jews to the full rights of equality—attempts which were systematically frustrated by the Ionian Parliament, being made use of as so much additional machinery for setting the English in an unpopular light before the ignorant and fanatical classes—but it was only with great difficulty that Jewish children were allowed to be admitted into the girls' free schools established for the poor in Corfu.

THE JASSY JEWS.

June 1, 1867.

The man who would lift his hand against the Rouman people, save for a caress, is unworthy of the name of British journalist. We have never had the heart to say a word to their discredit, or to attribute any of their short-comings to themselves, seeing the sad way they have been protected to death, Heaven knows against whom or what, by pretty nearly all the European Powers in turn. They have had all the colouring of political originality and consistency

bleached out of them like winter cabbages by this time, poor fellows. As things stand, the critic of public affairs is no more wanted at Bucharest than Cato the Censor is wanted at the Argyll Rooms; for public affairs at Bucharest are mainly conducted in the relaxed but kindly spirit of that attractive establishment: a relief, indeed, after Constantinople and Athens. They are Eastern Christians, it is true; but they have never shown any disposition to make any capital out of that circumstance, much to the disgust of those Eastern Christians who do, and who find their own trading operations therein on the moral Bourses of Europe somewhat discredited by Rouman abstention. One does not usually think of the Roumans in connection with Christianity certainly, nor do people exactly think of Western Christianity when they contemplate Cremorne on a fine summer's night, though its frequenters undoubtedly profess Western Christianity. There is a genial, gay, free and easy recklessness about the last transaction in Roumania which has the Cremorny flavour all through, and utterly disarms all serious criticism. M. Bratiano, the President of the Rouman Council—or at all events the leading spirit of the Ministry, for we cannot undertake to be accurate about his exact style and title—is an ultra-Liberal in his political profession, long known as such by those who notice things out there; he and his like having long had the degree of *ad eundem* in Liberalism conferred upon them by those in the West who fondly imagine that an ultra-Liberal in Eastern Europe means an upright, suffrage-seeking, 'Daily News' reading patriot, something between Mr. Grant

Duff and Mr. Goldwin Smith. M. Bratiano's term of office and power can now be counted by entire months, and his popularity is of course on the wane after so long a time. He naturally wants to stimulate it a little bit, and being an ultra-Liberal in his part of the world, his first thought, equally naturally, is to go in at the Jews and persecute them; not in the least for persecution's sake, but because it seems to be the shortest way to popularity out there. This popular dislike of Jews in Roumania, or at least in Jassy, was explained to us the other day in a letter written by a Servian to a London paper, in palliation of his own people's disagreeable ways of handling Jews, as being because they keep all the butchers' shops in Jassy, and won't open them to sell legs of mutton to Christians on Saturday. That may be so; but we fancy that the Rouman swells and young gents who combine politics with pleasure chiefly dislike Jews for no graver reasons than those which might make our own Cremorne goers not averse from a little retributory bullying of Jews. Anyhow, the ink of the new edict was hardly dry when the French and the Austrians both came down upon him at once for its iniquity, and rated him soundly in the earnestness of their hearts for being so naughty and so illiberal. Whereupon M. Bratiano came to heel at once. He revoked his edict forthwith, and even apologised for it, as being contrary to Rouman honour. That last is the point which makes the whole thing so divinely reckless and Bohemian. If one were disposed to speak seriously, one would be inclined to ask why the Minister did not perceive that Rouman honour, like other honour, would have

required him either to have the edict unwritten, or to make some show of fighting for it when written. The Greeks, for instance, are much too wise to issue illiberal edicts against Jews ; but if they had done such a thing they would have fought and bit and scratched and pinched till exhausted before giving way one jot, and there is no doubt that they would have contrived at last, by importunity or persuasion, to make us put up with the belief that it was treason to Hellas for Jews to repine against Greek edicts. These good, amiable Roumans have no backbone. The Greek backbone, on the other hand, is—well, it is not that of the vertebrata, but it is an uncommonly good one for moving sinuously along the surface of the ground unseen.

July 25, 1867.

A dozen Jews, more or less, flung into the Danube matters little enough in the eyes of our new Eastern Christian clients, except so far as it may be understood as a meritorious work according to their view of Christianity. Let us hope that Alderman Salomons and Sir Francis Goldsmid will be led by the late Galatz *neyade* to a more perfect appreciation than heretofore of the favourite position of the Eastern-Christian advocates in Parliament and the press—the said Christian's striking superiority over the Turks in all matters of humanity, tolerance, and morality. Of course Lord Stanley says the Government will do all it can to stop these outrages, but he does not say how the Government is to set about it. He will write one or two sharp instructions to the consuls, and the

consuls will read the instructions to M. Bratiano, and M. Bratiano will ask to be allowed to keep the instructions, and then he will go and light his cigar with them. The best thing in the whole transaction, however, is the magnificent audacity of the way in which the *noyade* was telegraphed to the foreign papers as having been ordered or perpetrated by the *Turks* ! There are thousands upon thousands of people in this country, not ignorant people, but men of liberal soul and commanding intellect, men who are among the foremost in the land, yet so sharp set and ravenously eager for stories of Turkish barbarity that they are actually capable of believing that Galatz is in Turkey and under a Turkish governor rather than sacrifice a single story that can be used against the Turks. Hence, and for the benefit of such men, originate these stories ; the supply is made to meet the demand. Hence the lie is great in these lands, for their inhabitants are being steadily, one may almost say systematically, encouraged by our ready acceptance of their falsest, absurdest, or most malignant stories, in the belief that, if they lie long and lie hard enough, untruth must prevail at last. Thus merrily goes on the work of demoralisation in the breasts of the millions of freemen who are to succeed the Turks, and who, as we are told, are to be the bulwark of Europe against Russia.

THE ROUMAN JEWS.

April 30, 1868.

The Rouman Government are naturally anxious to disclaim all responsibility in the now notorious bill for imposing fresh disabilities upon the unfortunate Jews, just brought before the Chambers by thirty-one deputies or Boyars—men whose names it might have a useful effect to publish. This, they plead with a show of justice, is a party measure, and was meant more to turn out the Rouman Government itself than to bully Jews. For all that, however, and with full value given to this pleasant little apology, M. Bratiano and his Government are mainly responsible for that measure, and for all other measures taken or to be taken against the Rouman Jews. It is they who first invented the cry of ‘No Judaism’ to serve the purposes of political ambition. Hatred of the Jews, once the common property of all Christians in the middle ages, survives now in the Principalities as in all Eastern Christendom, only through their total separation from the continuous and naturalised influence of Western moral progress. This feeling we believe to have lately been dormant rather than active, and there is no doubt that it would gradually have died out of itself, had not M. Bratiano in an evil hour bethought himself of turning it to his personal advantage by making political capital out of it. So he chose last year to rouse the sleeping dog of fanaticism, instead of letting it lie. Thus, Government persecutions of Jews, and unofficial projects of disabling bills against Jews, alike lie at his door, now and henceforward. It is not to the Rouman people

—a naturally kindly and most inoffensive community, whose fanaticism, like most else that is theirs, only survives as an unbroken inheritance from the middle ages, now bidding fair to die away in no long time—that the disgrace of these transactions can fairly be said to attach; it is with those who perpetuate these infamies with thorough knowledge of the fact that they are disgraceful, yet persist in them out of mere ambition and lust of place; or out of that wonderful levity and recklessness of the Rouman character which certainly lends a social charm to a most amiable and most provoking people, but which makes one despair of their ever doing any good in politics. After all, why should they trouble themselves with politics? The incomparable resources and physical advantages of the country will always make Roumania a wealthy and prosperous country, come what may, and own it who may. What is so curious in this present matter of the Jewish persecution is the way in which the Rouman educated classes, the proprietors and the journalists, shut their eyes to the fact that their aggregate race is most unfairly being made thereby the scapegoat of their own perversity in our public opinion. The word Rouman has now become a very byword in Western Europe for innate bigotry and intolerance; whereas, in reality, all this bigotry and intolerance is but an evil spirit now half bereft of vitality, which is only being galvanised into active demoniac existence by the recklessness of party leaders in a country unripe as yet for mature parliamentary life. They appear to imagine that all they have to do when taxed with these persecutions is coolly to deny them altogether. Their last official

telegrams denied them so peremptorily and distinctly when stigmatised by the Western press that we were ourselves somewhat staggered, and even began to think it not impossible that the Jews were falling into the usual ways of everybody connected with Turkey ; putting all their grievances under the microscope, and setting it on high for the West to see, take to heart, and avenge under pretext of redress. But, when the Consular Commission of Inquiry distinctly confirms the fact of the persecutions, and now, more particularly, since Lord Stanley, no doubt speaking from the information of Mr. Green at Bucharest, a very experienced public servant,* does not shrink from open denunciation of these persecutions by the use of that strong term in speaking of them, this denial is exactly the barefaced denial of Topsy to Miss Ophelia, with the end of the stolen ribbon sticking out of her sleeve all the while. Before leaving the subject, we think it very desirable that some enquiry should be made as to the real condition of the Roumanian Jews with reference to their allegiance. There is reason to believe that when the Roumans call their Jews vagabonds, they do not mean vagabonds in our sense of the word, appropriate though that may be when they turn them out of house and home, but vagabonds as being a community belonging to nobody ; that is to say, as men originally immigrants from without, and therefore, according to the strict theory of the capitulations applicable to every part of the Ottoman Empire, solely dependent upon the laws and authorities, not of their new country, but of their original country as there officially represented, yet men who have drifted, through cir-

cumstances, into the false position of having lost their original rights of foreign protection, without having come definitely into the position of Rouman citizens like any others. This position, if correctly stated, gives colour to the charge of incivism brought against the Jews, on which much stress is laid, in such a case not altogether unfairly, by the Rouman Government. We speak with hesitation on the subject, however ; only suggesting it for enquiry. By vexing the Jews the Roumans wholly vitiate this plea ; but it must be remembered on the other side, that the whole tendency of their social condition and of their occupations is to keep Eastern Jews apart from and segregated within the body of an alien community. This fact indefinitely increases the natural difficulty which would as a matter of course accrue to even the ablest and most upright Government, in endeavouring to carry advanced principles of modern Liberalism into practice among a people made up of uneducated cultivators of the soil, whose Christianity is of the middle ages, of rich spendthrift proprietors above them, who are Christians after the Christianity of Cremorne, and of Jews who dwell apart, still a thoroughly Oriental race of petty hucksters and usurers, a race obnoxious to all their neighbours, yet hitherto forming the only middle class in the country. It is no wonder if a Government neither able nor upright should fail in making those discordant elements work in harmony together, where the leading spirit is something between a barbaric Mazzini and a barbaric —well, we will not say whom ; but his ‘No Popery’ is very like M. Bratiano’s ‘No Jews,’ and the object is the same with each.

THE SULTAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

WHAT AN ORIENTAL THINKS OF ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

May 30, 1867.

HAJJI MOHAMMED of Tehran was a Persian merchant who seems to have traded to India some time last century. He took up his abode in that country, where he begat Mirza Khalil. When the Mirza grew up he fell among English, and ended by earning his rupees as a moonshee or language master to that infidel people. He seems to have found his way to England at last, some fifty years ago; and this is what he wrote to his friends about the hospitality that wandering Orientals are in the habit of receiving in England. 'It is not concealed,' he says, 'from personages of intelligence and consideration, that the persons of high birth of Persia and the good dispositioned of Hindostan are very attentive and obliging to strangers and travellers, and are celebrated through the whole world for their hospitality and liberality; but the distinguished ones of this country (i.e. England) do not think much of this praiseworthy quality, *except the exalted Irish, who are*

bountiful as the ocean, and constantly gallop the steed of perseverance over the road of this laudable virtue, and ever keep spread the table of comfort and kindness for strangers.' Taken as buffoonery—and that is unavoidable in taking a sober-sided Philistine translation as we find it—this is certainly very exquisite fooling. But the beauty of it is its literal truth. It would do so perfectly as a motto to Mr. Arnold's collected Celtic studies, in the very spirit of which it is conceived.

Here are we in London, just at this moment deliberating on this very question of public hospitality, acknowledging our inadequate means, deploring them, accounting for them, explaining them away, referring them to this, that, and the other cause; in fact, doing everything but devising the best way of supplying their deficiency. The Belgian volunteers are coming, but who knows what to do with them, unless it be Mr. E. T. Smith, of Cremorne—a man who has his ideal of human life, and realises it? The Sultan is coming, but who has the remotest idea what to do with him either, unless it be to heave half a brick at him for being a sick man? And it is more than probable that we shall end by having no less a personage than the Shah of Persia himself, the King of Kings and Asylum of the Universe, who is said to be coming over to Paris, if he can make sure of not finding his palace gate slammed in his face on his return by some one of his thousand and one uncles and cousins. What, in the name of fortune, can we do with him, unless we quarter him bodily on Sir Henry Rawlinson, which indeed is the only thing to do? We cannot quarter the Sultan in that fashion upon Lord

Stratford, for his Majesty would probably look on that proceeding much as an Eton boy would if he were invited to spend a half-holiday in the head master's private study, with birch to right and Greek Grammar to left; and he would certainly go back in a humour for that massacre of Christians which is expected of him. But if Dublin, and not London, were the capital of the empire, is it not certain that the quick-wit and overflowing sympathetic nature of the 'exalted Irish' would at once find means of making them all enjoy their visit, and putting them into good-humour with themselves and all things—volunteers, Sophy, Grand Seignior, and all? Remembering the fate of Abd-el-Kader on his visit here, we really think there will be nothing for it but for an Irish firm to take the matter up and contract for the job. As for Mirza Khalil, he deserves a monument for his observation.

July 18, 1867.

'And are there any poets in the land of the Franks, O Hajji?' asked the Shah of Persia when receiving Hajji Baba in public audience on his return from England. 'Your slave begs to represent that he saw no poets, but of dogs plenty.' 'Well you say,' exclaimed the Shah, 'and good dog-poets they make, no doubt.' Whereupon everybody at once cried out, 'Praise be to God, as for the wit of the King of kings, that is a thing about which there is no mistake, a thing like the sun at midday.' If the Shah had lived to hear that wonderful ode or hymn which was sung in the Sultan's honour at the opera

on Monday evening, he certainly would have seen no reason to reverse his judgment. Sultans of Turkey are not professed amateurs of poetry, like Shahs of Persia ; but still we sincerely hope, for the credit of our poetical character in the East, that the Padishah did not get hold of any translation of the hymn aforesaid. As far as the competition has hitherto gone, it is assuredly one of his own subjects who is entitled to carry off the prize of complimentary ode-writing. Tuesday's Turkish ode at the Crystal Palace beats Monday's English anthem at the opera out of the field. There is magnitude, not to say bewilderment, in the thought of 2,000 infidel voices being lifted up in the Turkish language to the praise and honour of the Commander of the Faithful ; acquiring their Turkish not by grammar and dictionary, but as it were by inspiration. Whether the Sultan understood a word of the ode by hearing it may well be doubted, to judge by the transcription into Roman characters, for that is a thing over which to cry and wring the hands ; but he had at all events the original text in Arabic characters to refer to and understand by eye when his ears were puzzled. That text is creditably printed, with one misprint only. The ode itself is a very creditable performance as Oriental odes go, and it is all the more creditable as being the work not of a Turk, but of a Greek ; for such we take its author, Zaphiraki Effendi, to be by his name. The English version, of course, is not literal, but a pretty free paraphrase ; near enough however, to convey the general meaning of each stanza. It should be observed, at the same time, that it exactly reproduces the trochaic tetrameter in

which the original is written, a common metre in Persian or Persianised poetry. Eastern, like classical, metre is quantitative, not accentual; and the pervading fault or stumbling-block of the present transcription is that the helpless chorister finds therein no clue to the difference between long and short vowels. However, we have no doubt it answered its purpose well enough. Still, those who have the luck to be acquainted with the Turkish language are agitated by mixed feelings on its perusal, such as those which agitated the English breast at the time of the French Orphéonistes' visit to London some years ago, on our reading the English dialogues done into French pronunciation:—‘Ouatt è tcharminng peursonn, ouill iou inntrodiouce mi tou heur?’ and ‘Miss, ouil iou dannee ouiz mi?’ and ‘Ouill iou tèque seumm tchécheur tchize?’

WHAT THE SULTAN SAID AND THOUGHT OF US.

July 26, 1867.

The Sultan has come and gone without leaving a single public anecdote behind him. The like of that has never happened yet, even with the pettiest and most insignificant of European sovereigns. The veriest nonentity that ever wore a crown has never yet failed to supply some story or other to the tongues and pens which love to chronicle the sayings and doings of royal and noble personages. But the ‘Court Journal’ and the ‘Morning Post,’ nay, the high-flying bird of night itself may all starve for aught they have got to tell us about the Sultan, and

what he said and felt during the whole ten days he was among us. Yet the associations of a Sultan, to say the very least, are decidedly provocative of gossip: so that, even if we have not got any authentic anecdotes about him, one might naturally expect a little more activity on the part of our mythological faculty, and some little show of spurious stories doing duty for the real anecdotes. Think of eighty rank polygamists by profession sojourning ten days among us, and not being credited with the faintest shadow of flirtation. We believe the reason to be that the voice of gossip has been hushed, or afraid to risk prompt and peremptory contradiction in the presence of so manifest and obtrusive a fact as the utter absence of anything like a common language between our guests and ourselves. Where such language or means of communication existed, it was carefully economised, and used for ceremonial purposes only. The Sultan passed all his ten days, and more than he liked of his ten nights, in one unceasing round of ceremony, all new, strange, and somewhat fatiguing to him; and he bore it all with the most admirable resignation, not to say good-humour and real sympathy. The poor man was much in the position of one tied in front of a wheelbarrow and trundled along from behind, willy-nilly; of course he had no breathing time, and could not possibly stop and think, or talk and ask for the explanation of the nature of things. Moreover, in a palace hermetically sealed to the profane and uncourtly, who might have been led to seek homely Oriental speech and intercourse with him or his, and under the strict sway of courtly and lordly masters of ceremony, whom the Turks considered

not to have been by any means chosen for their knowledge of French, a tongue of which the benighted Turks brought a very respectable store with them, the Sultan had but small means, even if he could have found the time, to get *Geist*, or put himself in communion with what he might himself call, in the exquisite idiom of free-thinking Mahometan poetry, the *nefsi nâtika*, or *speaking soul*, of our outward and material English form. Fuad Pasha and Mr. Moore stood by one another unflinchingly in sustaining the wear and tear of ceremonial interpretation; if any ultimate glimpse can be caught of what lay behind the calm, dignified, impassive face of the Sultan, it is to them alone that we must look for it. It was the same thing in Paris. Even there the work of interpretation, which should of course have devolved by rights on a Frenchman, seems to have fallen on Mr. Moore, who has thus throughout been the sole Frank depository of the Sultan's impressions. We only had one story, over and above the commonplace, wanton, vulgar myths about the Imperial *fourgons* being filled with what we Franks call *odalisques* under the delusion that that is a Turkish word, which even pretended to give an account of the Sultan's state of mind in Paris. That was the story which represented him as beaten down and overwhelmed with the greatness of Europe; leaning his brow on his hand, and muttering low to himself, 'Oh, this great West.' This story, as it stands, is as self-defeating as a Cretan telegram; because this antithesis of East and West is an exclusively European idea, which has not yet found its way in that form into Turkish, and does not exist in the idiom of that language; but it

may be the mythological representation of the Sultan's real feelings. It may also be nothing of the sort, but merely the reflection of a French gossip's own mind. Anyhow, it is positively the one single story which ever came to us from Paris, purporting to illustrate the Sultan's impressions of Europe.

The only things approaching to anecdotes of the Sultan in England which we have been able to come across show that he has formed no bad estimate of our distinctive English ways and character. There is no doubt that he had been already duly warned and made well aware by Fuad Pasha that the difference between England and France lay in the fact of everything in the one country being done by the Government for the people, while everything in England springs from the free, spontaneous life of the people itself. But none the less was he struck and touched when he realised this by his outward senses. He was delighted and gratified to the last degree with everything done for him here, but nothing made such an impression upon him as the cheers of the people. 'Look there,' he said, on the first day of his visit, turning towards a young street ragamuffin in the Strand, cheering and hurraying with all his might, '*gucurduumu*, do you see, that little fellow is so lively because he feels that I am paying him a personal visit, *familiyeh*, as it were, in his own family.' He never ceased reverting to the welcome given him by the people, and we are very much afraid that he left us with the terrible misconception in his mind that that welcome expressed a complete personal and an intelligent political sympathy on the part of each cheering and hurraying man. It will be

a singularly invidious and distasteful task to undeceive him upon this point, and to make him see that idle curiosity and the mere instinct of lion-hunting had as much to do with the popular cheers as anything else; but undeceived he will have to be. Fuad Pasha knows Syria, and will tell him of those Bedouins who will give their guest as much bread and salt as he cares to have, and yet will rob him remorselessly the moment he sets foot outside their tent; Fuad will tell the Sultan where such Bedouins are to be found in Europe; he will excuse the English people from all share in their guilt; but it is his duty to tell the Sultan not to look on our cheers as indicating any intention of help against the felon robbers, guarantee or no guarantee; telling him so at all risks of seeming to stand in the odious position of one imputing *khivânet* or perfidy to a courteous and munificent host. It is an astonishing fact, but nevertheless we have the most positive evidence that it is an authentic fact, that he thought and felt in this manner about the moral capacity and sense of responsibility of the English people, taken individually, after a way that Mr. Bright himself would think twice before undertaking to make good. His grave Oriental humour was much tickled by our restless, stormy way of taking the business of life. When he went down to Portsmouth for the naval review he first looked about him at the air and the water in a state of toss and turmoil under the gale of wind, and then, after musing a bit, he said, 'Inghilterra khalki tamân bu dur' (There you have the English people all over). 'Whatever the English people set about, they blow a gale of wind when doing it.'

The first impression which he left on the mind of those who had an opportunity, through communication in his own language, of witnessing his perfect clearness of understanding in at once seizing the various points of a statement, and his entire command of language in extempore speaking—such an opportunity as the Turkish-speaking Orientalists had who went with the Asiatic Society's deputation—was one of regret that he was not the parliamentary under-secretary of some department or other, so admirably and warily would he have delivered his ministerial replies and statements. Indeed it is a melancholy matter to reflect in all seriousness, on the dreadful waste of thirty whole years of an excellent capacity and a naturally noble character, thirty years of sheer nihilism, shut out as he was from the light of day during all his brother's reign, and wholly cut off from the facts and the work of the world—a death in life. His son will be spared this: but he is a confident man who will venture to say that, in the present state and temper of Europe, it is not too late for any Turkish ruler to right himself by any means whatsoever. The twelfth hour is on the point of striking, and the Russian night is at hand, shut it out as we may, and let the Turks do what they may.

OCCASIONAL NOTES ON GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

(From the *PALL MALL GAZETTE*.)

January 10, 1866.

M. PHOTIADES, the Minister of the Porte at Athens, has just concluded a convention with the Greek Government for the extradition and suppression of brigands on the Turkish and Greek frontier. If this is properly carried out, the advantage will probably be on the Turkish rather than the Greek side; for the fertile plains of Thessaly being under a less disorderly Government, such as it is, offer a much more tempting bait to robbers from the Greek side than is offered by the rugged mountains of Northern Greece to robbers from the Turkish side. But such conventions must be abortive when running counter to the instincts and habits of an irredeemably unsettled and predatory population. The country on the Turkish side, the pashaliks of Larissa and Janina, is sufficiently well known; but that on the Greek side is perhaps the least known, certainly the least visited, portion of Europe. Nobody ever heard of a traveller going to Karpenisi. We do not know of any record of travel in this direction, except to some extent Urquhart's '*Spirit of the East*,' which is now a matter

of thirty years ago. It is hard to see how a traveller who came to grief here could be rescued, for Greece is in theory a civilised and Christian country, and probably would be supported in her defiance, if no attempt were made to put the screw upon her. Pashas only exist by sufferance, and the screw should promptly and properly be brought to bear on them. If any harm befell a sportsman in Albania, or tourist in Thessaly; the consequence of which is that sportsmen and tourists do not come to grief on the Turkish side. After all, upon the frontier there is little worse than sheep-stealing, for the country is perfectly wild and barbarous, and there is hardly anybody to kidnap. What the convention wholly fails to touch is the real evil of Greece—organised brigandage in Attica and south of the Isthmus. But how can an Athenian minister be sincere in his desire to suppress brigandage when it may be the weight of his own clan of brigands which has made him a minister? Such a man as the late Theodore Grivas, like a MacCallum More of three hundred years ago, simply wielded power because it was a far cry to his Lochow over against Santa Maura. If people would but dust the classical cobwebs out of their heads, and take the unsettled and predatory mountaineers of Northern Greece for what they really are—Albanians, who speak Greek together with, or instead of, their own language—they might reconcile themselves to the apparent sacrilege of anybody coercing a 'classical' population. Till such coercion takes place Greece will never improve. But such coercion must come from within, and not from without, and it must be the work of the nation itself, or of its own ruler.

Yet any ruler short of the strongest is likely to be unseated whenever things come to coercion point in Greece. Improvement, therefore, is likely to be put off until the local kalends.

February 14, 1866.

Why is it that nobody ever writes an article about modern Greek politics, or any other modern Greek matter, without bringing in classical allusions? Why is 'Digamma' considered an appropriate signature to a letter about King Otho? Is there any appropriateness in such allusions, or any occasion for them at all? and how, in any case, are they to be accounted for? If a writer, having to treat of Cardinal Antonelli, were to insist upon stuffing the first third of his article with purely makeweight allusions to the Seven Hills and Servius Tullius, and the Gracchi, when he would naturally be expected to deal with modern transactions in a practical way, his readers would simply consider him inept, a bore, and a nuisance. But in what conceivable way is Cardinal Antonelli less 'classical' than Messrs. Deliyani and Deliyorghi? In Rome, it may be said, the whole vast fabric of Church history interposes to shut us out from all view of classical times. But this would not apply in the least to that most rising and most incomprehensible of potentates, Prince Couza. He, if anybody, has a right to be welcomed with all the flowers of classical allusion, for the history of his country is a mere and absolute *tabula rasa* from the time that Aurelian withdrew the last legionary across the Danube to the first capitulations with the Otto-

man Sultans. There is no interposition of transitional history here at all events. Yet nobody cares to disguise want of knowledge in discussing Rouman matters by the use of classical padding. Here we can see our way to one answer to our preliminary questions. The commercial and political interests at stake on the Lower Danube are on a great scale, and of the very highest importance; such as command attention at once, and forbid trifling. But the kingdom of Greece, as it stands, is an unreal little kingdom, a six months' child of diplomacy, born of sentiment alone, and prematurely and forcibly excided from the womb of Turkey—excided, too, piecemeal and limb by limb. Everything about it is unreal—constitution, diplomacy, royalty and all. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that nine-tenths of what is written about it in Europe should partake of this unreality. We have no special knowledge on the subject, because we are loth to receive such special knowledge, and when writers of authority like Mr. Finlay force our attention for a moment to the real state of things, their facts are always liable to be swamped by a fresh deluge of sentiment. The main answer to our questions, and the main cause doubtless, of our extremes and our oscillations of opinion upon Greek subjects, is to be found in the persistent way in which we ignore the fact that the modern Greeks are simply the direct continuation and the outcome of the Byzantine Greeks, and are thus not separated from classical times by violent disruption, but by the slow and cumulative modification wrought by two thousand years. They can only be understood by taking the continuity of Byzantine history as a

starting-point, and studying the details of this modification as shown in institutions, in thought, in feeling, and in language. It is now full time that we should cease to dismiss Byzantine history with a contemptuous sneer at the degeneracy of the Lower Empire. And when will the great authorities of Oxford and Cambridge institute a professorship of the post-classical and disintegrating Greek language, to include everything from the Greek Testament to Andrea Lascarato? If the Americans could spare us Mr. E. A. Sophocles, we should have a man of unique fitness for such a post.

MODERN GREEK PERSONAL NAMES.

February 17, 1866.

We were led into making our remarks of Wednesday upon factitious classicism in the treatment of modern Greek politics by the sight of Mr. Reuter's telegram, which appeared in all the papers of Monday, giving in full the names of the last new Athenian Ministry—the last up to the time of going to press, that is, to say. Here we cannot help stopping for a moment to enquire what is it which renders an event suitable for being transmitted by telegraph? It can hardly be intrinsic importance, or else we should not have such a disproportion as three telegrams on our new friend Prince Couza and his Chambers for one about the Czar Alexander, or Francis Joseph. Probably the principle of selection which guides Mr. Reuter—assuming that there is such a person, for he may be a board, a benevolent fairy, or an old woman like the East India Company—is the same as that which

guides great daily journals in conferring the right or honour of big print upon certain correspondents. This we presume to go like kissing, partly by favour, partly by merit, and partly by illusion, all in varying proportions. Be all this as it may, the first thing that one would think likely to strike a reader whose eye happens to light on the new Greek Ministry is the flagrant 'barbarism' of the individual names of the men who make up the aggregate conventionally treated as classic. The contrast seems impossible to miss. M. Rufos, the first on the list, has, like our second Norman King, a good Latin name, recalling those Byzantine thousand years when all speakers of Greek thought of themselves as Romans of the Empire. M. Provelegios bears an Italian name, written with an *o* instead of an *i*, either by accident, or because, like Fielding's friend and namesake the Earl of Denbigh, his branch of the family was last to learn how to spell. M. Canopulos, whatever his root may be, has an unclassical termination. M. Petmezàs means a maker or seller of *petmez*—*petmez* or *pekmez* being the Turkish for grape-juice boiled down and inspissated, so as to become a substance sometimes done into cakes like damson cheese and sometimes appearing as treacle. Under the name of *dibs* it is, or might be, well known to our travellers in Syria and the Holy Land; and much indulgence in it is apt to produce on the stomach the same effect that continuous reading of the new novel 'Strathmore' produces on even the healthy and omnivorous mind. As for Messrs. Deliyani and Deliyorgbi, they must be the sons of men who were once called by Turks, or by their Turkish-speaking brethren, Mad Jack

and Mad George. Let us say distinctly about these names, that they are neither matter for credit nor for discredit, and are neither to be bragged about nor to be suppressed. They are simple facts, good for leading to necessary conclusions, and for nothing more. As such, they are at least honest, which is more than can be said of the sham antique patronymics which modern Greeks, ashamed of their own true language, one of the most efficient and powerful tongues in the world in its vernacular and so-called 'corrupt' state, are smitten with the craze of reviving. Surnames are things of yesterday in Greece, and even now are not used in the more primitive districts; such names as these do not, therefore, touch the question of the ultimate classical descent of those who bear them. This descent may or may not be the case, and with the large majority probably is not, as regards appreciable purity of blood. What we wish to point out is the utter absence of appreciable relation between ancient Greeks and modern Greeks for any elucidatory or practical purpose. It is not so much that continuity has been solved by any violent breach as that essential nature has been slowly transmuted by commixture and change of circumstances. To those who know modern Greeks for good and for evil, the classicism which we stigmatise produces the same effect which we should feel if a well-meaning German pedant, under the impression of saying something neat and appropriate, were to insist on quoting *Beowulf* in his articles on current English politics *à tort et à travers*, and to illustrate the doings of Sir E. Lytton and the Conservative party by allusions to Hnæf and the Hocings, and Scæf and the Scyldings.

Yet we of to-day are surely as near, to say the least, both in thought and in speech, to those who understood and enjoyed Beowulf as the modern Greeks are to their forefathers who understood and enjoyed the *Iliad* by nature, and not as a school task and with effort. This, had we time and space, we could demonstrate from the opening lines of either the old English or the Greek poem word by word, as regards speech at least. But we hope that what we have said will serve to give our readers some idea of the stupendous absurdity, ineffable and inconceivable, of our great novelist's illustrious Homeric sentence in an official despatch, when seen from a truly modern Greek or a well-wishing reality's point of view.

March 17, 1868.

Draco, and Euripides, and Xenos, and Govanoff.* It is a strange company, judging by the names; and is only surpassed by the immortal association of the Groves of Blarney—'bould Naptune, Vanus, and Nicodaymus.' But it is impossible to find a better or more comprehensive epitome of the whole of Greek history, from something or other B.C. down to 2,000 A.D., than such as may be symbolically afforded us by these four names. There is the semi-mythic age of the austere lawgiver, there is the culminating glory of classical literature, there is the obtrusive stranger, and there is the final seal of ultimate political destiny set upon the whole by the authoritative Russian patronymic. While taking so

* *In Re* 'Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation Co.'; see 'Times,' March 16, 1866.

elevated a bird's-eye view as this it would be impertinent to descend to the details of minute criticism; otherwise it might be objected, that the austere lawgiver is no lawgiver at all, and has no connection with the ancient world; being, indeed, only a Wallachian devil, the lineal descendant of a Latin dragon, thus only remotely and by cousinhood connected with the Old Greek dragon whose name the Athenian legislator bore. M. Euripides may possibly be a genuine child of the Euripus, which has really preserved its old name vernacularly. We give him the benefit of the doubt; but suspect him to be in reality a mere freak of the revivalist fancy, such as strikes and pleases us in modern Greece by its amusing suggestion of incongruity with the actual world. As for M. Xenos, we have nothing to say about his name except that he is overfond of bringing it before the public. His commercial and litigious aspect is here no concern of ours, but he has embarked in various literary ventures. The last of these, published last year, is a feeble, ill-written, untruthful, and malignant book, not even worth a condemnatory notice. Our advice, therefore, in regard to his literary aspect is, that he should either improve himself or efface himself.

May 17, 1866.

The little kingdom of Greece is nothing if it does not keep itself well before the eyes of Western Europe, and secure its full share, and something more, of telegrams to itself as occasions offer, or may be made to offer. This is why we are now told from Athens,

that King George has deferred his journey into the provinces, owing to the probability of war. It is not very easy to say how the war can affect his kingdom for some time to come, whatever effect the commencement of active naval hostilities in the Adriatic between Italy and Austria may have upon the commerce of his subjects, who have large interests at stake in the port of Trieste. Nor is he very likely to attempt any irresponsible fillibustering in the direction of Thessaly just at present, after the fashion of his predecessor, Otho, if only for prudence sake. The great historian whose letters appear at rare intervals in the columns of a daily contemporary as its own correspondence from Athens, told us last year, with reference to a contemplated movement of this kind, such as is always in the hearts and on the lips of the noisy and thoughtless coffee-house politicians of Athens, that the military resources of the Pasha of Larissa alone would be more than sufficient to meet it. King George's advisers must be supposed to know this well enough, however little the coffee-house politicians may stop to think of it. He is not likely to undertake anything of the kind without an organised combination, and unless the Turkish Government is fully occupied elsewhere. Yet Europe has to be familiarised with the apprehension of such a movement; and thence the origin of last week's Athenian telegram to the effect that it was *not* true that preparations were being made for an outbreak in Thessaly. Nobody ever said that there were any such preparations—at least, beyond the usual idle rumours which systematically recur and float about here every spring, when the long Lenten fast is over,

and the Klephts, or ordinary brigands—excellent good Christians to a man—can sleep in the open air and enjoy their meat diet of stolen mutton with a clear conscience. This vernal resumption of brigandage, it is true, is always misunderstood in Western Europe, and coloured with primary instead of secondary political hues. If anything were to happen in this direction, we take occasion to say that the presence of Mr. Alison, whose local and personal knowledge of this part of the world ten years ago was probably far greater than that of any living European, would, comparatively speaking, become actually undesirable at Tehran, when it might be of so great influence and moment in Thessaly.

June 26, 1866.

A kaleidoscope would be a very poor toy indeed if it were made up out of colourless glass, and with each bit of glass precisely of the same size and shape, without the slightest variety, or the difference of a hair's breadth. Yet Mr. Reuter seems to think that we take pleasure in a toy of this kind. What is the use of throwing away money in flashing across Europe a list of perfectly insignificant Greek, or rather barbarous names, leading to nothing, representing no variety in principles, nor any settled principles one way or the other, and each the precise counterpart of all the rest, merely because, for the five-hundredth time this year, they have been arranged in a new combination, and their official portfolios have been just shuffled and distributed afresh? There is not the least difference between

any one member and any other member of any Greek Ministry, nor does it matter whether Rufos is up and Bulgaris down, or the contrary, so far as the interests of the Greek people, whether domestic or foreign, are at all concerned. To be sure, M. Artemis is Minister of War, and we have missed his name in the telegrams for eighteen months at least. The M. for Monsieur does not look very classical, but for all that the name is one of pleasant association, and tickles us on the side of classical fancy. One would expect M. Artemis to have had the woods and forests more naturally, or at least to have been master of the Buckhounds. As for the rest, we do not care about them, and have already said our say about their half Turkish or wholly Turkish names. But we should like to know how they manage about their salaries, if they are always turning in and out of office in this way for fractions of months or weeks. The whole male population of the country, at this rate, must consist either of Ministers, or of clerks hard at work calculating the salaries of Ministers according to the four processes of arithmetic. Mr. Finlay will tell us all about it in the process of time, if there should happen to be anything in the new combination. But who will make the public understand that Mr. Finlay is Mr. Finlay, and differs in kind from the ruck of clever literary people who act as 'own correspondents' for all the different papers, by reason of possessing thorough previous knowledge of his subject, and the faculty of sound criticism wherewith to digest his knowledge?

September 18, 1866.

It has been observed by the investigators of national character that Americans, when engaged in a bargain, do not, as a rule, part with their cash or other equivalent, except to the owner of the article for which they are bargaining. When an American goes out gunning, he is not the likeliest man in the world to do as Sheridan did, and give his ten shillings to a labourer for a shot right and left at a pondful of ducks and geese, only to have the satisfaction of being told, when triumphing in his successful bag, 'Ah, but them ducks bain't mine.' America, therefore, is not likely to have offered an equivalent to the Porte for an island in the Gulf of Ægina, seeing that islands in the Gulf of Ægina are not the Porte's to give away. Let it be said, by the way, that there is but one island out at sea in the Gulf of Ægina, and that no human being is likely to give anybody anything for it, unless it be Mr. Ruskin. It has got a very famous old temple upon it, but nothing more. There is another island, to be sure, but it is a mere rock, bearing the appropriate name of Angistri, or fish-hook, which may have been baited with false intelligence to catch unwary journalists. The principle of *cui bono*—Cicero's *cui bono* we mean, not a penny-a-liner's *cui bono*—is the detective's sheet anchor; the bull's eye which he ought to flash at once into the face of any criminal Power, seeking to pick the locks of existing States. Not that much can be said for the locksmith in South-Eastern Europe. It is, indeed, quite possible that the Americans are really on the look-out for a good naval station in the

Levant. The splendid harbour of Suda, in Crete, or Marmorice Bay, where we wintered in 1840, or either harbour of Mitylene, unsuited though they be for sailing vessels, would be eligible enough for their purpose. But it must be remembered that this story is of old recurrence in the Levant, and moves in a cycle. During the Pacifico business it took the form of an intention to purchase Syra of the Greek Government to enable it to meet the claims made upon it. And it must now be taken in connection with the Cretan appeal to the Washington Government—an appeal as likely to have originated spontaneously with native Cretans, as an appeal to the Maharajah of Cashmere—as indicating a strong interest on the part of those who may be seeking to throw the Levant into profitable disorder, to introduce the new solvent of American ideas and direct intercourse with America, among a restless people, strongly republican by instinct, hitherto accustomed to see only the reflection of pacific English ideas, in the diplomatic or missionary action of Americans in the East. But it is certain that America, unless prepared for downright usurpation and dominance, can never be more than a cat's paw in the Levant.

‘UPPER EPIRUS.’

September 21, 1866.

The factitious modern-antique revivalism of ancient local and personal names in which modern Greeks of the last generation or two have been so recklessly indulging, though not reprehensible in itself altogether and as a matter of principle, nor open to

serious objection otherwise than in its details, yet becomes a source of confusion and a nuisance when it is obtruded on the domain of current political intelligence. There is a certain rhetorical attractiveness about the practice unquestionably, which does recommend it to the races of Southern Europe, though it is hard for us to realise that through any analogy of our own. The Italians, one of the most highly cultivated of existing peoples in all the arts and graces of rhetoric, have thus adopted the old local names of almost every place of significance in their country, side by side with the vernacular modern names where these differ, for literary and declamatory purposes, for appeals to the imagination, and generally for compositions couched in the high style. This practice sits gracefully upon them, for it is a natural unforced growth of their mind. There would be nothing to shock or offend a foreigner, much less an Italian, in a Garibaldian or a strictly official despatch or proclamation detailing the heroic feats of an Italian flotilla on the Benaco, or the Lario, or of the red shirts 'nel Norico,' or 'nella Vindelizia,' or the like. The high words are kept for the high style, and the vernacular words are used for common life and business; neither term encroaches on the domain of the other. No Italian would dream of telegraphing these words for publication in Western Europe when reporting intelligence from the seat of war. If they were to despatch for our benefit a story about a collision between the Austrian troops and some insurgent villages in Upper Cisalpine Gaul, we should speak our mind pretty freely about it, and stigmatise it as a bit of vague impertinence. But we are quite

content to put up with unrealities from the other side of the Adriatic, it would seem; many of us, indeed, preferring them to realities. What and where is that 'Upper Epirus' in which we are told, in the most unauthentic way conceivable, that an action has taken place between certain insurgents and certain Turkish troops? Who calls any place Upper Epirus in his own language, who understands anything when he hears the term, and what is it which he does understand? The word is not a vernacular term for anything upon the face of the earth. It is merely an Athenian journalist's pedantic and would-be fine way of expressing some part of Albania under the Turkish rule. The word is as perfectly unprecise and indefinite as it is possible for a word to be, and corresponds to nothing which actually exists. It is so far good that it does actually express the utter indefiniteness and unpreciseness of idea in the mind of the speaker who uses it. It coincides with nothing capable either of geographical or political definition; nor will it do so until such time as it is adopted by the successors of the present masters of the country to denote an administrative division within certain limits. The word is not the equivalent of Albania, for Upper Albania would mean a country on the Slavonic border, five hundred miles away from Athens. It forms an excellent contrast with the revived term of Thessaly, generally coupled with it. This is no more a vernacular word than Epirus. But it expresses a reality, and one standing in much need of an expression. It is contained within the most definite geographical limits, and its use tends to avoid instead of creating confusion. There can be no doubt of its

taking root, and living as a true vernacular word. Yet not the less is there a solution of continuity between the ancient and the modern Thessaly, a period of centuries in which it had no name but 'Great Wallachia,' from the wandering race who still feed their winter flocks on its plains, and who then formed the bulk of its inhabitants. The real fact is, that when the old terms died out, and the Turkish dominion was fairly established, no need of any further subdivision between the two districts east and west of the Pindus continued to be felt, beyond such as was denoted by the different pashaliks. Reference was made to them either according to the pashaliks, or, when a general term was wanted, under the collective Turkish name of *Rûmeli*. This survives as the current vernacular usage in Athens, where a Thessalian or an 'Epirok' is still, to the people, a Rumeliote and nothing more. So soon as Epirus receives a defined modern meaning, it will be a good word to use; until then, we beg to assure the good people of Athens, that it is quite unfit for telegraphic purposes. When they use it in a telegram they gratify their pedantry at the expense of the distinctness of impression which it is their object to produce.

ÆGINA AGAIN.

October 4, 1866.

There goes the old story again about the Gulf of Ægina—the islands, the Yankee poking his insidious finger into the Eastern pie, the watchful lord of Moustier lifting up his voice in energetic remon-

strance, and the whole thing *da capo*, just as we had it a fortnight ago! Now, there are three things to be done with this story: firstly, to account for its existence; secondly, to explain what it means; and thirdly, to cut off its head and sear its stump with a hot iron, so as to destroy the root of its growth once for all, nuisance that it is. It comes to us from Constantinople. Telegrams from Constantinople by no means come of necessity from or through Turkish official sources, much less from Turkish unofficial sources, seeing that Turks left to themselves would as soon think of praying to Joss as of working public opinion in the West through the telegraphic wires; but from Perote Cockneys, Levantine Franks, hangers-on of the embassies, own correspondents, Europeans of ten days' standing or ten years' standing, men who know their own immediate business, political, financial, or commercial, but absolutely nothing beyond it. Such men would telegraph to us that the Turks were going to cede an island within a stone's throw of Athens as confidently and with as little sense of absurdity as a foreign settler about Leicester Square—which, in its way, is a sort of continental Pera in the midst of us insular Turks—would announce Belfast to be in Scotland, which did actually appear in a French paper a couple of years ago, or make France cede Alderney to Prussia as a naval station for the new German fleet. The story is accounted for by the telegraphic reporter's entire ignorance of the elements of geography and politics in the countries where he resides or to which he is despatched. The French Ambassador's protest may fairly be treated as an actual fact; and as it could

not have been made without some grounds, it may thence be concluded that the Americans have been negotiating with the Porte for the cession of some island in some gulf which happens to be the Porte's to cede. Moreover, as American influence in Turkey has hitherto been of the most entirely unaggressive and politically colourless character, it is reasonable to consider that France would not think it worth protesting against unless it were likely henceforth to change its type, and introduce a new disturbing element into the Eastern Question, whether spontaneously or vicariously; thereby trying to thwart or rival France in objects of her own. Viewed in this light, M. de Moustier's protest looks like the commencement of a separate action now set on foot between France and Russia in the Levant, in which the former Power is ranging herself on the Conservative side, abandoned by her as regards Turkey ever since the Crimean peace. This is confirmed by the tenour of his reply to the Greek deputation, which went to pump him under the show of going to thank him. He told them in so many words, that he had the moral and intellectual development of Greece at heart, but that he could not countenance revolutionary movements, on account of the state of Europe. It would have been more honest and more sensible, if he had said that he could not countenance them because he had the moral development of Greece at heart. But it would be too much to expect a French ambassador to talk Finlay when not even a British politician or journalist seems to exist who has ever heard his name, much less adopted or consulted his opinions about Greece, the country on

which he may fairly be said to be the highest and most impartial living authority.

As for the third matter, we must even resign ourselves to telegraphic blunders of the first magnitude until the second coming of Hercules. It is no use cutting off the head of the blunder, as we tried to do of this particular one some ten days ago, for two more grow again next day. Somebody must stand by with the searing-iron, to clap it hot and hissing on the stump when the Hydra's head is fairly off. This can only be done by establishing a special journal *ad hoc*, to be written in the driest of lights and the coldest of bloods, and to be called 'The Chronicle of Current Error.' This is the age of new speculations in journals and magazines, stocked with little but views and notions. Our suggestion, invidious as it looks, at all events would deal in facts, and would have the public advantage and information as its primary object. It is dreadful to think, that at this moment in London there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of human beings, each with views upon the Eastern and all other questions, each ready to sit down at a moment's notice and turn you off the most excruciatingly clever article about giving away Constantinople to somebody, regenerating Greece, and the like matters, all radiant with the most beautiful surface-play of classical allusion, when perhaps not a score of their number will be able to tell you how many islands there are in the classical Gulf of Greece, the one water-way to the most famous of its cities, or will have the remotest idea whether its shores belong to Turkey or to Greece. Of course, a paper of this kind would have to take Messrs. Tom

King and Mace into pay, if only to keep off Mr. Darby Griffith; and its editor would have to be a very fine man; but that is matter of easy arrangement.

November 15, 1866.

The best thing in the account given by M. Sotiropoulos of his captivity among the Moreote brigands is unquestionably the complacency with which these gentlemen commemorate their own virtuous motives, and the admirable sentiments with which they decorate their exploit as with a crown of flowers. The Greek Minister of Finance, it appears, has his calumniators. It may here be remarked that there is no such thing as a Greek who is not either the victim of calumny or the author of calumny—being indeed, for the most part, both at once. In this particular case the calumny consists in denouncing M. Sotiropoulos to the brigands as having a fortune of 400,000 drachmas. Believing this, they at first decided on only taking 300,000 and leaving him the odd 100,000, ‘which would be quite enough for a childless man like him to live upon;’ but on reflection they felt—and here we must quote literally from *La Grèce*—‘que ce seroit un crime aux yeux de Dieu d’enlever à un homme politique les moyens de conserver son influence pour satisfaire ses ennemis.’ Fancy Dartmoor in the hands of banditti, earning their bread by periodical forays on the adjoining lowlands of Totnes. Fancy their being so worked upon by Tory calumny and exaggeration as actually to kidnap the great Duke of Totnes himself, and lead him a dog’s life for weeks all over the moor. And fancy the Devonshire

brigands, in a fit of remorse and virtue, saying that they considered it a crime before God to deprive a statesman like his Grace of the means of keeping up his influence in Totnes, and demanding five times as little ransom accordingly. However, the Greek brigands had revenge to gratify, it would seem; and they chose a Minister in preference to anybody else, because Ministers are in the habit of decoying Palikars to Athens, and cutting off their heads every day. We were not aware of this; but, if true, it is the best news which has reached us from Greece for many a day, and really gives reason to hope for the future of that country. But to think that there are people in the West who actually consider About's incomparable '*Roi des Montagnes*' a caricature!

November 29, 1866.

The last Constantinople telegram informs us that Mudar Pasha, the Governor of Albania, has been removed from his post in consequence of 'the conflict' between the Turks and the Christians. There is no such a name in the Turkish language as Mudar. There is no such person as a Governor of Albania. Albania is a geographical or ethnological expression, not a single administrative division—unless it has been constituted one quite lately. Nor has any conflict whatever between Turks and Christians been reported from that quarter since the mythical collision in Upper Epirus which came round by way of Athens some months ago. Such collisions, however, have long been at a premium; and if this or any other one had really occurred, it is pretty certain that

it would have been at once put under a strong microscope for our benefit. Possibly a conflict of some sort took place somewhere in the interior, out of the reach of any of the Greek head-quarters of intelligence. This the Turks would be more likely to suppress than to announce. It may seem strange that it should not have been reported from Corfu. But it is hardly possible to exaggerate the stagnant localism of Corfu, and the entire ignorance of the opposite coast and all that is going on there which prevails among the Ionian gentry and town population. This is far from being the case in the southern islands, where the population is very energetic and migratory. But in Corfu, intercourse with the mainland was almost confined to the English and those who supplied their wants during the period of our occupation. A Corfiote gentleman who has been to Yanina is as rare to meet in Ionian society as an Englishman with us who has been to Abyssinia.

December 1, 1866.

The strong agitation, directed by a priest, which has just been reported by telegraph from Constantinople as prevailing in Albania, is simply meaningless as it stands, by reason of its vagueness, the sender omitting to specify whether it is Catholic or Greek. Albanian Christianity is not capable of being thus reduced to a common term as regards political action, for the present at least. The *Indépendance Belge*, however, more fortunate in its telegrapher, has supplied the one word which gives a perfectly precise meaning to the announcement. It is among the

Catholic Albanians, and consequently in the northern portion of the country—which has always hitherto been not only un-Greek, but even anti-Greek in its feelings, in so far as cognisant in any way of so distant a population as the Greeks—that this agitation prevails. Whatever its cause may be, it is clear that it can have nothing to do with Hellenic sympathies roused at length to action by the still lingering Cretan insurrection. But it may become a very serious business for the Porte if not set right before spring. For the present, irregular mountain warfare in the eastern peninsula need not be looked for in December. With regard to the word ‘agitation,’ which has been of almost weekly recurrence this summer and autumn in reports from European Turkey, it is well worth while to remark that it is of no practical value as it stands, unless accompanied with a precise interpretation. It may mean the preliminary stage of a contemplated insurrection, and it may mean nothing more than the stage of ideal aspiration. Wherever any two or three Greek Christians are gathered together in Turkey, there, for certain, will be the interchange of ideal aspirations. So it may be said that whenever two or three Catholic Christians are gathered together in Munster, there will be told the same tale of hopes and grievances in far more glowing and picturesque language. This may fairly be called agitation, and may be supposed to portend an immediate outbreak by an over-eager or inexperienced critic. But it belongs to the ideal world alone, and is very far from necessarily leading to political action then and there. It must do so sooner or later, but only under certain

conditions indicated by facts which alone are worth while to send by telegraph. Otherwise 'agitation' in Thessaly means as much and as little as agitation in Cork. The real facts are what we want, not the disaffected talk.

December 26, 1866.

So the Hon. Mr. Erskine, our Minister at Athens, has been paying a visit of congratulation to the captain of the chief Greek blockade-running steamer, on his return from his seventh successful voyage. No doubt he went in his full official glory, with cocked hat, sword, diplomatic buttons, and a military stripe down his trousers; going alongside in a man-of-war's barge at least. The number seven is known to possess cabalistic virtues, and it must be by the attractive force of these, rather than by direct instructions from the Foreign Office, that Mr. Erskine was induced to undertake his visit. However, be his inducement what it may, he must have paid the visit, as he is actually said to have done so by the Athenian correspondent of one or more Vienna newspapers; and somebody or other has thought it of sufficient importance to telegraph all over Europe forthwith as an authentic piece of intelligence. We should very much like to be acquainted with the name of that wise somebody. A more wonderful tissue of ineptitudes, myths, untruths, and artful dodges than the whole telegram has never yet been made public this year. We had made up our minds to leave it alone as being of too obvious absurdity to need any criticism, and incapable of misleading any-

body except those who believe in everything printed in big type, whether or no; but it happens to have proved exceedingly mischievous as well as silly, and it cannot be let pass in silence. It was published in Paris as well as London; and many Frenchmen, assuming the truth of a statement which chimes in with their preconceived notions of our incurable English trickiness and fore-reaching ways, are asking one another what on earth we are driving at in Greece. They are said to be saying, with a perverseness which is too serious a matter to be taken as merely amusing, that we have found out at last that we can compass our own selfish ends in the East without Turkey, and that, therefore, we are abandoning Turkey and making up to Greece. If we are, all we can say is, that the English and the French Foreign Offices have been fencing after the same fashion as Hamlet and Laërtes. The weapons have changed hands somehow; if we have got hold of Greece, they seem assuredly to have got hold of Turkey. Would it not be simpler and easier for these alleged French critics of ours, whom we believe to be neither numerous, influential, nor intelligent, to see that the story is simply the normal untruth, or rather myth, of the Athenian correspondent of the Vienna papers, writing random gossip, coloured, or bodily created, by his own feelings, and possibly without any idea of being taken up telegraphically? Our selfish ends, indeed! The French Government, at least, must know well enough by this time, that the first thing we should do with even the biggest and finest and fattest of Greek islands, if we had such a thing, would be to give it away at once, and thank heaven we were rid

of it. But if you say this to any private person on the Continent, he simply shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Allons donc!'

TWO NEW GREEK MINISTERS.

January 21, 1867.

The new Greek Ministry deviates from the usual deadly average of barren cleverness, both in the right and the wrong direction. M. Charilaus Tricoupi, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, is very unlikely to manage them worse than his predecessors in that office, and may fairly be expected to manage them better; not because his abilities are higher or lower than those of any other Athenian, but because his experience of Europe is practical, and his diplomatic training there has kept him clear from demoralising local influences and the daily habit of petty shuffle. Diplomacy, in fact, has actually given him a moral education. That looks like a paradox in London, but it is more like a truism in the Levant. As the son of his father, a literary man of distinction and integrity, his name may inspire confidence. The name of M. Lombardo, the new Minister of Justice, is such as to inspire the very reverse of confidence, at least to those who know anything of his career as a Zantiote demagogue. This is like making Mr. Edwin James Lord Chief Justice; though this comparison is hardly fair, for Mr. Edwin James in his way was grandly turbulent and cloud-compelling, full of force and ability, while the Ionian is but a small man, thinly clever after the usual type. If office had to be given to an Ionian, surely some better one

might have been found. Apathists in Greek matters, on reading Mr. Finlay's description of M. Lombardo as the 'Zantiote demagogue,' will probably put him away from their minds at once with a word of quiet condemnation as a sort of Beales or Potter, which would be a great mistake, and very hard on Messrs. Beales and Potter. Philhellenes of the classically sympathetic type will see in these words the indication of a Cleon, and will accordingly make up their minds to think well of him, and to find in him another proof of the identity between ancient and modern Greeks. Philhellenes of the modern Liberal school, who, misled by false analogies drawn from widely different and long or fully civilised countries in the West, accept unqualified Philhellenism as part and parcel of the collective doctrine of English Liberalism, will see in these words the reflection of a John Bright, and may even be inclined to revile Mr. Finlay, a Liberal of the Liberals, as a traitor to the Liberal cause for using them. M. Lombardo and his class are no more like Mr. Bright, or Cleon, or Messrs. Beales and Potter than they are like Garibaldi, or Miss Martineau, or Mr. Goldwin Smith, or Abraham Lincoln. They are simply petty Italo-Greek lawyers, trained in the profession of politics for money's sake alone. We are inclined to say that it is England who is responsible to Greece for having so trained them by the madly liberal Constitution of 1848. We created the nuisance, and when the nuisance became unbearable to us we cast it off and bestowed it on Greece—a proceeding which was by no means considered so unselfish as we are apt to suppose by the Ionians, who knew them to be a

nuisance. These of course should have spoken out more loudly. Meanwhile, these Ionian office-jobbers are but an additional curse inflicted upon Greece, where the evil is of rank indigenous growth as it is. And the realist who seeks to tear up these weeds from Grecian soil and consume them with flames is sure to come in for unlimited denunciation as an 'enemy of Greece' by the abjurers of facts, who do not know a flower from a weed in Greece, holding that all is flower alike that grows on that classical ground.

THE OUTRAGES AT THE PIRÆUS.

February 4, 1867.

The disgraceful outrage committed by the Athenian mob upon the unfortunate volunteers brought back from Crete by Turkish and French men-of-war was not done upon impulse nor from hot blood. The frenzy which led to it was factitious, not spontaneous; the work of blood heated to madness by infuriated and prolonged public debate, uncontrolled by any authority or any self-restraint. It had its root in patriotism, no doubt; but to seek to justify or palliate it by the plea of patriotism, even the most ill-regulated, is no more admissible than the palliation of the worse excesses of Cipriano La Gala, or the last Palermo mob, by the plea of loyalty to the Bourbons and reverence to the Church. There are unfortunately plenty of people, what with Ultramontanes and Philhellenes, quite ready to make use of either justification. The Neapolitan parallel is the right one, and we make it with the more readiness as it is put into our hands by an eye-witness of the Athenian

outrages. 'Except in Sicily,' he writes, 'I never beheld such cowardly savage ruffians, male or female.' Mr. Finlay's report of the affair has been drawn up with great care and circumspection, and he is evidently unwilling to investigate the whole horror in detail, or estimate the actual number of the victims who were beaten to death or forced back into the sea and drowned. He contents himself with quoting a ministerial journal's laudation of the magnanimity of the Athenians in the transaction, and its admission that two or three had certainly been murdered. Our information states that a small batch which landed was literally stoned to death, and that an attack was subsequently made on a larger body which had landed outside the harbour, the mob, in some instances, beating their brains out, and in others driving them into the sea. Mr. Finlay's letter is of the 24th, while our information is of the 22nd, and we may therefore hope that his statement that all those who were driven into the sea were picked up by French ships was true. The proof that this frenzy was artificially kindled, as it were, by the friction of heated mind against heated mind, is to be found in the fact that the first batch of volunteers who attempted to land was allowed to pass without notice, each man slinking away in quiet to his own place. Patriotism never showed a more devilish side than on this occasion, if this be patriotism. We believe that the very sight of the hated Turkish frigates, and the association of the unfortunate famished volunteers with those loathsome objects, were enough to exasperate a populace dwelling and brooding over it, and that the intolerable burden of obligation, and

the sense of being outdone by the detested enemy in magnanimity, and indebted to him for a generous action, burnt into their brain like heaped coals of fire. The tragedy was accompanied with comedy, as was to be expected; with the invention of downright lies, and the evolution of palliatory myths. These poor men were all heroes and Hellenes when they started in triumph with their faces turned towards Crete. Now, however, broken down, starved, and wounded, they were not Greeks at all; their ring-leaders were aliens, and lived by keeping night-houses; they received eight Turkish pounds a man from Mustapha Pasha and the French to capitulate; with more of the like sort, which is not unlikely to filter through into our journals as *bond fide* intelligence, after the manner of that pleasant story of the 'Consul of Turkish proclivities' at Canea, whom the correspondent of the 'Telegraph' at that place reported as having received 3,000*l.* as consideration for his 'proclivities.' Let us hope, with Captain Costigan, that now he has come into his money he will spend it like a gentleman.

If it be true that the police endeavoured to save these unhappy men from all this absurd and atrocious violence, so impossible for us to realise, their conduct stands in great and praiseworthy contrast with that of their official superiors. This rests on other authority than that of the ministerial paper afore-said, as Mr. Finlay mentions their efforts in rescuing the wounded men who were being murdered on shore. The Government, however, humoured the assumption of executive power by the mob, and 'flattered the popular frenzy instead of calming it.' To such a

Government, at the mercy of such a mob—a mob combining the highest intellectual vivacity with the lowest public morality and the least self-control, humoured and hampered to the top of its bent in political self-indulgence—it is now under contemplation to hand over the orderly and peaceful cultivators of Thessaly, not to say the empire of the whole Eastern world. And the people who thus wisely contemplate actually believe that the Thessalians and the Eastern world in general are all sighing and dying for want of the mob's rule; believing the same for no reason than because they are told so by a mob in classical clothing, a *prolétariat instruit*.

THE FORTHCOMING THESSALIAN 'INSURRECTION.'

March 8, 1867.

'O month of March!' says a Thessalian popular song, 'and you, too, O you terrible February! drip as you may, blow as you may, snow as you may, still you have got the smell of spring in you—*πάλε άνοιξι μυρίζεις*.' Spring in the Eastern Mediterranean, as those who study isothermal lines are aware, is not early, but exceptionally late, anywhere in the Western Ægean north of latitude 38 or so. Late as it is, however, it comes at last, and it is even now at hand. In quiet times, with longer days and warmer nights, each spring regularly brings with it a resumption of brigandage on the Greek frontiers. The Klepht hibernates in Greece, like the bear and the dormouse, and only comes out when the weather gets warmer to lead his free wild life on the classical heights of Pindus and Olympus. In ordinary years

he does not come out till after Easter, for he is a ritualist, and, though he requires a meat diet to sustain him in his labours, he has no mind to be excommunicated for indulgence in Lenten lamb, even when stolen from a Turkish flock. When he does come out at last, he has of late years been regularly telegraphed to us in large print as a political creature—a patriot in a state of ‘agitation,’ straining as it were in the diplomatic leash in his eagerness to liberate Thesprotia, Phthiotis, and the country of the Epizephyrian Locrians from the barbarian yoke of the oppressor. He himself is as likely as not to think in the Albanian or the local Wallachian tongues as in Greek; we know that he never heard of Thessaly and Epirus in his life, nor has he any more idea how much or how little these names stand for in the way of territory than perhaps those very Athenian pedants who have revived them; but when his words are sent to us they are as classically pure in their geographical diction as if they had come from a Balliol scholar. He has now been so often announced to us every year in this way as the herald of a general insurrection, that we have at length learnt to anticipate the equally regular recurrence of his collapse in that capacity; and are disposed to receive the simple truth at last, that a sheep-stealer may after all be but a simple sheep-stealer, with more of wool and mutton in his head than of Hellenic ideas. The most he does is to confirm us in the purely otiose conviction that these countries, Greek and Turk alike, are somehow or other a good deal misgoverned; the worse governed one of the two being to us, for the time, the one

towards which our dislike happens at that moment to be determined by greater events occurring elsewhere. For our own part, we are not without sympathy for the Greek Klepht on the Turkish side of the frontier, for he is a free, roving, robust, picturesque, oxygenated sort of thief, who is not above talking the tongue he learnt from his mother, and is honest enough to call it Romaic.

Things are otherwise disposed this year, however. The Klepht is wanted by the diplomatists of the West for the purpose of promoting the cause of civilisation and Christianity in the East, in the name of freedom, patriotism, and other public virtues; just as he was wanted in 1854 by the Emperor of the North for orthodoxy. An insurrection in Thessaly is wanted, and if it does not exist and the obstinate Thessalians will persist in sitting still, it must be made to exist, and they must be roused by active treatment. Accordingly, the Klepht has got his work cut out for him this spring. He is to invade, kill, sink, burn, and destroy all persons, goods, and property that he finds on the Turkish side of the frontier that he happens to stand in need of, or that he cannot make available for his hallowed purpose. He is authorised to do this from the territory of a State at profound peace with Turkey, and that has of late been treated with the utmost forbearance by Turkey, at the direct instigation, and with the open connivance, of the Government of that State. The war and tumult thus created from without is to be known and honoured by the style and title of a native Thessalian Christian uprising against the tyranny of barbarous oppressors, joined from without

by sympathising brethren whose excitement it is equally impossible and unwise to restrain, and who only appear after the spontaneous outbreak. The diplomatists and potentates of the world who wish to recognise it in that light will of course do so, for they have themselves created it; they are the majority, and theirs is the force. The Klephts, therefore, need not shrink before any rapine or bloodshed or outrage, for do they not know that it is predetermined in the West that theirs is to be the profit and the reward of such deeds, while to the Turks is to be ascribed all the discredit and the blood-guiltiness thereof? During the whole winter, as we have already pointed out, the nucleus and core of this forthcoming insurrection has been fixed at a village called Petrilo, in the heart of the central mountains of the peninsula, a spot just within the frontier, and thus theoretically in Thessaly, but wholly inaccessible from the Turkish side by reason of the lofty intervening range. To attack it up the valley would involve a violation of the Greek frontier, and that would be instantly resented by united Europe; for it is ruled that Greece may invade Turkey, but Turkey may only touch Greece at its peril. The ‘insurgents’ have there had much ado to keep body and soul together during the severity of the past winter, as far as work on the spot is concerned; but they have at least produced the desired effect of persuading the public of Europe that a real insurrection is actually going on. Elsewhere, a Garibaldian legion has been organised, armed, and drilled at a village called Khasià, by the spurs of Parnes, a few miles from Athens, under the very eyes of the Greek Govern-

ment, and it is now on its northward march towards the east coast of Thessaly, in the broadest light of day. It has been undergoing the greatest hardships from the dreadful poverty of the country and the consequent lack of food. One of its officers has therefore actually written a cool letter to tell his Italian countrymen at home not to join until the insurrection has actually broken out, forgetting that the legion is only there in order to force insurrection into existence and compel it to break out.

The great emperors and kings have thus decided that there is to be an insurrection in order that they may have the credit of bringing about the annexation of Thessaly and South Albania to the Greek kingdom. They cannot, or will not, force the Greek Government to keep within the limits of order, and accordingly they have made up their minds to outvie each other in hounding it on Turkey, or in secretly encouraging it in the path of aggression and disorder. They are therefore outbidding each other for its good graces. France urges the autonomy of Crete; Russia trumps her by urging the annexation of Crete. As the insurrection about to break forth is therefore predetermined to be a spontaneous move for liberty, there is no use in saying it is nothing of the kind. Those who do not like the stream will do better to get out of the stream than to swim against it. For those who still care for facts, however, it may not be superfluous to observe that, as a matter of authenticated and demonstrable fact, the orderly, thriving, and peaceable agricultural population of Thessaly look with horror and repugnance upon the prospect of a noxious brood of liberators being let

loose upon them a second time from the prisons and hulks of independent Greece. Their ideal aspirations after freedom do not, since 1854, take the direction of union to Greece if ever they were near doing so, except in the case of such of the youth of the towns as have been bred at Athens; nor is their real life affected by these aspirations any more than the real life of well-to-do Irishmen by aspirations after Repeal or a revived Erin. The more they thrive, the more that peace and order are assured to them, the more clearly they see their way to the inevitable day of ultimate separation from Turkey by natural growth. We are utterly ignorant in Europe of their real life, or rather we will not consider it. Their ideal life we equally misconceive when we make it of necessity Hellenic, for it costs us an effort to learn how new, factitious, and often strange a thing is the Hellenic idea itself in the modern Greek world. Those men, high in authority and honour, whose love for the Hellenic idea is fanaticism, and whose ignorance of Greek reality under those circumstances is a national misfortune, will do well to pause and reflect on the organised demoralisation of their favourite State, brought about by indulging it in those very courses when it has a perfect consciousness of its own immorality. Turkey may be nothing to us, and Turkey may die a dog's death; but the arrangement which succeeds Turkey will be a permanent one, and it will be an evil hour for European progress if the chief heir and spoilt elder child of Turkey is trained up in the morality of a prize-fighter's bull-dog. Greece is being so trained, because it is the prize-fighters of Europe who want to make use of her.

March 9, 1867.

The Marseilles telegram, which has just informed us of the resolution of the Turkish Government to agree formally to such concessions to Servia as of late have been the subject of so much negotiation on the part of the Western Powers, is not trustworthy, and must be received with caution. An announcement of this extreme importance, which amounts to neither more nor less than the surrender by Turkey of an imperial position of the utmost strategical value, without apparently receiving any sort or shape of guarantee or equivalent, is exceedingly unlikely to have come to us first by way of Marseilles. We should surely have heard of it by way of some one of the great diplomatic capitals of Europe—Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna. They would have telegraphed it from Constantinople to one of those cities, not to Marseilles, while they were about it. It is highly probable that the news is simply sea-borne, and written from Constantinople to Marseilles by the regular weekly French steamer; and in that case it would merely tell us what people were saying at Constantinople some eight or nine days ago. Were it really true, we should have heard of it long ago between then and now. Moreover, it is in very bad telegraphic company, such as tends to cast further suspicion on its truth. It is associated with another item of intelligence, reporting that it was rumoured at Constantinople that a ‘sanguinary engagement’ had taken place between the Turks and the insurgents on the plain of Orta, in Thessaly, in which the latter had come off victorious. Now it may be assumed for

certain, that had anything of the kind occurred, we should have heard of it in the usual way from Athens, or perhaps Corfu, instead of being left to wait until it had filtered through to Constantinople as a matter of rumour. We need hardly say that there is no such place as the plain of Orta in Thessaly; but that's a trifle. There is the plain of Arta certainly, near the city of that name, hard by the Western Sea, far away from Thessaly, but it is hard to conceive the possibility of an action taking place in the neighbourhood of a considerable Turkish garrison town out in the open. Arta is close to the sea, and we could not fail to have heard of all this from the Ionian Islands.

OPERATIONS IN THESSALY AND EPIRUS.

March 19, 1867.

The Vienna telegram of the 15th, announcing the receipt of intelligence up to February 27, from Salonica, according to which the Turks have been uniformly successful in a series of encounters with the so-called insurgents of Thessaly, is doubtless based on official consular despatches, as it is taken from an official paper. But it is not a very good specimen of précis-writing. It attends to chronology and gives dates, but its geography is as obscure as ever. The first encounter is said to have taken place on the 16th near Volo, in which the insurgents, or, to speak more correctly, the invaders, were worsted. Two bodies sought refuge in the village of Rendina (the *i* short), but were driven away by the Christians of that place, who, we may be sure, have not yet for-

gotten the shameless and disgraceful incursions of 1854. What is left vague here is the question whether these two bodies belonged to the force which was broken up in the alleged action near Volo, or formed an independent band. Rendina is in the mountains, just on the central part of the frontier line, far away from Volo, with which it has nothing whatever to do. It is probable that the action was fought in that immediate neighbourhood, and that 'near Volo' is merely a loose Austrian way of indicating the spot by a general reference to the nearest Austrian Lloyd's agency. Volo is an important town, and an action in its vicinity would betoken a very serious and matured insurrection, had it taken place. In the third encounter 900 'insurgents' laid down their arms near the convent of Panagia. One would like to know where that is; but as it stands it is like saying the church of St. Mary's in London. 'The success of the Turkish troops,' concludes the Vienna paper, 'has frustrated the attempts of the insurgents (*sic*) to attack the whole line of the Thessalian frontier.' If the insurgents really be insurgents, why should they attack the whole Thessalian frontier line, unless they wish bodily to get away from Thessaly? American Fenians who seek to invade Canada are not usually called Canadian insurgents, we think. Nothing, indeed, can be more instructive than this unconscious admission that the Thessalian insurrection is wholly conducted upon the Greek side of the frontier, and is nothing but a deliberate and lawless filibustering invasion from without, at which Europe has made up its mind to connive. Moreover, the conduct of the Christians of Rendina must be accepted

as emphatic evidence of the repugnance and fear with which the industrious and orderly Thessalians have been taught by the bitterest experience to look on the presence of these liberating bands of ruffians, whom, in the very wantonness of idle sentiment, it pleases us so perversely to misunderstand.

For our own part, we are in possession of information from the Albanian or Epirotic side up to the same date, which enables us to supplement the Austrian accounts, and thus to afford a complete view of the military operations along the whole frontier line. The central position of the invaders, destined to be the nucleus of the contemplated insurrection, was fixed, as we have already explained, at a village called Petrilo, in the heart of the Agrafa mountains, just over the boundary. During the winter months they had no means of support but by harrying the plains and by despoiling their Christian brethren—the very men whom they had come to ‘liberate,’ and on whose behalf they who never handled a pen in their lives were at that moment issuing spurious proclamations written for them, in order to enlist the public sympathy of Europe in their cause; thus not only taking the word, but the bread as well, out of the poor Thessalians’ mouths. As they were inflicting much mischief on the country, the Turks had to dislodge them. The Government forces, after several repulses, succeeded in crossing the Aspropotamo on January 29, and on February 5 a strong body of Albanians advanced on Petrilo and succeeded in driving the invaders across the frontier, with a loss of some twenty in killed and wounded. The position is very strong, and the monastery of St. Constantine

near the village was expected to hold out, but it was found to be untenable when the Albanians crowned the heights commanding it. Since then there has been no more stir in Epirus at least; and the disaffected or suspected districts are under military occupation. The revolted districts on the Turkish side—in which, as the invaders were recruited by local Klephtic bands, the insurrection might so far have been called, if not exactly Hellenic, at least a genuine one—were Radoritzi, inhabited by Albanians, and the Agrafa mountains, inhabited by Albanians mingled with Vlaks, the nomad shepherds of Rouman race scattered all over northern Greece. In this second district these two races are the boldest and most incorrigible robbers of all these parts. ‘Knowing what they are,’ says our informant, ‘one cannot but smile at the virtuous pleadings for law, order, and just government put forth in the proclamation attributed to them.’ ‘I never for a moment thought the movement would extend beyond the corner in which it broke out. The local government was of the same opinion, for it stripped nearly all the northern parts of the province of troops and Mussulmans for service in the south, thus offering an opportunity for action elsewhere; if there was a readiness to seize it. An unusual tranquillity reigns through these parts; but the Government, as if foreseeing something, is forming large dépôts of arms, ammunition, and provisions on various points of the province.’ In the meantime, the resources of Turkey, both in men and money, are becoming rapidly exhausted by so incessant a strain as the wear and tear of threatened and fomented revolt or of actual insur-

rection in full blaze, now in one province, now in another. At this rate, Government liabilities are indefinitely increasing, while the sources of revenue are drying up; and it is clear that even if Turkey avoids the political Scylla, she can hardly escape the financial Charybdis of bankruptcy. Yet none the less must a large share of the responsibility of her political difficulties devolve on her Western protectors who aid and abet or connive at her insurgents made to order.

April 20, 1867.

When the telegram made its appearance at the beginning of last March, which announced that a 'sanguinary action' had been fought between three thousand Turks and a small body of Greeks, in the plain of Orta, in Thessaly, ending in the defeat of the former with the loss of three hundred men, we at once took upon ourselves the responsibility of denouncing the whole story as an utter fiction, giving at the same time definite reasons for such denunciation, under the impression that such a course would be of public utility in the certain event of similar telegrams recurring at no long intervals. We said, firstly, that there was no such place as the plain of Orta; secondly, that if that word were mis-written for the plain of Arta, it was no more in Thessaly than in Somersetshire; and finally, that, assuming it to be meant for Arta, no such action could possibly have been fought in an open plain under the walls of a large garrison town. These things occasionally have some germ of truth within the encompassing mass of fiction, but we saw enough reason to run the risk of

affirming the Orta tale to be a plain and unredeemed falsehood altogether. The story, as Mr. Finlay rightly says, went the round of all the papers, to which no objection need be taken; but it also formed the subject of brief comment, and the basis of conclusion in quarters which might have been expected to let it alone, if not on the strength of our warning, at least by reason of the patent and glaring fact that no telegraphic news has ever yet been despatched from anywhere about Thessaly which has failed either to falsify itself by its surface blundering, or to be declared false by time. It is therefore with some satisfaction that we observe Mr. Finlay, in his last letter from Athens, adducing this particular case as a typical specimen of a hundred similar tales which appear every day in the Athenian newspapers, because the Athenian reading public want to be told of Thessalian insurgents and their victories. Mr. Finlay says the whole affair was a fabrication, and that there was no such engagement. If we might venture to differ from so great an authority, we should say, in the absence of special knowledge to the contrary, that, wholly false as it is in its present form, it began as a myth rather than as an actual fabrication or downright and deliberate falsehood: and if we could but trace the way by which it travelled from the honestly barbarous Klepht on the frontier to the hot-headed journalist in his office, we should have an excellent illustration of the process of mythology and of history-making during the stone, bronze, and early iron periods of mankind. The Orta story, we should add, is among the earliest of those which came to us by the roundabout way

of a written letter from Constantinople to Marseilles, and thence only by telegraph. The leading moral of the present case is the incompetence and ignorance of the telegraphic purveyor of news who allowed himself to be taken in with a tale about a great battle which never was fought, in a place which had no existence.

‘Ο ΚΥΡΙΟΣ CARTWRIGHT.

May 21, 1867.

Kyrios Joseph Cartwright says he has reason to know that the British Legation at Athens recently sent Lord Stanley a communication ‘as near as possible’ to the following effect: that the independence of Candia may be looked upon as an ‘accomplished fact,’ and that its ‘immediate union with Greece is a certainty,’ now that Omar Pasha’s final blow is by way of having fallen and failed. He is anxious, therefore, that some liberal member of Parliament should ask the Government whether or no it had received any such communication. ‘I want an answer to this question,’ says Mr. Cartwright, not without peremptoriness, in a letter which he has written to the ‘Morning Star’ of Wednesday. Cartwright is by no means a common surname among the modern Greeks, nor do they make much use of Joseph as a Christian name—though it is doing them bare justice to say that, after the Irish peasantry, their national character in respect of one particular virtue is nearer Joseph’s than that of any other community; but for all that Mr. Joseph Cartwright is a Greek, and his dwelling-place is Corcyra Villa,

London, an address which seems too brief, and must be unfair to the postman ; but that is his look-out. We join with Mr. Cartwright in the wish that some member may put the question to Lord Stanley, as desired ; at the same time that we see no occasion for his being of necessity a professing Liberal in his political faith. If the condition of liberalism be insisted upon, as well as the morological and Philhellenic conditions of mind necessary to such a question, there is but one man in the House who can put it. It can only be coupled with the name of Darby Griffith. Otherwise, a mere professing Tory like Mr. Baillie Cochrane would do just as well. We have no doubt that Mr. Cartwright has been told by correspondents in Greece or elsewhere, that a message to the above effect has been sent home by Mr. Erskine, but we differ from him when he thinks that the circumstance gives reason for believing any such message to have been actually sent. Perhaps some sort of message was sent which leaked out along the telegraphic wires somewhere on the road, and was damaged in the wiping up. Anyhow, it is useful for the public to know if its servant Mr. Erskine, who should be a shrewd Scotchman by his name, is in the habit of counting chickens before they are hatched. Assuming Omar Pasha's blow to have been a final one, and that its result has been correctly stated, Mr. Cartwright begins by saying that a few more such blows will do for 'the Turk,' and he therefore exultingly hails the time now fast coming when 'the Turk' aforesaid will have to take up his tent, his minaret, and his harem, and leave the shores of Europe. We have always hoped for the opportunity

of living to witness that wondrous fitting, if only for the curiosity of seeing how the Bosphorus navigation and general traffic will be managed with a condemned Pariah State on one bank and a purified orthodox paradise on the other; but we should be sorry if 'the Turk' were allowed to take his tent with him. We want it very badly at our War Office, and would be glad to have the refusal of it. Tents are not the strongest point of our army. The great Crimean storm of November 1854 is said to have blown down all the Christian tents, the only one left standing being an infidel tent, which belonged to a very distinguished artillery officer, procured by him we have heard, at the suggestion of the notorious Layard, that infamous and shocking oppressor of the Eastern Christian.

January 6, 1868.

The late Ministerial change in Greece is in all probability only a change of persons, and does not denote any change either in foreign or home policy. Bulgäris, its chief, is a man who, according to the definition of him by the late Prime Minister, Kumduròs, reported by Mr. Finlay, is only good for making a Ministry out of his satellites, and is quite unable to frame a worthy assembly of colleagues. We may conclude, therefore, that the not very conspicuous names of the other members of the Administration are merely those of satellites, who will probably be found to differ from one another no more than the strong Gyas from the strong Cloanthus. M. Mepinisis, the last on the list as sent us, should

be M. Messinezis. He may be good genealogically, as indicating a Sicilian descent; but we doubt whether he or any of the others is good for much in politics. M. Sachturis, the genuineness of whose name seems to have been doubted by a contemporary, is at least distinguished by that, if by nothing else, for it is the name of one of the chief naval leaders of the revolutionary struggle—a Hydriot captain. It may be fortunate for Turkey, but it is certainly most unfortunate for Greece, that the new Ministry does not contain the name of M. Deliyorghis, the only public man in Greece who, whatever may be his capacity, at least combines uprightness of character with the conviction that Greece can only be great after and by means of thorough internal reform, yet without at the same time advocating, as we are told, any change of policy towards Turkey, or relaxing a single effort to break up that country by open or secret hostility. Views like these should command the support of every man in the country, one would think. But internal reform and improvement seems so distasteful to the public men of the Greek kingdom, that they even turn away from the only candidate for the premiership who, if they accepted him, would be at all likely to succeed in breaking up Turkey for them; who might force the hands of European statesmen, and compel them to support Greece by depriving them once for all of the power of retorting upon Greece that she is internally a worse-governed country than Turkey. Many see that; but from seeing it to acting upon it is a long and a hard step.

THE GREEKS.

December 14, 1868.

When the Protecting Powers were creating a regenerated Hellas out of the chaos to which oppression and internecine war had reduced the country, we wonder if sinister presentiments ever suggested the old myth of Hecuba and the flaming torch? Whether they did or did not, the result of their handiwork has been to kindle a firebrand that causes ceaseless anxiety to every one who values the peace of Europe, or possesses property there. The worst of it is that, so far as we can see, from the very nature of things, it may go on smouldering for ever. The powers of discord certainly presided at the birth of Greece, and, physically and geographically, she seems destined to be fatal to any schemes of universal peace. The little country lies surrounded by the most unsettled tribes of Eastern Europe, and on the frontiers of a neighbour for whom she has the most intense hatred on traditional, historical, and religious grounds. She has a merchant marine out of all proportion to her size, that spreads a propaganda of malignant feeling along the sea boards of the Levant and among the islands that still remember the massacre of Chios. The best qualities of the Greeks combine with their worst to make them a European nuisance. Brave they are individually, quick-witted, energetic, and ambitious. When they carry these gifts out of the stirring little vortex of their home politics, and employ them in trade anywhere from Liverpool to Smyrna, attending to their own business instead of that of other people, then they come almost infallibly

to fortune. Abroad, their activity directs itself into profitable channels; at home, it all runs to waste or worse. The fact is, the Greeks as a nation are too clever by half, and with a cleverness that is closely allied to insanity. When their lot is cast among a practical people and ballasted with money bags, they are more brilliantly successful than Scotchmen, because, in addition to their shrewdness, they have the genius that knows how to venture; but there would seem to be something in the atmosphere of Greece that blinds its people alike as individuals and as a nation to the main chance. They go stumbling on, their eyes fixed on a deluding mirage, the creature of their diseased fancy. They live in the past and in the future, content to starve in the present. Like many weak men, they are eaten up by an overweening pride of birth, and skipping an infinity of generations of more than apocryphal descent, they found superb pretensions on the deeds and glories of an ambiguous ancestry. A people with a gleam of common sense, or with the smallest idea of the ludicrous, would shrink from inviting the comparison, even were each link of the pedigree proved to demonstration. To descend from Pericles to Bulgares is like coming down from the Parthenon to a café in Eolus Street. But with the portion of the old blood that runs in the veins of the modern Greek, he has inherited the old love of fable; and as the history he claims for his country is a myth, so the future he desires for her is a dream. We noticed the other day Mr. Arnold's letters from the Levant, which give us the latest intelligence from the East. As we remarked then, Mr. Arnold is candour itself, and his testimony, moreover, may be

implicitly relied on, when it bears hard on the Greeks, for he does not attempt to disguise his partiality for them. And, according to him, the 'grand idea' which dominates every man, woman, and child in the country has grown from a craze into a mania. Formerly it had only swelled to the elastic limits of the old Byzantine empire, and the simple task that awaited the Grecian dwarf was the elbowing the Russian giant out of the way when it came to a scramble for Constantinople. Now, as Mr. Arnold assures us, Grecian philanthropy proposes to extend to Asia the blessings of its own admirable government and material prosperity, while, by the sheer influence of its higher civilisation, it converts the Muscovite hordes into its moral feudatories.

The best commentary on these modest hopes and on the sanity of the nation that indulges them is to be found in a glance at the condition of Greece. The question of material resources for an offensive campaign may be briefly dismissed. They limit themselves to privateering, and a guerilla war on the frontiers, and it is no discredit to a small State that they should be practically nil. The Greek army exists chiefly on paper, with a profusion of officers and a dearth of privates. Her naval strength may be represented by a zero. Her treasury is bankrupt, as it has always been; and, as the well-informed correspondent of the 'Times' shows, its present deficit amounts to about one-half of its annual income. It is clear, then, that even the Greek Government cannot mean to extend its frontiers by force, and that it counts on the sympathies of the subject races in Turkey and the advantages it offers them, and on

the benevolent desires of the Great Powers to diffuse these advantages. We really believe that the Greeks have so long assumed among themselves as an unquestionable fact that their Greece is the Greece of 2,500 years ago, while all the rest of the world are barbarians, that they have come honestly to think so. To no other possible theory can we attribute the wild language held by the responsible politicians of Athens and the semi-official journals. Any stranger who touches at the Piræus guesses at the truth at once. We gather from the writings of every intelligent foreigner resident in the country—the late Sir Thomas Wyse or Mr. Finlay, for instance—that no nation with so much in its favour has ever failed more lamentably. The independence of modern Greece was guaranteed and her treasury subsidised. Her people could bring to her administration the talents that did them such good service abroad, and, allowing an ample margin for mistakes, her future seemed assured. Her fertility was so great, her seaboard so extensive, her natural advantages generally so numerous, that capital ought almost to have multiplied spontaneously, and the circle of improvements extended itself involuntarily—witness Patras, where the impetus given by the local currant trade shows what a little energy might have done elsewhere. As it is, instead of progressing, in many things they have lost ground. Emancipated and created a Power on their own account, their start reminds one of the old proverb about beggars on horseback. They planned everything on a scale so much out of keeping with their means as to ensure failure beforehand. Local authority, for instance, stirred itself to make a

fragment of road, leading to nowhere in particular, and made it so wide that gradually the greater part was abandoned to nature, while what trifling traffic there was jolted along in the deep ruts at one side. It never got so far as bridging the streams, although the rains were sure to bring them down in winter in impassable torrents. This road-making was the type of their whole internal economy. Everything useful was neglected, except when now and then they put in a claim for the splendid future they did so little to merit, by some enormous job left half completed after all. The policy that administers Greece is much as if some settler in the backwoods were to begin by building a gigantic barn, and then sit down to cross his hands and dream of the bright days when it should be filled to overflowing. Nothing has been done to open up the country. You cross it on wheels or hoofs, as best you can. The road from the capital to its port is a sand-bed in summer, a slough of despond in winter. There are signs of animation in the currant capital at Patras; at Syra, made by the lines of packets; and at some of the smaller seaports; and Athens has sprung up rapidly into the out-at-elbows city that it is. But the growth of the capital is really one of the worse symptoms of the state of the country, just as the spread of education—one of the few things Greeks can reasonably take credit for—has been anything but an unmixed blessing to them. The Greek, to do him justice, values knowledge, and takes considerable pains to impart it to his children; and we have it on Sir Thomas Wyse's authority that, years ago, even in the Morea, the state of the Government schools was highly

creditable. But education unsettles the Greek brain and acts on its weakest points. It makes him insanely ambitious, first for himself and then for his country. He despises trade, looks on tillers of the soil as helots, and begs his way to Athens to tender his services to his country. The capital is peopled by these waiters on Providence, and no wonder that it thrives in a poverty-stricken fashion. Its highest prizes are poor enough, unless when coupled with the manipulation of the public funds; the lower ones are genteel beggary. Ministries change so fast that no man can stick long enough to place even to pay off the debts he has contracted while waiting for it. We get an idea of the resources of the country generally when Mr. Soteropoulos, Minister of Finance in Komoundouros's Cabinet, and carried off by brigands a year or two ago, tells us that he, a prosperous country gentleman, was ruined by a ransom of 2,500*l.*, and when he talks of 15,000*l.* as a colossal fortune. How the bulk of public men keep body and soul together is a mystery to the stranger, who finds prices by no means low at Athens. With rare exceptions, the Government is in the hands of paupers or professed adventurers. It is easy to conceive the temptations to which they are exposed, and impossible to avoid the conclusion that where an exceptionally honest man stands the test, many must fall. We may appreciate the tone of feeling that must prevail, from Mr. Soteropoulos's admission that brigandage is habitually encouraged for party purposes. And moreover, while they must intrigue for place they can only retain it by pandering to the popular passions. Had each Minister the wisdom of Solon, the

integrity of Aristides, and the statesmanship of Pericles, he must give in his adhesion to the great idea, on peril of his post, if not of his life. With the treasury swamped in debt, Bulgares must find a million somehow to promote aggression on Turkey, and Komoundouros has done much the same thing before. The only sound, practical argument Greece can plead for agitating for an increase of her sparsely populated, miserably misgoverned, hopelessly neglected dominions is that guerilla wars abroad use up a good many of the brigands who in peaceful times make her roads impassable.

We are all familiar with the toleration Europe has so long extended to the criminal vagaries of Greece. There may be diversity of opinions as to how far we should give active support to Turkey; but there can be no question that we have no right whatever to refuse her the benefits of international laws. We could conceive its being defensible as matter of policy, if not of justice, to wink at the underhand dealings of the Greeks if their ends were practicable, or held out any reasonable hopes of staving off a delicate question. But their Oriental dreams are as wild as those of Alnaschar, and their language that of a madman who ought to be kept in safe keeping for his own good. Assume the government of Greece to be all it ought to be, her prosperity what it is vaunted by her press, yet how can we satisfy her aspirations except at the cost of chronic war for all time to come? The problem of the East is solved against her by a simple *reductio ad absurdum*: give her Crete, she tells you frankly she will go on to revolutionise Albania. Settle her at Constantinople, and that she assures you is

her stepping-stone to Asia and Russia. The nation is simply mad ; and it is intolerable that the peace of Europe should be left to its mercy. We have done our part, we are constrained to confess, towards fooling it to the top of its bent. Every one feels or professes a sentimental affection for it, and it is doubtless more their misfortune than their fault that the Greeks have been spoiled for self-government. They have some excellent qualities, and no one desires that they should be disturbed in the personal exercise of their freedom so long as they do not interfere with their neighbours. But we must earnestly protest against encouraging them in the delusion that their feebleness absolves them from all moral responsibilities, or against encouraging them in the hope that they will be suffered to try indiscriminately abroad the experiment they have utterly failed in at home. They are condemned out of their own mouths. Who ever heard of a Greek millionaire from England, Turkey, or Syria, returning to settle himself and to invest his capital under his native institutions ? It seems absurd that Europe should be disturbed by the pretensions of a Government which the best and most enlightened of the nation tacitly but eloquently disapprove. At last the Greeks, in a fresh access of insanity, have exchanged their crafty underhand game for a foolishly open one. When they have raised the question so palpably themselves, it is but just that we should weigh their claims to the empire of the East.

SHAM HELLENIC AND TRUE ROMAIC GREEKS.

December 21, 1868.

To the Editor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Far be it from me to dissent when you say that the Greeks are labouring under insanity. That is a simple fact, neither more nor less. But, unless the word be accompanied with qualification, it may, I fear, be understood as confirming instead of weakening the vitality of our curious popular error, that the modern Greek race is intellectually more gifted than its neighbours. Insanity may be, and in fact usually is, taken to imply exuberance of genius; whereas the absence both of individual and of national genius is so marked in the modern Greek race as actually to amount to a real ethnological characteristic. Greek insanity, which, indeed, has its own calculated method, is but the efflorescence of mad, pedantic vainglory, and is not an inspired madness at all. There is divine madness enough, and perhaps to spare, in the truly gifted nationalities when astride of the national hobby; in the Poles, the Irish, the Italians. The world would be a dim world without the coruscations of their erratic genius; but who ever heard of a modern Greek Mickiewicz or Duffy—nay, a Greek Walt Whitman? Why, Sir, the very humblest Teague of them all has more imagination and *vivida vis* in him than any modern Greek who has ever put anything as yet on paper. I should like to quote you some Soutzo, but you could not realise the absurd unreality and prosaic stiffness, unless from a Romaic point of view

and familiar with natural spoken Greek. So long as an Athenian Greek makes it a point of honour to write in a factitious language which is neither his own nor anybody else's, so long will the very good faculties he possesses be depraved and stunted in growth. While we go on assuming an expansive genius on the part of the Neo-Hellenic Greek, so vigorous and penetrating as to be ultimately destined to mould the whole Christian East into his shape and image, the actual phenomenon presented by the facts of the case which has to be accounted for is really why he should not have as yet produced anything which can be called a work of genius even by courtesy. Why, with so much feverish mental activity, has nothing better been the result than a cataclysm of leading articles in a sham lingo written in glorification of 'regenerate' Greece? With due allowance for other causes, I would assign the chief cause of the mischief wrought on extra-Hellenic Greece, and on the whole Levant, by the little kingdom, to its wilfully denying and paralysing its true Romaic self by its absurd pretensions of a *direct* regeneration of ancient Hellas, and to the foolish and mischievous indulgence granted to those pretensions by well-meaning Philhellenes. The modern kingdom of Greece, and its boasted educational system, is simply an efficient and well-organised machinery for turning good Romaic Greeks, earning liberty by patient work, into spurious Hellenic Greeks, incapacitated by that very system from rendering any service of good citizenship to any State. It is a modern bed of Procrustes, reducing all Greeks to the same level average of dreary sterile cleverness. The Greeks of the king-

dom are, in practice, doing their very best, in the height of their mad vanity, to render the entire race a nuisance to the whole world; one for which there does not seem to be any remedy short of transfer to some foreign Government so strong and so clear-headed as to be above all attempts at weakening by the rhetoric of uninstructed Philhellenism. This is not pleasant to say, but it is on Athenian politicians that the responsibility of it falls. They eat the sour grapes, and the industrious Thessalian cultivator has his teeth set on edge. The two main fallacies which give rise to current misconceptions about the Greeks of Greece are these. Firstly, the fallacy of treating them distinctively as the immediate outcome of the ancient occupants of the same area whose name they have assumed; having, in truth, so done, not by native tradition, but by a simple act of the will. The arbitrary political area of the kingdom happens to coincide with the ethnic area of the true old Greeks, that is all. The people who revolted, who secured independence, and who have been since mismanaged all through their anomalous half-old half-new national life by their protectors, were Romaic Greeks, just like others, only with a touch more Albanian blood. They happened to lie at the fag end of the conquered Byzantine Empire, well situated for a revolt; and when free, they chose to think of themselves as Hellenes, and to adopt that name politically; but this merely serves to set up disordination, or *ataxia*, in the progress of the whole race, not to identify the race with the political views of its unworthy and incompetent spokesman. The other fallacy is that of wilfully ignoring, or being ignorant of, the fact

that, through this resuscitation of spurious Hellenism breaking off with the old natural Romaic traditions and feelings of the Empire, the Neo-Hellenic Greeks have debarred themselves from all possibility of bringing any influence other than brute filibustering or despotic ascendancy to bear upon the other Christian races of the eastern peninsula. It was as Romans of the Byzantine Empire, as the source and centre of orthodox Christianity, that they acquired and maintained their influence in the Slavonic and Albanian regions. We now see that, even as orthodox Romans, the Slavonic races are casting them off, under the sentiment of their own rising nationalities. It will hardly be maintained, even by the most ardent Philhellene, that what they have lost as *Ῥωμαῖοι* they are going to regain through their presumed splendid and sympathetic intellects as Hellenes. Philhellenism, *eo nomine*, has worked mischief enough, irreparable I fear, by fostering a parasitic brood of politicians in Greece at the expense of the national industry, and by handing over to them blindly the destinies of the whole race. I do not know how it is to be stopped, so long as you cannot make Philhellenism penal. I should like myself to set a premium on every Greek of the kingdom who can show himself never to have written a word on paper, except in his native unregenerate Romaic, and to have lived till fifty without drawing a penny from the State.

PHILO-ROMAÏOS.

THE TERM 'HELLENE.'

December 30, 1868.

Most readers of the 'Times' during the recent Turco-Grecian affair must have been struck by the persistent and evidently systematic way in which our contemporary has made use of the term 'Hellene,' not only as a substantive, but even as an adjective, for the purpose of characterising everything belonging to the State of Greece, when taken in a political or other special aspect. The 'Times' does not talk of the 'Greek' Government, 'Greek' statesmen, 'Greek' subjects; if so, it is by accident only, or else in phrases where there can be no ambiguity; its regular expression is 'Hellene' Government and 'Hellene' subjects. It must be owned that this word does not read quite comfortably and easily. If we had to say why it does not, we should think it was because the word was already too much of a substantive in character, too stiff and independent to lend itself easily to an adjectival construction. But that is a small matter, and we have no doubt it will acquire pliancy by-and-by under constant use. If any argument were wanted to show that some such distinctive term was an absolute necessity in order to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding and confusion, we suspect it will be found in the current writing of the day. Amid many and sweeping general statements of the disturbance certain to be wrought in Turkey by the expulsion of Hellene Greeks, we are not sure that, even as it is, we have not seen signs of confusion

here and there between the citizens of the Greek State, whom it is proposed to expel, and the native Greek Rayas of Turkey, who are of Greek descent and speech, whom nobody has ever dreamt of expelling. As individuals, the two may often pass off one for the other; as classes, they should not be allowed to stand a moment longer in any risk of political confusion and misunderstanding. To determine the exact mutual relations, to assess the exact amount of political solidarity and *bona fide* sympathy, between the Raya Greeks of Turkey and the Hellene Greeks of the kingdom, is, in our opinion, quite the most important component problem of the whole aggregate Eastern Question, which calls for particular treatment as a groundwork of sound political opinion. When treated in current writing, by implication, we see it usually settled off-hand, as a matter of course, by peremptory generalities, usually taking the form of metaphors; but really, in point of fact, nobody ever sees, as a general rule, that there is such a problem, for are not all Greeks one, and at one? Nay, more even; are there not sixteen millions of Greeks in Turkey, all of them destined by their spiritual Greecity to dress by the Greek fogleman as the world goes on? There certainly were in the days before the Crimean war, at all events. The only parallel to this queer jumble of discrepant usage with which we are wont to employ the word 'Greek' is to be found in the word 'Roman,' a word which, one way or the other, has come to comprehend nearly everything under the sun as a legitimate predication. Irishmen, Ottoman Turks, gypsies, Christians at large, Moldo-Wallachians, Swiss of the Grisons—each and all of

these things, and who knows what else, the Imperial adjective has come to denominate in divers places, fortunately without much chance of confusion on our part. But the worst of the word 'Greek' in all its usages is that we really have no distinctive name for some of the more important aspects of the term. Consequently, we must either invent a term, like the 'Times,' or run the risk of dire confusion, or consume time with reservations and qualifications and disclaimers. How is it we have no word for the Greek as a religious or denominational term—the usage by which we call a Russian a 'Greek'? We stand in great need of such. There is not much mistake possible here when the word 'Church' is added; but what are you to do when you want to say, for instance, that the Servian or Bulgarian is of the Greek Church, that is denominationally, and is in no sort of way Greek, that is politically? To translate literally the native technical form, and speak of the 'orthodox Anatolic or Eastern rite,' is out of the question practically. So is 'orthodox' by itself, with its understood ironic qualification—an idiom exactly analogous to the Greek's own subjective use of the half-foreign term *Γραικός* when, for instance, he says, in reply to a question, *εἰμαι Γραικός*, i.e., subjectively, 'I am what you Westerns call a Greek.' Again, what have we for the Greek *Raya* of Turkey in his natural state? Ask him what he is, he will answer that he is a *Ῥωμαῖος*—pronounced not according to book accent, but with the stress on the last. What English (noun) have we for that? for the hereditary Greek according to Byzantine tradition, the Greek distinguished from the Hellenic Greek, the Greek,

say, of Thessaly, who is always insurgent through sympathy with the Hellenes by hypothesis, and always passive through antipathy to the Hellenes by matter of fact—the very same man who has been honeycombing away at the poor, dear, cranky old Ottoman empire in divers contemporaries' columns at so prodigious a rate all last week? We can put an adjective on what pertains to him, and call it 'Romaic;' but himself we can only call Greek; consequently, he and his cause have to go by default, and to take rank in politics according to the position assigned to them by the Greeks of the kingdom, for are not the latter the only acknowledged spokesmen of the whole race?

January 2, 1867.

MY DEAR * It is indeed simply dreadful to have to listen to the same weary old stuff, and to know that half Europe is quite ready to accept it in good faith and to justify every breach of elementary morality which Greeks may commit, merely for the sake of their ancestors' *bonne renommée*. I entirely agree with you, that what is radically wrong in Greece is something in the nation itself. They have no moral education. There is no such thing as public morality among them. They certainly know of the existence of such a thing, because the Opposition of any period is always referring it as a standard, whereby to measure the shortcomings of the Ministry of the period. But it is only an empty word, and bears no fruit. The one thing necessary to Greeks is moral

* Private letters to a friend at Athens.

training and its application to political life. But they do not have this; what they have is exactly the reverse of this, both in their home and their foreign policy. And those who encourage and justify them in this, and in everything they do, merely for the sake of adorning themselves with the once creditable name of Philhellene, do but encourage the Greeks to their damnation in all that constitutes public morality. The real problem is this: how to make men who are certainly shrewd in all matters of pure business, and honestly patriotic in all matters of pure ideality, retain something approaching to common sense and common honesty in public life. Under existing institutions it seems to me quite impossible to effect this, nor will it ever be done by anybody unless somebody with a head and a strong arm comes from without. A generation of French Colonels, or Anglo-Indians of the higher type, or even Fuad Pasha, one might almost say, would take the nonsense out of them to some purpose. And perhaps when they have incorporated their Albanians and Wallachs, they will have undergone an ethnological change, and will cease to be their present selves; and any change will be for the better. I believe that if they, that is to say, all the race, including Thessaly and Epirus, had passed through the stage of semi-dependance upon Turkey with the most absolute exemption from the curse of foreign affairs and diplomacy, they might by this time have dropped off Turkey in a substantial aggregate, capable of taking care of itself and not without political experience. But the condition of abstinence from foreign affairs being an impossibility, there is no use in saying anything about that. . . . English

domination will never do, and would be more offensive than Turkish—the offensiveness of which in these latter days, tradition apart, is a factitious as much as a real sense, cherished from without as much as from within. The rulers must be metaphysicians, versed in the analysis of human motives, and they must be humourists, more inclined to laugh at shuffles and tricks than to be angry, and they must know exactly where and how to use the rod. My own *docket* of the Greeks is simply this: they will never do any good as they now are. But they will always find an excuse for not doing any good, and that excuse will always find either a majority or an influential minority in the West to accept it with predetermined good faith, not because it is valid, but because it is Greek. Such being the case, the modern European Philhellene is necessarily a main cause of the demoralisation of Greece.

On one account, I am sorry that you do not know modern Greek. Not, of course, that it would be of the remotest use to you in transacting current business—such as yours—or in anything but talking freely with peasants, sailors, women, and children; and for that matter, the Greek you would acquire from teaching would be of little more use than so much Hebrew in talking with Greeks in a state of nature, who speak in the same language as they think. But the literature it contains is utterly empty, being merely the echo of European standard works, or political controversy of *average* ability—undeviating average, either up or down, being *the* characteristic of the Greek mind. It is only through a detailed study of this literature or of the Greek in

his literary aspect, exercising his intellect in other domains besides that of leading-article-writing, commerce, and finance, that you can qualify yourself *fully* for an examination of the question how far that intellect is deserving of the character of the superiority which is currently and hastily ascribed to it, without either knowledge or reflection on the part of those who so ascribe it. Now the Greek intellect happens to be so extraordinarily poor in the imaginative and artistic faculty, that it can hardly be said to exist. In this respect, just compare him for a moment with the commonplace Edinburgh cockney, let us say, a man equally shrewd and canny in his common business, but who has a good large poet's corner in his mind and an artist's corner too. The modern Greek poetry, popular ballads apart, is *disgraceful*, and its deadness and worthlessness—a political satire or two excepted—is quite indescribable. It is *Gradus* work, done out of the ancient language as an Eton boy does his hexameters out of his *Gradus*. Nor has he the remotest sense of his ancestors' poetry, nor done anything to show that he has a conception of its spirit, or even understands its letter except through Europe. This to me is not only extraordinary, but even phenomenal. It is, anyhow, conclusive as to the poverty of a vast domain of his intellect—that portion of it which mostly comes into play in influencing and shaping other nations through the imagination—which is what those who credulously write him up think he is destined to do when seated at Constantinople. He can neither paint nor appreciate a picture, nor carve a sculpture. He does not show any turn for abstract science, nor

for the acquisition of knowledge systematically and scientifically, or otherwise than with a sharp child's curiosity, or to convert it to small practical purposes. He can *jaw* in an artificial language, which stands to true ancient and true modern Greek in the same relation as *Lazate omnem sperantiam, vos qui intratis*, would bear to Dante's own Italian and to real Latin respectively. But what I wish chiefly to maintain is, that he is actually degenerated from the generation of his grandfathers of the early part of the century; men who had the stuff in them, who displayed character and individuality, instead of being flattened out into a uniform thinness, like the moderns. Had it not been for the accursed Hetairia, and for the determination of Russia to precipitate matters underhand while affecting to reprove a Greek movement openly, converting that which, in a generation, might have been an organised, national uprising, led by educated and fully Europeanised men, into a barbaric bitter struggle of orthodox Klephts and semi-pirates, the civilians and literary men of that period, men mostly anti-orthodox and affected by the ideas of the French Revolution, would, I think, have borne European fruit. Therefore, I venture to differ from —, and cannot help thinking the outbreak of the revolution premature and most unfortunate.

What a jaw I have been giving you about Greeks! It is very odd, but I really do care about them, and think them worthy of a better purpose than being used as so much Russian *aqua fortis*—a mere corrosive acid, good for proving Turkey for dissolvent purposes.—Very truly yours,

STRANGFORD.

March 28, 1868.

. . . . I have let too long a time pass without answering your letter about the great Piræus outbreak, which is, in my opinion, likely to be repeated with even more outrageous details the next time that occasion offers, because the public opinion of Europe is determined to slur it over, to condone it, or to look aside from it. So far as I can see, it has been nowhere openly condemned: and the Greeks have therefore secured an additional proof that excuse will be found for any excess they may commit, because they are Greeks. . . . The world persists in spoiling the child, and the child is likely to grow up into an evil manhood if his education is not changed; and it is not going to be changed. . . . Mr. Finlay, in his letter to the 'Times,' advocates the union of Crete and Thessaly to Greece, because, being already accustomed to the working of municipal institutions under Ottoman rule, they would bring to Greece the first elements of political progress. It may be so; but unless you have at the outset the supreme power vested in the hands of a man like Mountstuart Elphinstone—I wish to lay particular stress on the man not being the conventional Carlylese strong or enlightened despot, but a man placed as first magistrate solely to maintain law and order, and seeing his way clearly to the future progress of his state by growth to political maturity—you will certainly spoil your Crete and Thessaly without doing any good to Greece, because you have too many disturbing elements as the question stands.

But the whole thing is theory, and in the air. Taken as theory, however, I want to know how the rule of law is to be enforced among the most lawless people in the world, whose lawlessness all foreign diplomatists find an interest in prompting or encouraging for their own purposes, and whose sole idea and value of law is as an instrument of litigation, not as the mechanism of order and justice. They can grow to better things through self-government, says Finlay, and through that only. That is quite true, and I never denied it; but they cannot do it without the shelter of an authority at first which abstains from active interference, yet is strong enough to maintain order. Now this is exactly what is happening in islands like Kalymnos and Kasos, and others, Nature-made municipalities, where the people are active, thriving and progressive, with no Turkish accidents and no Turkish officials (or next to none), and without the blight and curse of Athens, Klephts, legislation, foreign diplomacy, and that most odious and deadly animal the Athenian bureaucrat or placemonger. There would have been this in Crete and Thessaly too, if the Turks had been properly handled, and if—to me here is the key of the whole thing—Western Europe had been awake to the necessity of a single, uniform, and collective guiding principle in its dealings with Turkey, instead of setting up the rule of a great Elchee tempered by French intrigue. However, it's all over now, and things go as the strongest choose them to go. *The Eastern world is seen to wag in this country not as it does wag, but as the —s of the period say it wags and is going to wag. We are to have the

breasts of millions of freemen as a bulwark against Russia, and the formative principle which is to unite and direct all these breasts is to be looked for in the education and 'intelligence' of Athens. And Russia is so thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of this bulwark of freedom that she is actually sparing no pains to raise it against herself.

Jam satis. You will say I am a bore; or, indeed, a kind of latter-day Cassandro. . . .

You need not ask me about —, because I once knew his sister, who is, I should think, a perfect copy of him. Even now, at twelve years' distance, I feel dried up and withered at the thought of her intense and execrable cleverness, her jaw about *les pensées sublimes* of her brother, about *l'esprit grec*, and the rest of it. Confound her! To think that there are now 1,500,000, more or less, of people of various ages and sexes, none cleverer or less clever than the other, all saying and thinking the same things and jobbing the same jobs, combining the maximum of individual self-assertion with the minimum of individual difference of character, and all cohering like dry peas in a sack. Call it by the ancient name of Hellas, and then you have the '*premier état chrétien de l'Orient.*'

He once stole an archaeological essay of —'s and published it as his own; but I will not commit myself to saying it was either good or bad, for fear of being called a dastardly anti-Christian miso-Hellene by the —s of the period. You see if he acted like a thief, it was the sufferings of his groaning brethren in Thessaly which made him so.

Please remember that in everything I write about

Greece, I am not a miso-hellene, distinctly; but I am a determined anti-Philhellene, as that word is understood in the West. I am this, because I see clearly the operation by which the child is deteriorated and ruined by spoiling. As Finlay understands Philhellenism, I do not differ from the essence of his view by one hair's breadth, and, knowing what he is, it would be mere presumption to do so. But in combating the ridiculous but all-powerful mischief of Gregoryism, ———ism, Baillie-Cochraneism and the like, I cannot help dwelling on the dark side of the Greek and the light side of the Turkish picture: nor can a just man do otherwise in answer to the thesis that the works of one are distinctively all light, and of the other all darkness.—Where I am clearly and positively a Philo-anything, I am a Philo-Bulgarian, for I see in that honest and blameless people the victims of European neglect, and Russian encroachment—the victims of the fallacious use of the general terms Greek, Slav, and Christian; the great triune fallacy at the root of European misconception of the question in the eastern peninsula.—Ever yours truly,

STRANGFORD.

January 14, 1868.

. The fallacy, not to say the impudent misrepresentation, which pervades all the local writing put on paper in the Greek kingdom for the benefit of the rest of Europe is the identification of the Greek race with the Greek kingdom, and the ascription of all its progress—agricultural, commercial, maritime, educational, literary, to the kingdom and its institutions. You and I know

that the case is exactly the other way—that the kingdom, diplomacy apart, is the result of the progress of the race, not the progress the result of any series of Athenian Ministers; but people will not see that in Europe. Education is the only point taken up and developed in the kingdom, and that is an almost unmixed evil everywhere above the primary schools, where indeed it is an unmixed good. The secondary or higher education in Greece is absolutely fruitless in anything but Hellenism. It teaches nothing of any kind except a barbarous and factitious literary jargon, made up out of the grammar and the words of a dead language, from which it is a point of honour to divorce the idiom of the true spoken language; and this jargon is taken up and inculcated everywhere as the symbol of Hellenism and the uniting bond of the race. In proportion as the race receives its higher education in this sort of stuff, so will it merely be sucked more and more into the vortex of political incapacity, until at last you will have no cultivators of the soil left, but you will have some million of adults all equally bent upon being in the Ministry, all alike great at writing leading articles in the ‘restored’ language, all making it a point of honour not to call a spade a spade—not that there will be any occasion for that instrument in the Greece of the future. Meanwhile the race gets on fast enough—but in the ratio of its disconnection with the kingdom.

December 15, 1868.

. Again, I cannot but repeat my regret that you do not know natural Romaic as spoken by women,

children and common people, in order to realise the full justice of my epithet as applied to the extraordinary lingo which it is a point of honour to teach and write at Athens, and to which they are sacrificing their own satisfactory vernacular bow-wow. This point is one of considerable importance; because, as you know, while everybody in Europe is repeating, in a parrot-like way, how gifted and intellectual the Greeks are, the real phenomenon is the astonishing poverty of intellectual produce resulting from so much intellectual activity. I take the reason of that to be, that the Greeks, one and all, write in an artificial language, and devote their whole energy to instruction in that language. And by artificial I do not mean a language differing from natural speech by vocabulary only, as the 'Times' differs from common talk, but by grammar and by system of sounds: and as all Romaic idiom is tabooed in it, it is a thing which has no vitality in it any more than an Eton boy's Greek. This factitious language is the symbol of Hellenism, and the instrument by which the Hellenes seek through education to leaven the mass of orthodox Byzantine Greeks in Turkey for the purposes of political annexion. As the lesson is accompanied with much rattening and house-burning, and is not enforced by any example of the homelier every-day virtues, it is not surprising that the Romaic-speaking Byzantine agriculturists of Thessaly do not at all find that a desire to get quit of the Turks necessarily involves, as a consequence, a desire to become Neo-Hellenes, join the kingdom, and use the second aorist in common speech. In a word, the disgrace and damning stain on the kingdom is their attitude towards the Greek race in

Turkey, and their shameless waste of the raw political material which is confided to their hands by the extra-Hellenic Greeks. If they had the commonest of common sense and self-control, they would have had Crete and Thessaly too, perhaps, in twenty years or so. As it is, I am not saying they may not worry this Eastern-Questioning Europe into giving it them; but if they do get them, they will only extend an area of disorganisation. I fear you will never get them to set to work and earn their political position until such time as you make Philhellenism penal in the West. If I were a rich man, I would set a premium on the head of any Greek in the kingdom who could be shown to have lived to the age of fifty without ever speaking a word of book-Greek or ever quitting the plough-tail to live on the State—just as you give a blue coat and brass buttons to the virtuous labourer at home as a reward of merit. Also I should not dislike setting afloat the idea conveyed in the word Philo-Romaios as distinguished from the hateful and mischievous Philhellene.

Very truly yours,

STRANGFORD.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

